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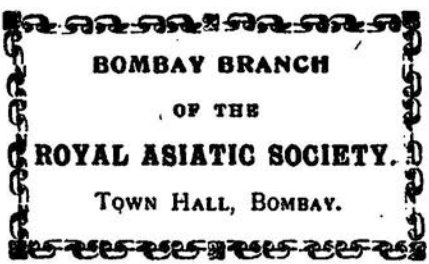


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G. Garibaldi.

THE

# CAMPAIGN OF GARIBALDI

IN THE

# TWO SICILIES

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

25639.c

BY

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"ICELAND: ITS VOLCANOES, GEYSERS, AND GLACIERS"

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# THE CAMPAIGN OF GARIBALDI IN THE TWO SICILIES.

## CHAPTER I.

### PREFATORY.

I LEFT London for Italy on the 9th of last July, with the intention of watching the vast changes imminent in that Peninsula. On arrival at Turin, finding that Sicily was still the focus of interest, I went to Genoa, and took passage in a merchant steamer for Palermo. Never carrying arms, save for a few days in Naples, when a boatman promised to murder me, I sauntered on, sometimes with one portion of the army, at others with another; and in the Calabrian campaign, which was a mere *promenade militaire*, often a long way ahead of the troops, to insure post-horses. After the

decisive battle of the 1st of October on the Volturno, I was obliged to return to England. The events happening prior and subsequent to my sojourn in Italy, are drawn from the oral testimony of reliable acquaintances.

I have allowed the following pages to remain in the form of letters, because they are, with very slight alterations, the text of descriptions written on the spot.

Courteously permitted by Garibaldi to follow the bent of my inclinations, and honoured by his friendship, I passed many hours in his society, and ofttimes shared his frugal hospitality.

If I have abstained from dilating on his character, it is because I feel that language fails to do him justice. The irresistible spell which enables him to usurp all hearts may be traced to the simple fact, that he is, what Pope has termed the noblest work of God—"an honest man."

# CHAPTER II.

GENOA, *July* 15.

I ARRIVED here this morning from Turin, where everything was dull and diplomatic, the King busy at his favourite residence, the Veneria, and the population on the lakes and seaboard. An American friend whom I met on his return from Palermo, where he has been to pay Garibaldi a brief visit, told me that the enterprise in the South is thoroughly Sardinian, and that their men-of-war escort the Garibaldian vessels as they near Sicily; this is owing to the capture of the American clipper and the "Utile." The "Washington," the steamer my friend went in, and which carried General Cosenz and 1300 men, was met at Cagliari and escorted across to the Gulf of Castellamare by the "Victor Emmanuel," a Sarde 50-gun frigate. So much for non-intervention!

Here all is activity and bustle, and the Garibaldian epidemic in full swing. At first the embarkations took place down the coast, now everything is carried on in the harbour. The steamers clear out regu-

larly, their cargoes being entered at the custom-houses under the head of *soda, chincaglieria,* and *ferrareccia,* soda, trinkets, and old iron—being interpreted, this means saltpetre, rifles, and muskets; their passengers receive their regular passports, though several are deserters from the Piedmontese army; many of the officers are either on leave from, or have served in, that body, and embark in their medals and uniforms under the noses of the authorities in the port of Genoa. For example, the desertions from the Ferrara brigade at Ferrara, were so great in the early stages of the expedition, that on the 16th of May, the Cialdini division and Savona brigade were sent down to stop it, all orders having been placed at defiance. Perhaps not the least remarkable amongst the numbers that are swarming south are deserters from Rome, who, having received their bounty of forty scudi from the Pope, cross the Tuscan frontier, and join the Garibaldians at Leghorn and Genoa.

In short, such is the mania for going to Sicily, that the Piedmontese have been obliged to take very stringent measures to prevent the army deserting wholesale. At the same time many officers have obtained permission to join Garibaldi, with the understanding that they do so without prèjudice, and that their rank is guaranteed on their return. Rumour says that arms and accoutrements find their way out

of the arsenal; be that as it may, it is not in the power of the Government to check the movement if they would. There is very little doubt that if Victor Emmanuel were not on the throne he would be with Garibaldi, with whom he keeps up a verbal communication by his former chamberlain, Count Trecchi, who is now aide-de-camp to the Dictator.

Dr Bertani is still here organising the various reinforcements, which are almost fabulous in number; some 60,000 have enrolled their names at the different rendezvous; at Bologna alone there are 7000, such is the magic prestige of Garibaldi's name; but in consequence of the limited command of money and ships, not a fourth part of this number can ever be sent. Those that do embark are selected either as having served in the regular army or with the Cacciatori last year in Lombardy.

La Farina passed through the other day on his return from Palermo, from whence he had been expelled by the Dictator for persisting in pushing the annexational propaganda; and his successor, Depretis, is on his way down to take his place. The idea first appears to have been to establish La Farina as the agent of the Piedmontese Government in Sicily, in a similar position to that held by Farini in Central Italy last year; and with that view, he went down with the cognisance of the Government, to assume the civil ministration. Not

content with this, he warmly espoused the immediate annexational propaganda of Count Cavour, who, through his agents, was agitating the people of Palermo in favour of the immediate annexation of the island to Piedmont, little expecting that Garibaldi would be able to extend his conquest to the main, and evidently wishing to secure the bird in the hand. However, Garibaldi has no idea of freeing Sicily alone, but is desirous of making it his stepping-stone into the Calabrias; and rightly believing that the effect of Cavour's policy would not only be to fetter his own action, but embarrass Victor Emmanuel, he at first remonstrated, and that failing, banished the Government agent, with a scant half-hour's notice.

Count Cavour was evidently under diplomatic apprehensions, and for once appeared to have forgotten the old proverb, which has hitherto carried him through safely—

"Chi va piano—va sano,
Chi va sano—va lontano."

As for the Turin Cabinet, whatever pressure might now be brought to bear on it with the view of checking this national crusade, no Government could exist for an hour that attempted it; moreover, Garibaldi has plainly no present intention of relinquishing his grasp to men of the quill, and will doubtless ere long extend the area of his operations. So far from an alli-

ance between Turin and Naples being any longer possible, the Piedmontese Cabinet has now been obliged to connive at the clandestine invasion of Sicily for a month past, though it has not suited the Bourbon to resent it. As for a confederation, in which Austria is to be represented by Naples, Jesuitism by a bankrupt Papacy, civil and religious liberty by Piedmont, it requires no great sagacity to foresee that such diametrically opposite elements could not unite. Piedmont has determined never so far to degrade herself, or abandon her mission; and this, in the absence of French intervention, will soon be developed in a United Italy, mainly through the national confidence in the honesty and ability of its foremost citizen—Guiseppe Garibaldi.

Meantime I have paid 150 francs for my passage to Palermo in a French steamer, where everything of course being under the *drapeau* must be strictly *en regle*, and I hope in a few days to land in that lovely bay. On my way down, I shall briefly narrate the events that have already taken place, as I have received them verbally from those who took part in the first expedition.

# CHAPTER III.

## THE FIRST EXPEDITION.

THE dream which eventually cost the hero of Trocadero his crown, and that vision which has been the redeeming feature of the restless career of the arch-agitator of Italy, though not realised, was embodied at Villafranca.

The idea of nationality, shadowed forth in the suggestion of an Italian federation, grew none the less rapidly because discussed by rival emperors, though statesmen still maintained that Italians were unfit for self-government, and were induced, by their rancorous local prejudices, to insist that a dual, rather than a united Italy, was the only practical solution. The instinct of self-preservation was rapidly obliterating these local barriers, and engrafting on the minds of Southern Italians the conviction that the only healthy and permanent relief from Austrian and Papal misrule was to be sought for in Italian unity.

They saw their fellow-countrymen in Lombardy and

Central Italy, whose position but a few short months previous had been as wretched as their own, enjoying the fruits of annexation to Piedmont; and they yearned for the day when, by a similar expression of the national will, they might be emancipated from governments which had long since not only become a public scandal in Europe, but a manifest absurdity, and which were rendered still more impossible by the proximity of constitutional Piedmont, since that kingdom had righteously become more than ever the refuge of all that was just and honourable in Italy. Apart from the political aspect of the movement, the desire of emancipation from priestcraft was a most powerful lever. Men had long since been asking themselves why the Italian clergy should be allowed to exercise temporal power any more than the French. The trial and conviction of Father Don Gurlino at Turin, for thirty-seven cases of seduction in the confessional, together with many other clerical scandals, was not without its effects. Facilities of communication only served to illustrate the weakness of those unnatural barriers, which not only condemned them to a life of degradation, but retarded the development of nationality.

The noble sacrifices made by Piedmont in behalf of Italy had resuscitated the national spirit throughout the Peninsula. She had become the refuge of all

Italians whose honesty and integrity banished them from their own country. There they found a home where they were not only emancipated from political and religious persecution, but could enjoy liberty in a kindred country, under an Italian king, guided by a statesman the incarnation of Italian ideas: in his generation without an equal. There they saw the idol of Italy, though a republican by instinct, abandon his convictions, and recognise in the House of Savoy the pillar of light which was to lead his countrymen from bondage, and make Rome once more the capital of Italy. With his allegiance he had brought that of the entire liberal portion of his countrymen; for such is their lofty opinion of his integrity, that where he is there can be no wrong.

Aided by these illustrious lieutenants, the sanctity of his cause, and his own nobility, Victor Emmanuel, at Villafranca, became *de facto* King of the Italians; henceforward he reigned in the heart of every Italian. When he might be hailed as such *de jure*, merely dedepended on those generous ideas which from time to time radiate from the cheerful city of Paris.

Although the national instincts were again disappointed by the dismemberment of the army of Central Italy, when it was on the eve of marching south under Garibaldi, last year, the hopes of the Southern Italians were merely postponed.

So intolerable was the position of the Romans, that a division of the French army and 20,000 mercenaries were required to maintain the temporal dominion of the Holy Father over his own subjects.

In the Two Sicilies the rule of the Bourbons was perpetuated by a gigantic armed police, termed the Neapolitan army, numbering 140,000 men, including many mercenaries, and by a series of fortifications in all the large towns, for no other purpose than to keep the inhabitants in awe, as well as by a secret police, which, deriving its authority direct from the Crown, was enabled to ignore the civil power.

On the advent of Francis II., his government was characterised, at first, by acts of clemency, and the renewal of diplomatic relations with France and England; but it speedily lapsed into the hands of the Austrian Camarilla, who, frightened at the alarming progress of Italian ideas, entered upon a system of repression without a parallel even in the days of the late king. The police redoubled their efforts; and in Sicily, under Maniscalco, a system of imprisonment and torture was inaugurated, more worthy of the Inquisition than of a European government in the nineteenth century. This bore fruit in form of an outburst in Sicily in the autumn, which was trampled out, and served as a pretext for the spies to redouble their energies.

In December, Piedmont, through her minister at Naples, urged the Neapolitan Cabinet to enter into an offensive and defensive alliance for the common weal of Italy, hoping by an interchange of garrisons to enable the King to grant the Constitution of '48, which his father had suspended; and thus avert the probability of armed foreign intervention in this portion of Italy.

The offer of this alliance, possible then, was scornfully rejected, as were the many other overtures on the same subject—not wholly without reason, as the presence of Piedmontese troops in Naples would have indirectly fostered that idea of nationality which had become a mere question of time.

During the winter the secret committees commenced an elaborate organisation in Sicily and the Calabrias; and, through the activity of their agents, managed, in spite of the vigilance of the Government, to introduce large quantities of arms and ammunition. The propaganda for a united Italy was pushed with redoubled vigour by the refugees, and as the screw was applied in the South, so men became more determined in the North.

The spring advanced; and Victor Emmanuel made his state progress through Central Italy, which he had annexed *apparently* in defiance of France. At Florence a deputation from Rome did him homage, and pre-

sented him with a sword of honour, in spite of the major excommunication against some "invaders and usurpers of some of our provinces," dated "St Peter's, under the Ring of the Fishers, March 29, 1860." The Neapolitan Government, conscious of their danger—made more prominent by the wide circulation of the famous despatch of the British minister, which briefly predicted their speedy dissolution, unless certain constitutional measures were taken—made a bid for Changarnier to command their army, and offered to assist Lamoriciere in Umbria and the Marches if necessary; whilst Austria, their evil genius, counselled no surrender, and on March the 31st, "resolved to protest solemnly against the annexation of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena."

The crisis was fast approaching: blood warmed as the barometer of oppression rose in the South; and though enthusiastic minds were perturbed when Victor Emmanuel, in his speech of the 2d of April, announced the surrender of Savoy and Nice, "out of gratitude to France," they were refreshed when he concluded by telling them that "henceforth Italy must be the Italy of the Italians." In the beginning of April the Sicilian insurrection, which had been smouldering for some time, developed itself prematurely in the Guancia Convent at Palermo, and though stifled in its birth, inoculated the whole island, and 10,000 insurgents

took possession of the inaccessible interior. In spite of all this, the ostriches at Naples placed their heads in the sand, and at 9.40 P.M. on the 7th, announced through their organ, "perfect tranquillity throughout Sicily, and the Government prepared for all emergencies." Their friend at Paris, M. Franchant, in the *Patrie*, also confirmed the account of the tranquillity in that island, "in spite of English attempts to create agitation, which were too apparent."

The Neapolitan Cabinet, nevertheless, redoubled their rigour in Sicily, and reinforced its garrisons, until that at Palermo alone numbered 28,000 men, whilst its shores were confided to their entire marine, for isolated "filibusters" had penetrated here and there, the forerunners of the one greater to follow.

Castilucala was made governor of Sicily, and Salzano Commander-in-Chief, with his headquarters at Palermo, which he placed in a state of siege. But "too late" was written everywhere; even at Aversa, close to Naples, a demonstration took place in favour of Victor Emmanuel, and at the threshold of the palace men discussed the shadows of coming events. In Sicily columns of troops traversed the country in pursuit of the insurgents, who of course became the victims of every atrocity that Neapolitan soldiers can be capable of. At Carini, near Palermo, they met with a stout resistance, but eventually carried and burnt the town. Rape

and robbery were rife, and brute force seemed once more omnipotent in this unhappy island. At Alcamo, the insurgents forced the troops to retire, but though the country was comparatively in their hands, the towns could not rise with any chance of success, owing to the large garrisons and fortifications. The only hope was in the North, where men were already banding together to go to the relief of their countrymen.

On the 14th, thirteen insurgents, taken with arms in their hands at the Guancia Convent, were shot by sentence of court-martial at Palermo. By this act the Neapolitan Government blew away every prospect of reconciliation, for it determined Garibaldi to come to the rescue. With difficulty restrained by his friends from a last visit to his Nizzard home, which might have been attended with untoward results, he now decided upon organising a Southern expedition; for, though he had never counselled the insurrection in Sicily, he had promised to help all Italians that would assist themselves; and no longer able to remain a passive spectator of their sacrifices, he summoned his followers of the old Cacciatori once more; at the same time sending word to the Sicilians to confine themselves to the mountainous portions of the island until his arrival.

To Italians he appealed in the following

"PROCLAMATION.

"Italians! — The Sicilians are fighting against the enemies of Italy and for Italy. To help them with money, arms, and especially men, is the duty of every Italian.

"The chief cause of the misfortunes of Italy has been disunion, and the indifference one province showed for the fate of another.

"The salvation of Italy dates from the day when the sons of the same soil hastened to the support of their brothers in danger.

"If we abandon the brave sons of Sicily to themselves, they will have to fight the mercenaries of the Bourbon, as well as those of Austria and of the priest who rules at Rome.

"Let the people of the free provinces raise their voices in favour of their brethren who are fighting—let them send their generous youth to where men are fighting for their country.

"Let the Marches, Umbria, Sabine, the Roman Campagna, and the Neapolitan territory rise, so as to divide the enemy's forces.

"If the cities do not offer a sufficient basis for insurrection, let the more resolute throw themselves into the open country.

"A brave man can always find a weapon. In the name of Heaven, hearken not to the voice of those who cram themselves at well-served tables.

"Let us arm. Let us fight for our brothers; to-morrow we can fight for ourselves.

"A handful of brave men, who have followed me in battles for our country, are advancing with me to the rescue. Italy knows them; they always appear at the hour of danger. Brave and generous companions, they have devoted

their lives to their country; they will shed their last drop of blood for it, seeking no other reward than that of a pure conscience.

"'Italy and Victor Emmanuel!' that was our battle-cry when we crossed the Ticino; it will resound into the very depths of Ætna.

"As this prophetic battle-cry re-echoes from the hills of Italy to the Tarpeian Mount, the tottering throne of tyranny will fall to pieces, and the whole country will rise like one man.

"To arms, then! Let us by one blow put an end to our chronic misfortunes. Let us show the world that this is truly the land once trodden by the great Roman race.

"G. GARIBALDI."

It is not wholly impossible but that the bitter cup he had swallowed regarding Savoy and Nice may have influenced him in espousing this most congenial distraction.

No sooner had Garibaldi unpacked his red shirt, than the whole of North Italy responded: it was the one thing needful to give direction to an impulse which was panting for a leader. Subscriptions were opened all over Italy; men came forward by thousands; transport was the only hitch. And it was wisely determined that the first expedition should be composed only of tried men, leaving the others to come after as transport might become available.

On the 5th of May Garibaldi and his followers embarked, to the number of 1067, on board two steam-

ers, the "Lombardo" and "Piemonte," a little to the eastward of Genoa, leaving behind a letter to Bertani, constituting him his agent, and requesting him to forward the reinforcements.* Bixio, who last year was a lieutenant-colonel in the army of Central Italy, had undertaken the more immediate task of organising the expedition, and directed the 1107 chosen volunteers to assemble, part at Foce, part at Quarto, on the beach opposite the villa Spinola, at nine o'clock on the evening of the 5th; at the same time he took sixty of these volunteers round to the port of Genoa, and seized the two steamers "Lombardo" and "Piemonte,"

* "GENOA, *May 5.*

"My dear Bertani,—As I am once more about to take a share in the events which are to decide the destinies of the country, I leave the ensuing directions with you:—

"To collect all the means you may obtain, to aid us in our enterprise; to give the Italians to understand that if we receive proper assistance Italy will be *made* in a short time, and with little cost; but that a few barren subscriptions will not acquit them of their duty; that that part of Italy which is free to-day should have, not 100,000, but 500,000 men under arms, the latter number being by no means out of proportion with the population; that it is a proportion attained even by States which have not their independence to secure by conquest. Let Italy have such an army, and she will have no need of foreign masters, sure to eat her up piecemeal under the pretence of freeing her; that wherever there are Italians fighting against their oppressors, there all brave men should be sent, supplying them with means for the journey; that the Sicilian insurrection should be aided, not in Sicily alone, but wherever her enemies may be met.

"I never advised this Sicilian movement; but, since these brethren of ours are fighting, I deemed it my duty to go to their rescue.

"Our war-cry will always be, 'Italy and Victor Emmanuel!' I hope even at this juncture the Italian banner will be borne out unscathed.—Yours affectionately,

"G. GARIBALDI."

both belonging to the Compagnia Rubattino. Of course they were paid for, but they were carried off in this way for the sake of not embarrassing the company or Government. Owing to some accident in the engineering department, they did not arrive off the Foce until three o'clock on the morning of the 6th, when they found the volunteers waiting in boats, where they had been for four hours. Other boats were there with coals, provisions, and arms. The time occupied in taking in the latter delayed the departure considerably. It was finally accomplished at 9 A.M., but even then, forty of the volunteers, who were to have brought up a considerable quantity of arms from Camogli, a few miles further east, were left behind.

The "Lombardo," much the largest steamer of the two, had 707 volunteers on board, and was under the command of Bixio. The "Piemonte," with 360 men, contained Garibaldi himself.

On the 7th the expedition touched at Telamone, on the limits of the Tuscan confine, for provisions and munitions, which Garibaldi demanded in the name of the King, from the fort of Orbitello, and which Giorgini the commandant supplied; for this he was subsequently tried by court-martial.

Here the expedition landed, and was organised into eight companies; but Zambianchi, who commanded the eighth, marched off with sixty men to invade the

Roman States, it is said in direct opposition to Garibaldi's orders. Whether this was so or not, he fell into the arms of Pimodan on the 19th May, at Valentino. The following was the

"ORGANISATION OF THE CORPS.

"Giuseppe Sirtori, Chief of the Staff; Crespi Manin, Calvino, Majocchi, Graziotti, Borchetta, Bruzzisi.

"Türr, first Aide-de-camp of the General; Cenni, Montanari, Bandi, Stagnetti.

"Giovanni Basso, Secretary to the General.

"COMMANDERS OF COMPANIES.

"Nino Bixio, commander of 1st company; Orsini, 2d; Stocco, 3d; La Massa, 4th; Anfossi, 5th; Carini, 6th; Cairoli, 7th.

"INTENDANCE.

"Acerbi, Bovi, Maestri, Rodi.

"SURGEONS.

"Ripari, Boldrini, Giullni.

"OBSERVATIONS.

"This organisation is the same as that of the Italian army to which we belong, and the rank given to merit rather than interest is that already achieved on other battle-fields.

"G. GARIBALDI."

To his more immediate followers he issued the following order of the day:—

"ON BOARD THE 'PIEMONTE,' *May* 1860.

"ORDER OF THE DAY.

"CORPS OF THE CHASSEURS OF THE ALPS.

"The mission of this corps will be, as it always has been, based upon complete self-denial for the regeneration of the common country. The brave Chasseurs have served, and will serve, their country with the devotion and discipline of the best military corps, without any other hope, without any other pretension, than that of a stainless conscience.

"No rank, no honour, no recompense, is held out to these braves; when the danger is past they will return to quiet, domestic life; but, when the hour of battle strikes, Italy sees them again in the first ranks cheerfully volunteering to shed their blood for her. The war-cry of the Chasseurs of the Alps is the same that resounded a year since on the shores of the Ticino—'Italy and Victor Emmanuel!'—and this cry will strike terror into the hearts of the enemies of Italy."

On the afternoon of the 8th, having embarked four cannon and a considerable amount of ammunition, the expedition started for S. Stefano, where it stopped a short time for fuel, and finally took its departure the same night for Sicily, steering in the direction of Cagliari, hoping thereby to avoid the Neapolitan cruisers, and seize a favourable opportunity to land on the western shores of Sicily, where the insurgents were more numerous.

The subsequent proclamations were also distributed throughout Italy by the various committees:—

"TO THE NEAPOLITAN ARMY.

"Foreign insolence reigns over Italian ground in consequence of Italian discord. But on the day that the sons of the Samnites and Martii, united with their brethren of Sicily, shall join the Italians of the North, on that day our nation, of which you are the finest part, shall resume its place, as in former times, among the first nations of Europe. I, an Italian soldier, only aspire to see you drawn up side by side with these soldiers of Varese and San Martino, in order jointly to fight against the enemies of Italy!

"G. GARIBALDI."

The following is to the inhabitants of Naples:—

"It is time for you to imitate the magnanimous example of Sicily by rising against the most impious of tyrannies. To the perjured and bloodthirsty race that has so long tortured and trampled upon you, let the free government succeed which 11,000,000 of Italians now enjoy; and substitute for the foul Bourbon flag the glorious tricolour—the happy symbol of national independence and unity, without which true and durable liberty is impossible. Your brethren of the North desire nothing more than to see you join the Italian family.

"G. GARIBALDI.
"G. RICCIARDI.
"BARON STOCCO."

The Sicilians are thus addressed:—

"Sicilians!—I have brought you a body of brave men, who have hastened to reply to the heroic cry of Sicily. We, the remains of the battles of Lombardy, are with you—all we ask is the freedom of our land. United, the work will be easy and short. To arms, then! He who does not

snatch up a weapon is a coward or a traitor to his country. Want of arms is no excuse. We shall get muskets, but for the present any weapon will do in the hands of a brave man. The municipalities shall provide for the children, women, and old men deprived of their support. To arms, all of you! Sicily shall once more teach the world how a country can be freed from its oppressors by the powerful will of a united people.

"G. GARIBALDI."

From the following one it would appear that it was Garibaldi's intention to have commenced operations in the Roman States—a plan which must have been frustrated by the vigilance of the Sardinian Government:—

"*April* 30.

"Romans! — To-morrow you will hear the priests of Lamoricière say that some Mussulmans have invaded your territory. Well, these Mussulmans are the same who fought for Italy at Monte Video, at Rome, and in Lombardy; the same whom you will mention to your children with pride when the day shall come which, by freeing you from the tyranny of the stranger and the priest, will leave you free to enjoy recollections; the same who for a moment yielded to the numerous and warlike soldiers of Bonaparte, but who yielded only with their brows turned towards the enemy, and pledging themselves to return to the fight, and not to leave their children any other legacy but that of hatred to oppressors. Yes, these companions of mine fought outside your walls, by the side of Manara, Melana, Masina, Mameli, Daverio, Peralla, Panizzi, Remorino, Daniell, Montaldi, and so many other brave Romans who now sleep near your catacombs, and whom you buried yourselves, because

*wounded in front.* Our enemies are both astute and powerful, but we tread the land of the Scævolas, the Horatii, and the Ferruccios ; our cause is the cause of all Italians. Our war-cry is the same which was heard at Varese and Como, 'Italy and Victor Emmanuel !' and you know that with us, whether fallen or conquerors, Italian honour is safe.

"G. GARIBALDI,
*General of the Romans, appointed by a Government elected by universal suffrage.*"

MAP
TO ILLUSTRATE
GARIBALDI'S CAMPAIGN
IN
THE TWO SICILIES.
LIPARI
ISLANDS

# CHAPTER IV.

## FIRST EXPEDITION.

On the morning of the 11th of May, Garibaldi, who had made a long detour to the westward to avoid the Neapolitan cruisers, which, well aware of his movements, had drawn a complete cordon round the island, ran straight in from the north-west to the harbour of Marsala; although no precise spot had been fixed for the disembarkation, the insurgent chiefs had been told to expect him westwards. Away south, towards Mazara, two Neapolitan steam sloops, the "Capri" and "Stromboli," and the "Parthenope," 50-gun sailing frigate, were cruising. The two former had only left the anchorage at Marsala two hours before the expedition hove in sight; but Garibaldi, having assessed them at their nominal value, with his happy audacity, ran right inside the mole in the "Piemonte," the "Lombardo" grounding 100 yards out. It was now 2 P.M.

Singularly enough, there were two English men-of-war in the anchorage, the "Argus" and "Intrepid,"

looking after British interests—the wine trade here being almost exclusively in our hands. The latter vessel was lying close into the mole. The Neapolitan steamers came down in due time to examine the strange steamers, but contrived not to arrive before the "Piemonte" was clear, and her living cargo had taken possession of the town. Even then, not above one-third of the "Lombardo's" crew were out of her, and the Neapolitans might have blown her out of the water. However, whether it was that they were moral cowards, and afraid of the responsibility of firing at vessels bearing the Piedmontese flag, or were waiting for orders from their superior officer in the frigate, they remained inactive until four o'clock, when every one had landed, before they opened fire, in which the frigate shortly afterwards joined; but by that time the Garibaldians were outside of the town, having lost two wounded, the wretched inhabitants alone reaping the benefit of their cannonade. Of course the two steamers were taken by the Neapolitans, on which they did not fail to dilate, and penned a glowing despatch accordingly, which gave rise to the annexed bulletin of the 13th at Naples.*

* "INTENDENZA DELLA PROVINCIA DI MESSINA.

"L'Intendente fa noto che nel supplimento del giornale officiale si contiene quanto segue:—

"'NAPOLI, 13 *Maggio*.

"'Jeri l' altro, 11 del corrente, all' ora 1 e mezzo P.M., due Vapori di Commercio Genovesi, denominati il Piemonte e il Lombardo, appro-

That it was a loss to Garibaldi no one will deny, but that it was fully compensated for by a safe landing is just as clear. In fact, this throwing away the scabbard had a great moral effect on his men. Had it not been for the passiveness of these Neapolitan naval officers, Garibaldi and his expedition would have been destroyed. We cannot pardon their subsequent endeavour to throw the blame of not opening fire sooner on the two English men-of-war lying in the harbour, which their Government first stupidly paraded in a circular, dated May the 12th, to their foreign representatives, as conclusive of the countenance afforded by the English Government to the Sicilians, but which the representations of the English minister at Naples subsequently obliged them to contradict.

As it happened, no one was taken more by surprise

davano in Marsala, ed ivi principiavano a disbarcare una mano di qualche centinaio di filibustieri.

"'Non tardarono i due Regi Piroscafi, Capri e Stromboli, che trovavansi incrociando su quelle coste, a principiare i loro fuochi su i detti due Legni che commettevano l' atto più manifesto di pirateria, e dal fuoco de' mentovati due Piroscafi Napolitani, risultarono la morte di molti filibustieri, la calata a fondo del Lombardo che era il più grande de' due Vapori Genovesi, e la cattura ancora dell' altro Vapore il Piemonte.

"'Le Reali Truppe stanziate in quella provincia sou già mosse per circondare o far prigioniera quella gente.'

"Si rassicurino adunque i buoni cittadini che le allarmanti voci che si fan correre per ispargere sinistre apprensioni non hanno alcun fondamento.

"MESSINA, 16 *Maggio* 1860.

"Il Segretario Generale *funzionante da Intendente.*

"A. CORTADA."

than the English officers on shore at the time, who watched the arrival of the two vessels, and were astonished at the cool way in which the red-shirted men went to work, as well as at their complete organisation. They were evidently "composed of a very superior class of men," some of the officers wearing the Sardinian uniform, and many the English Crimean medal. In short, they were composed of the cream of the Cacciatori delli Alpi, who again were old soldiers, enthusiastic students, despairing Venetians, &c., all determined to fight for their idea, in charge of an "elderly man seated in a chair, with a red garment on and wideawake hat," who gave permission for the English officers to leave the town.* Garibaldi was now established in Sicily, with his 1002 Italians, 5 Hungarians, and 6 small pieces of cannon, a few stand of spare arms, and a moderate amount of ammunition. Though Medici is to follow, the matter must in all probability be settled one way or the other before aid can arrive. The Liberator is opposed by upwards of 50,000 men, a numerous artillery, and fortresses, with a fleet of 900 guns to succour them. He is face to face with 28,000—rather heavy odds.

During the night the Garibaldians bivouacked outside the town on the Salemi road, the Genoese carbi-

* Letter of Commander Marryat, of H.M.S. "Intrepid," to Admiral Fanshawe, May 14.

neers being alone left near the mole to watch the movements of the ships.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 12th, after a distribution of bread and money, the entire column, with carbineers as an advance-guard, started for Salemi, distant about thirty miles by road. Throughout the march the reception from the peasantry was most enthusiastic. Garibaldi slept at the villa of a Sicilian gentleman, about seven miles from Salemi. Reports being rife of the advance of the Neapolitans on that town, Bixio was pushed on with his company to seize it, where he was joined by Garibaldi and the main body at ten o'clock the following morning. The tricolour was then hoisted on the tower of the old Saracen castle, at present used as a prison.

Here Garibaldi halted during the 13th and 14th, to impart some sort of organisation to the Sicilian levies from the adjacent towns and districts, have carriages made for his guns, and issue his proclamations. In the first, "he assumes, in the name of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, the Dictatorship in Sicily;"* and, in the next, institutes a national

* "SALEMI, *May* 14.

"Garibaldi, Commander-in-Chief of the national forces in Sicily, on the invitation of the principal citizens, and on the deliberation of the free communes of the island, considering that in time of war it is necessary that the civil and military powers should be united in one person, assumes, in the name of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, the Dictatorship in Sicily.

"G. GARIBALDI."

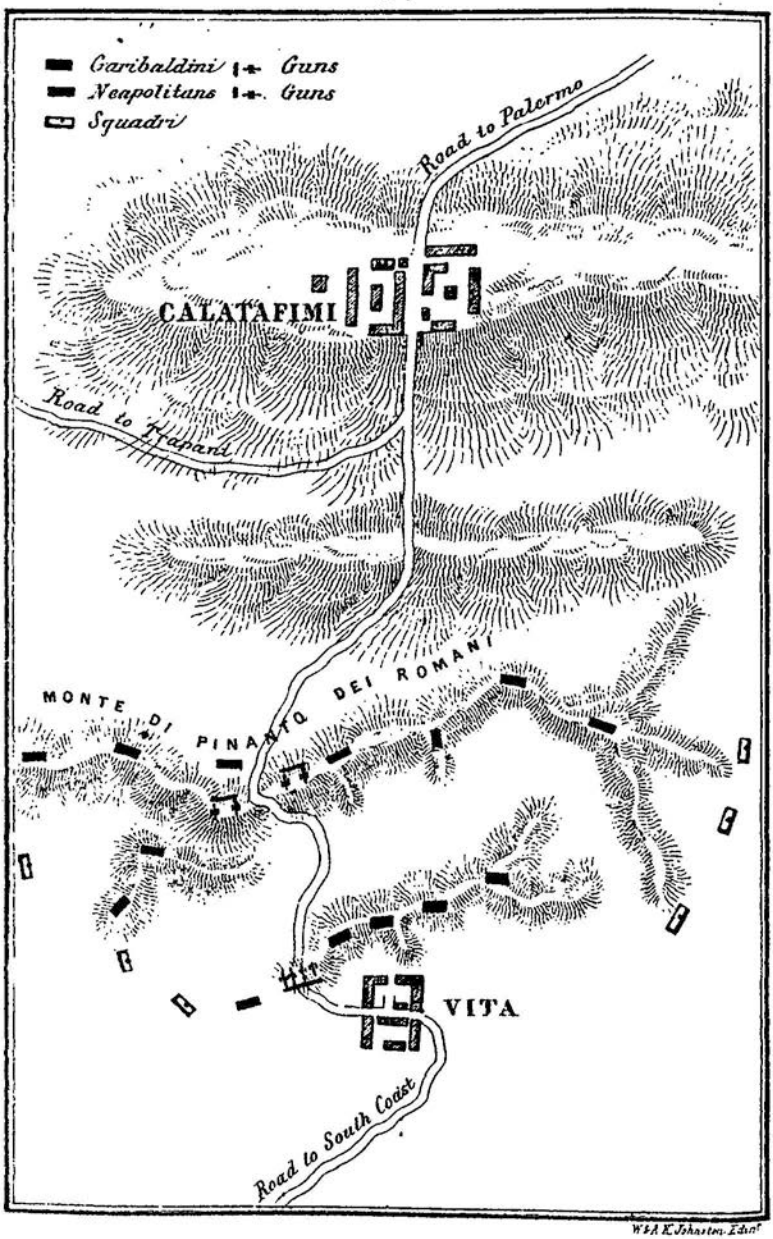
militia, in which all between seventeen and fifty are called upon to serve: those between seventeen and thirty, in active service; between thirty and forty, in their own provinces; between forty and fifty, in their own communes.

The spare arms were distributed to the best of the Squadri,* who were placed under La Masa, a Sicilian emigrant, who had come down with him. These bands were so numerous that they almost became an encumbrance; however, they made first-rate scouts, and, with their continual firing, contrived to frighten the Neapolitans, who, on hearing of the landing, pushed forward 3600 men and four guns to Calatafimi, a town amongst the mountains in the interior, where the coast-roads to Palermo from the west converge. Buried in the heart of the mountains, Calatafimi is a position of great natural strength; whilst the massive ruins of Saracen, Spaniard, and Norman, offer artificial advantages which would enable a few resolute men to defy hundreds. Here the roads from Trapani and Marsala to Palermo meet, and a force holding this town completely cuts off any communication, owing to the impassability of the ranges on either side.

On the 14th Garibaldi, having imparted some organisation to the insurrection, advanced Bixio to Vita, a little village about five miles from Calatafimi, and pre-

* *Squadri*—armed bands.

# PLAN OF ACTION AT CALATAFAMI.



pared his forces for an attack on that town the following day, before any further reinforcements could be sent up from Alcamo.

The Neapolitan General, Landi, however, advanced to dispute the mountain pass close to Vita, called "Monte del pianto dei Romani." In his force, consisting of four battalions, he had one of rifles, and four well-equipped mountain howitzers. The road, or rather track, here—for it is hardly worthy of that name—passes over a succession of hills, culminating in the one before-mentioned, offering a series of separate defences.

Garibaldi's force, on the other hand, amounted to 1005 Cacciatori to do the fighting, and nearly 1200 Squadri to do the noise. Shortly after midnight, the Garibaldians advanced, and joined the advance guard about 8 A.M., who were then pushed on, and found the Neapolitans in a well-selected position a scant mile out of the town. At ten o'clock on the 15th the action commenced which was to decide not only the fate of the expedition but of Southern Italy. Seeing that the Neapolitans were about to attack, Garibaldi seized a range of hills just outside Vita, and planted his guns so as to command the approach by the road. Their fire checked the advance of the cavalry, but the infantry came on steadily and endeavoured to carry the Garibaldian position. Foiled in this attempt, Gari-

baldi in his turn attacked. The Squadri were sent round on either side to outflank the Neapolitans, whilst the Cacciatori took them right in front, where they met a very tough resistance, and were many times repulsed, losing Garibaldi's flag, worked for him by the ladies of Monte Video. Many men had fallen already; the Genoese carbinieri attached to the 7th company especially suffered severely, losing their leaders. They were the *enfants perdu* of the expedition, and had been sent ahead to clear the way. Stocco, the Calabrian patriot, young Manin, and Menotti, Garibaldi's son, were also amongst the wounded.

Knowing that everything depended on the prestige of the first battle—in fact, the probable success of the expedition—Garibaldi, ever foremost, renewed and renewed his attacks; and as there was no flinching on the part of the Cacciatori, and the Neapolitans became frightened at the numbers of the Sicilians, who were working right round in their rear, they fell back after three hours' hard fighting, and abandoned the position, leaving one gun, 6 prisoners, 36 killed, and 148 wounded on the field, and made a precipitate retreat on Calatafimi, throwing away arms and accoutrements to facilitate their flight. This was not accomplished without a loss of 200 men on the part of the Garibaldians, the Genoese carbineers losing 9 out of 34. During the night the Neapolitans evacuated the town,

taking the road to Alcamo, leaving their wounded behind. On the morning of the 16th, Garibaldi occupied Calatafimi, and issued the following proclamation :—

"Soldiers of Italian liberty,—With companions like you I can attempt anything, and a proof of it is that I have led you to an enterprise very arduous, both on account of the numbers and of the strong positions of your enemies. I counted on your fatal bayonets, and I have not been deceived. Deploring the hard necessity of being compelled to fight against Italian soldiers, we must confess that we found a resistance worthy of men belonging to a better cause ; and this proves of how much we shall be capable on the day on which the Italian family shall be serried together around the glorious banner of redemption. To-morrow the Italian continent will rejoice for the victory of her free sons and our brave Sicilians. Your mothers and your lovers, proud of you, will go forth into the highways with lofty and radiant brows. The battle cost us the lives of dear brothers, who have fallen in the front ranks ; those martyrs of the Italian cause shall be recorded in the *Fasti* of Italian glories.

"I will send forth to your country the names of the brave soldiers, young and inexperienced, who so valiantly conducted themselves in the fight, and who to-morrow will lead to victory, on a yet wider field of battle, soldiers who are to break the last links of the chains with which our dearest Italy is bound.

"GUISEPPE GARIBALDI.

"CALATAFIMI, *May* 16."

In the town, the following letter was found from Landi, addressed to Salzano at Palermo, begging for reinforcements :—

"(Most urgent.)

"CALATAFIMI, *May* 15.

"Excellency,—Help—prompt help! The armed bands which left Salemi this morning have covered all the hills to the south and south-west of Calatafimi. One-half of my column advanced within range and attacked the rebels, who poured out in thousands from every point. The firing was well sustained, but masses of Sicilians united with the Italian bands are in immense numbers. We have killed the great Commander of the Italian Free Bands, and have taken their flag, which we have with us. Unfortunately a piece of artillery fell from the back of a mule which was shot, and remained in the hands of the rebels; this pierces my soul with grief. My column was obliged, under a retreating fire, to fall back on Calatafimi, where I am on the defensive, as the rebels in great numbers make a show of attacking us. I, therefore, beg your Excellency instantly to send off a strong reinforcement of infantry, and at least another half battery, as the masses are numerous and obstinately bent on fighting. I fear to be assaulted in the position which I occupy. I will defend myself as long as possible, but if most prompt assistance be not sent, I must confess I do not know where the affair will end. The ammunition of the artillery is almost finished; that of the infantry considerably diminished. I have 62 wounded. I cannot at this moment give an exact number of dead, as I am writing immediately after the retreat. I submit to your Excellency that, if circumstances compel me, I shall retreat on Alcamo. My column is surrounded by enemies, who have assaulted the mills, and taken the flour prepared for the troops. The column fought, with brisk firing, from 10 A.M. until 5 P.M., when I made my retreat.

"The General in Command, Marshal LANDI."

Though dearly purchased, the deed was done. The

Neapolitans passed through Alcamo without being seriously molested, and, their legs being good, reached Partinico the next morning. There they met with a very different reception. But a few days previously, in this town, they had burnt, sacked, and murdered promiscuously, little thinking that a day of reckoning was so near at hand. When they now attempted to halt here, they were suddenly fired at on all sides from the houses, and a regular rout commenced towards Palermo, to which city we shall now transfer the scene.

On the 16th, 600 more Bavarese * arrived from Naples, and Salzano reimposed the state of siege which had been withdrawn after the execution on the 14th of last month, and advised the population as his reason that 800 Italian filibusters had landed at Marsala, but had been completely overthrown by Landi at Calatafimi. The annexed is a specimen of a Neapolitan bulletin,†

* *Bavarese*—name indiscriminately applied by the Sicilians to all the Neapolitan mercenaries.

† "COMANDO DELLE ARMI NELLA PROVINCIA E REAL PIAZZA DI MESSINA.

"Manifesto il Maresciallo di Campo Commendatore D. Pasquale Russo, Comandante le Armi nella Provincia e Real Piazza di Messina.

"Il Ministro degli Affari di Sicilia in Napoli, con telegramma delle 2 p.m. di quest'oggi fa noto, che le bande di Garibaldi attaccate con impeto alla bajonetta dalle Reali Truppe a Calatafimi sono state messe in piena rotta, lasciando molti morti e feriti, tra quali uno de' capi, che le guidava e la bandiera.

"Messina, li 18 *Maggio* 1860.

"*Il Maresciallo di Campo Comandante,*

"PASQUALE RUSSO.

with what object issued we can hardly tell, as the Secret Committee inundated the town and country with bulletins of the actual facts, ordering the Palermitans passively to await the arrival of the Dictator, in whose name, as the Lieutenant of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, all their operations were conducted.

In spite of the vigilance of Maniscalco, the head of the "sbirri" or irresponsible police, they could never discover the whereabouts of this committee, or its acts, save in the printed proclamations which daily emanated from it. Numerous arrests now took place throughout the island; and in the Palermitan prisons alone there were about 7000 men, women, and children, 5000 of whom were political prisoners, some on suspicion, some, especially women and children, merely detained until their male relatives should be given up.

The following day Marshal Lanza arrived from Naples as "alter-ego" of Francesco, and on the 19th, the same day on which Garibaldi appeared on the heights over Monreale, issued a conciliatory proclamation to the Sicilians, saying that he was sent to restore order and peace, and even went so far as to try and induce the influential people of Palermo to intervene betwixt himself and Garibaldi.

The following is his proclamation:—

"Sicilians,—On placing my foot on my native soil, my heart is overwhelmed with grief rather than with joy at

seeing the city of Palermo reduced to ruin by the lamentable circumstances which now press upon it and weigh it down. Yet it is a consolation to me that I have been sent here by the august Sovereign as his commissioner extraordinary, with the power of the *alter-ego* for the complete pacification of the island, which object having been obtained, a Prince of the Royal Family, already selected as Viceroy of His Majesty (by the grace of God) will appear among you. He would come with the mission of giving complete effect to all that can produce the greatest advantage. He would come with full powers of administration to provide for the completion of carriage-roads, railways, and the most useful public works. He would come to give the greatest development to your power and your industry, and to furnish the country with the best means which experience can point out for encouraging the progress of our civilisation and prosperity. If our good Sovereign were not touched by your sufferings, strong in the justice of his cause, he would wait for the establishment of his undeniable rights. But, firm and constant in the resolute desire to do what he can for your moral and material amelioration, he does not deny the debt which he owes at this moment to the greater urgency of the actual position—that of guarding your safety, threatened in so many ways, in the stormy times in which we live. In accepting this exalted mission, I have obeyed my conscience, and in obeying the commands of His Majesty, our Lord, I have also yielded to the sentiments of my heart, which would spare the common country misfortune of which no one can anticipate the proportions and the duration, and consider well what may await you in the future. What destinies do those who are envious of your ever-increasing prosperity offer to you? What guarantees have you for the good of which they say they are the bearers? Take counsel from experience—rise to the height of the actual position to save yourselves, now that all the passions of cupidity are unbridled, and you do not know of what

you are to be the victims. In the tempestuous struggles to which foreign aggressors urge you, your civil courage, supported by the Royal troops, can alone support you. In the august name of the King, I accord an ample and a generous pardon to all who have now been misled, and who will make their submission to the legitimate authorities."

"LANZA."

He baited the temptation by offering to guarantee the constitution of 1812, erroneously supposed by many to have been guaranteed by the English Government when they evacuated the island. But it was too late; and meeting with no favourable echo, General Salzano addressed the accompanying significant letter to the Consuls:—

"PALERMO, *May* 20.

"Sir,—The spirit of demagogism which prevails at this moment in the city has circulated a report to the effect that the Royal troops intended to expose Palermo to bloodshed and rapine. The Royal troops are here for the protection and not for the injury of the lives and substance of the subjects of His Majesty, and in the civil strife which some foreign invaders have come to waken up they will not descend to acts which civilisation and military honour reprove and condemn. While making this public, and reassuring his countrymen, he deems it necessary to advise you that, if any rising should take place in the city, the Royal troops will be compelled to have recourse to all those painful extremities which war imposes to repress it, for the consequences of which, as regards the foreigners who reside in this city, I cannot answer. You will make such use of this as may appear most convenient to yourself.—I remain, yours, &c., "SALZANO."

"To the Consul, &c."

It now behoves us to survey the Neapolitan position, and their forces in Palermo and its vicinity, which, in round numbers, may be stated at 24,000 men, not including the 3600 that were at Calatafimi, who were too demoralised to be worth counting.

Lying at the head of a deep bay, and protected by numerous well-stored forts, with the command of the sea, and thereby unlimited reinforcements from Naples, not twenty-four hours distant, Palermo possessed great defensive powers, but they were in a measure counteracted by the inveterate hostility of its turbulent population of 200,000, who are a strange mixture of oriental apathy and spasmodic desperation. In '48 they had boldly announced their revolution on a certain day if their demands were not complied with, and subsequently carried it out to the hour. For months they were their own rulers, and at last, when Filiangieri advanced against them, surrendered without firing a shot. There is no durability or cohesion about them—all is froth and effervescence.

Owing to the vast amphitheatre of lofty mountains surrounding the plain on which it stands, the defence of the approaches to Palermo is easy, two roads alone leading into the interior, the one by Monreale—a populous town occupying a commanding position in a mountain range three miles out—and the other by

Parco, distant five miles, in almost the same direction. The western roads converge on the former—those from the centre of the island on the latter; and there is no other approach to the town save by the sea-coast on either side.

Monreale and Parco, therefore, became the two points on which to concentrate the defence of Palermo against a force advancing from the south-west corner of Sicily, and 6000 men accordingly occupied the one and 4000 the other; on the Piano di Borazzo, intervening between them and Palermo, the reserves were massed, leaning on the Palazzo Reale cathedral, and a collection of large public buildings which formed their defensive position in these portions of the town: I say portions, because Palermo is exactly divided into four quarters, by two large rectangular streets. With the exception of isolated positions, the two portions towards the sea were left to the care of the Castello and the men-of-war, by which they were completely commanded. The line of communication between the Palazzo Reale, the Castello, and the fortifications on the Mole, were kept up by two very wide strategic roads which had been opened up in either direction outside the town; the one leading to the Castello, could at any moment be swept by the guns of the squadron; the other was protected by a chain of massive buildings—amongst them the poli-

tical and criminal prisons, and some extensive barracks, were the most conspicuous.

The south-eastern face of Palermo was therefore comparatively denuded of defence, save that rampart barrier of mountains which apparently precluded any advance in that direction, at least, to a handful of men operating from the direction of Calatafimi. On arrival before Monreale, Garibaldi found that his prospect of advance in that direction was completely barred, both by the great natural strength of the position and by the number of its defenders. The Secret Committee of Palermo had promised to rise whenever he might appear at the gates, but until then they could do nothing. Indeed, to do them justice, it would have been useless.

He accordingly determined, by a succession of surprises and flank movements, to try and slip into the town on its south-eastern or undefended side, and then trust to fighting his way, with the aid of the townspeople, from house to house, thus availing himself of the great resources Palermo offers to street-fighting, in the way of narrow and tortuous communications and massive buildings. The manifest disadvantage under which troops must always labour who war against their fellow-countrymen, their wives and children, would rob his antagonist of half his power, whilst it doubled his own. In a word, he sought to

utilise the moral, or, if you like it better, the immoral force of revolution—which can be better evoked in a town than elsewhere; for the soldier, combating a mass of armed men in the field, fights with very different ideas to the soldier fighting with an indiscriminate mass of men, women, and children in a town. If he does his duty in the one case he is a man, in the other a brute, particularly if unsuccessful.

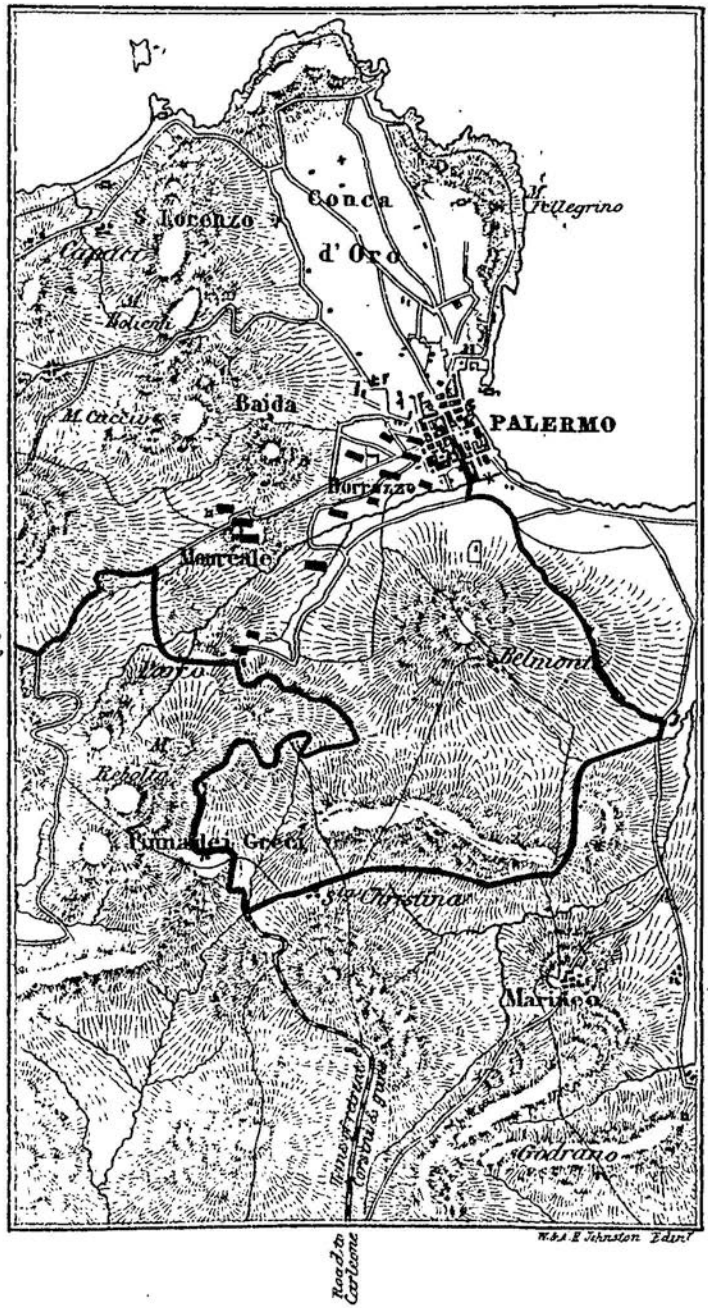
In furtherance of this strategy, Garibaldi ordered the Squadri to close in on all sides of Palermo, pushing up to it as near as possible, harassing the Regi * with incessant feints by night and day, but always retiring as they advanced, and *vice versa;* and the mountain chains at night gleamed with fires which should at once confuse the enemy, and serve to mask Garibaldi's movements. He was now about to practise his *specialité,* guerilla warfare, of which he has had more practical experience than any living man.

On the morning of the 23d he menaced Parco, having crossed the mountains by goat-tracks, and caused his guns to be carried on men's shoulders. The Regi fell back on the plain, but the next morning, having received strong reinforcements, they attacked, under the command of Bosco. Garibaldi feigned a retreat towards Corleone by the high-road leading over the Piana dei Greci. The Neapolitans, according to cus-

* *Regi*—Royal troops.

## PLAN TO ILLUSTRATE FLANK MARCH ON PALERMO.

*Neapolitans shown thus* ■ *Garibaldis line of march thus* ——



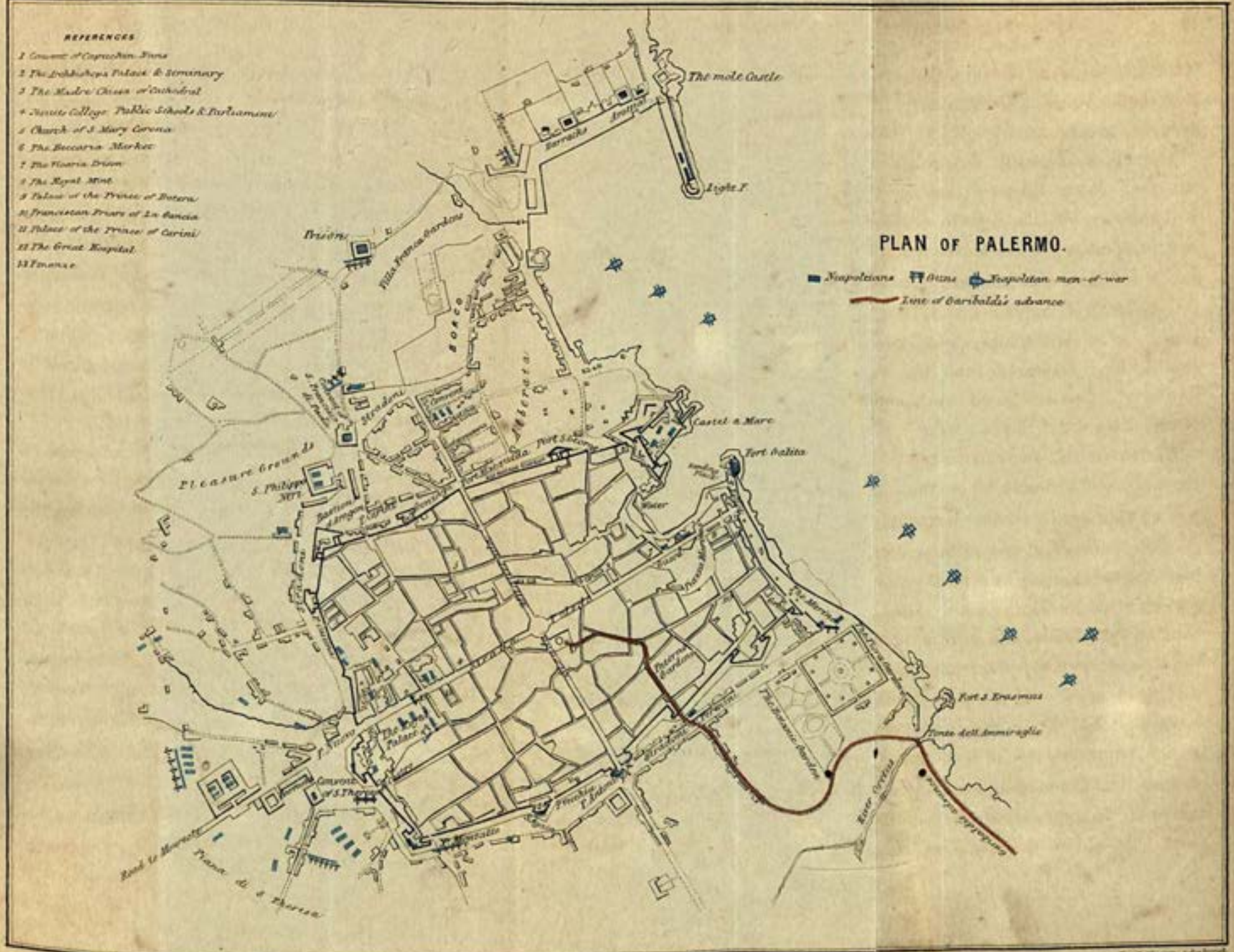
tom, pillaged and ravaged Parco and the village of Grazie, and the next day pursued Garibaldi, who retired as far as Piana; but when he saw his "ruse" had succeeded, the General left Carini, with his guns and some Squadri, to represent him in hot retreat on Corleone, whilst he, with the Cacciatori, struck over the mountains to Misilmeri, where he arrived the next morning, the 26th, after a flank march of twenty-seven miles over mountain-paths unsurpassed in roughness even in Sicily. This journey the Cacciatori accomplished in eleven hours.

Here Garibaldi found a considerable body of the Squadri of the adjacent districts, whom he had ordered to rendezvous on this point. During the afternoon he advanced alone towards the town, and having reconnoitered the approaches, in the evening assembled his followers, and told them of his determination to carry Palermo by a *coup-de-main* the next morning. There was only one other course open to him—that of falling back into the interior of the island and organising an army. Prudent timidity counselled the latter plan; but the former was more in unison with the genius of the man and his followers. His first instinct—always the best—was to have attacked in the night; but it was waived in deference to the Sicilian chiefs, who also induced him to alter his line of advance; they recommended the pass of Mezzagna, which leads down from

the heights of Gebel Rosso more directly to the town than the high-road. Unfortunately, it was adopted in deference to local knowledge.

The order of assault was, with equal misfortune, changed. It was intended that the Cacciatori should lead the way, but the Squadri claimed the honour of entering first under La Maza, merely preceded by the guides and three men from each company of the Cacciatori, under the Hungarian major, Tükori, as an advance-guard. After the Squadri, about 1300 strong, followed the Genoese carbineers, and the two battalions of Cacciatori. The rearguard was composed of a cloud of very irregular Sicilians.

At ten o'clock the column cheerfully advanced to the capture of Palermo, where the committee were expecting them—not so the Neapolitans. During the evening runners had arrived from Bosco, and the commandant at Monreale, announcing the retreat and dispersement of the Garibaldians. Lanza ordered out the band on the Marina, and gave a supper in honour of the success; sending off a steamer to Naples to impart the joyful news. At midnight he dismissed his *convives*, the *élite* of the garrison, congratulating them on the happy despatch of their antagonists, who were at that time floundering amid the almost impassable defiles of Mezzagna, which the Sicilians had chosen for them. To add to the confusion, the guides mistook


PLAN OF PALERMO.
Neapolitans
Guns
Neapolitan men-of-war
Line of Garibaldi's advance
REFERENCES
1 Convent of Capuchin Nuns
2 The Archbishops Palace & Seminary
3 The Madre Chiesa or Cathedral
4 Jesuits College Public Schools & Parliament
5 Church of S. Mary Corona
6 The Beccaria Market
7 The Vicaria Prison
8 The Royal Mint
9 Palace of the Prince of Butera
10 Franciscan Friars of La Gancia
11 Palace of the Prince of Carini
12 The Great Hospital
13 Finanze
The mole Castle
Light F.
Prison
Villa Franca Gardens
Castel a Mare
Fort Galita
Pleasure Grounds
S. Philippo Neri
Fort S. Erasmus
Tonte dell Ammiraglio
Road to Monreale
Piana di S. Theresa

the track, which was happily discovered in time; but dawn had broken before the advance-guard entered the extensive suburbs around the gate of Termini; and instead of surprising the bridge of the Ammiragliato, which spans a watercourse on that side the town, not only were the leading files received with a sharp fire, but time was given to the Neapolitans to advance reinforcements; thanks to the "evivaing" of the Squadri, coupled with a most profligate expenditure of ammunition. As for the Squadri, they retired very sensibly and made way for the Cacciatori; but had the original plan been adhered to, Garibaldi would have been in the town without firing a shot. Meantime, the first intimation which Lanza received of his not being in full retreat on Corleone, was his aide-de-camp rushing into his bedroom—"Sir!" "What?" "Garibaldi is in the town!"

In spite of the cross-fire from the gate of St Antonio and the troops on the Marina, the wide strategic "stradoni" or road was crossed, and the gate and barricade at the Porta di Termini carried. But it was only by a copious application of flats of swords, and every species of threat, that the Squadri could be induced to follow. A young Genoese of the carbineers, to encourage those wayward warriors, coolly took a chair and sat himself down in the centre of the street, under the cross-fire, and it had the desired

effect; for when the Picciotti* saw that every shot did not kill, they ran the gauntlet, and even assisted in throwing up a barricade. To Tükori and the guides belong the honour of being first over the Neapolitan breastwork, but the gallant leader had his left leg shattered; otherwise the loss was wonderfully small, considering the cross-fire of guns and musketry. As the Garibaldians advanced the Squadri plucked up and followed, and the Palermitans began to move wherever the Regi were driven back. It was now three o'clock, and the Castello and men-of-war commenced bombarding the lower portions of the town, which were rapidly passing into the hands of Garibaldi. At five o'clock he had almost undisputed possession of the lower half of the town, but the fire of the shipping and fort was not without great effect. Fires burst out in every direction. No spot was safe from their shells, and the wretched inhabitants began almost to repent the advent of their liberator.

Forcing his way up to the Piazza del Pretorio, in the centre of the town, where the committee were sitting, Garibaldi established his headquarters there, and, before night, had possession of the entire town, with the exception of the royal palace and its environs, and the line of communication between it and the Mole. The whole of the lower portion was gained saving the

* *Picciotti*—youngsters composing the mass of the Squadri.

Castello and Finanze hard by. Barricades were thrown up in every direction with the huge slabs with which the streets are paved. In spite of Garibaldi's remonstrance, addressed to the commanders of the various squadrons lying in the roads, which were received by them and forwarded to Lanza, the bombardment was furious.

# CHAPTER V.

## THE FIRST EXPEDITION.

It was generally believed that Admiral Mundy and the commanders of the various squadrons of men-of-war lying in the roads in order to afford protection to their compatriots, and watch events, made an energetic protest to Lanza against the bombardment, on the morning of the 28th; but he remained inflexible in the Castello, whose 13-inch shells were making fearful havoc. No one who has not seen the effects of one of these instruments can have an idea of the result. Churches, convents, hospitals, and houses, alike came in for their share; and their denizens, if they escaped being buried in ruins, too often became the victims of the fires that succeeded. It required a stern man to turn a deaf ear to the terrific ordeal to which he was subjecting the inhabitants, but a sterner still to inflict it. However, there are always two sides to mundane affairs.

The Neapolitan General, Lanza, had offered battle outside the town: Garibaldi very sensibly would not

accept it—it did not suit him. Was the Neapolitan, then, to be blamed for doing his duty in bombarding the town? Garibaldi brought the fight there—not he. What was he to do? Lay down his arms at once, when he found he was beaten at a game of hide-and-seek, or endeavour to support the cause he had sworn to defend?

Cavaignac did much more in the three days of July. His honour or honesty were never impeached. It is true he was successful, but at the expense of 27,000 lives, instead of about 2700. Where, then, is the difference, and why all this howling at the foul barbarity of the Neapolitan commanders? Simply, that the cause they defended was rotten. Then it would have been more logical to depict these commanders as brutes for having enlisted to defend such a cause, and not bespatter them with abuse for simply doing their duty in a very trying situation, which most decidedly was forced on them against their wish by Garibaldi. When they were out of the town ready to fight, the latter said to himself, No, I'll come in, and utilise the moral advantage of revolution, and thus sap a vile cause which has been publicly condemned by the representatives of those two fleets lying in the roads. They must act in the name of humanity.

Had Lanza bombarded another twelve hours—and

no earthly power was at Palermo that really would have stopped him—Garibaldi would have been simply destroyed. He had not nine cartridges a-man left when it ultimately ceased—the Lord be praised that Lanza hesitated—and towards noon the fire of the Neapolitan squadron ceased, and that of the Castello grew very faint, being merely confined to an occasional shell; for what reason they continued at all one cannot divine, as Garibaldi had agreed to the armistice which they had solicited through the English admiral, who had consented to become a medium between them and the Dictator, on the sole condition that the squadron and forts should cease their fire. The Neapolitan commodore complied, but the Castello persisted in mumbling. Lanza was not so tractable.

During the night some degree of system had been imparted to the process of barricading. Works were pushed close up to the precincts of the royal palace and cathedral—where the mass of the Regi were posted—in the one direction, and down to the very glacis of the Castello in the other, almost the entire town being in Garibaldi's hands; but the lower quarters were hardly tenable, owing to the guns of the fort and squadron. The position was critical; for although it would have been almost impossible to drive Garibaldi out with the bayonet, another bombardment would have decided the business; even without that, had the Neapolitan

troops been stanch, his position was wholly untenable; but every moment assisted in their demoralisation, and numbers came over to him. The remainder, especially the foreigners, *Bavarese*, as the Austrians are termed, owing to the excesses they had been encouraged to commit, had become quite uncontrollable, and embarked from the commencement in a course of rape and rapine that has had few more atrocious parallels. Sacking first, burning afterwards, was the order of the day. Whole nunneries flitted through their embraces, and were fortunate if they escaped with life. During the afternoon the mass of the troops from Monreale and the plains of Theresa and Borazzo fell back before swarms of Squadri, and reinforced the commanding positions round the palace, which completely dominates the remainder of the town. Some were sent to strengthen the communication by the Stradoni towards the Mole, where their retreat was threatened by the Squadri, who were also closing in from the Favourita—they were already completely cut off from escape towards the Castello.

At six in the evening, no terms having been agreed upon, the armistice was concluded. The Neapolitans had not behaved honourably, but there was evident disagreement amongst their chiefs: some were for serving their masters, others for adapting themselves to circumstances. Constant skirmishing occurred throughout

the armistice, and the Castello never completely ceased its fire. Of course each side blamed the other, though Garibaldi and his men behaved in right good faith. So much cannot be said for the Sicilians and Neapolitans.

The night passed without any prominent change, and was chiefly occupied by Garibaldi in strengthening his position and organising its defence. The Castello, however, kept up the excitement by pitching occasional shell where they were least expected. On the morning of the 29th the Regi evacuated the bastion of Montalto, leaving behind a long thirty-two, which was brought down to the Finanze to try its persuasive powers on the guard, who declined to lay down their arms. News also arrived that the column which had gone in pursuit of the imaginary Garibaldi were completely surrounded by the Squadri, and wanted to come over, if they could make a good mercenary bargain by the transaction.

As for the Squadri, they were becoming more and more audacious, and worrying the Regi on every side. Garibaldi's game was more than ever procrastination, but still he made an endeavour to carry the bastion of Arragon, in order to menace the remaining line of retreat. This attack was confided to the Sicilians, who were becoming *au fait* at street-fighting; and besides, the Cacciatori were much thinned, and too valuable to be unnecessarily exposed. In the course of the after-

noon a panic arose, and the Regi took heart, and gained a few houses in that direction; so much so, that Garibaldi did them the honour of personally turning them out; and, what is more remarkable, actually succeeded in inoculating the Picciotti with some of his own daring.

Want of ammunition, of which they make a most profligate expenditure, was the chief cause of this Picciotti panic. That commodity was becoming very scarce. "What shall we do?" said one of their leaders to Garibaldi. "Go home, if you like," was his reply; "if you join me you must learn to live without bread, and to fight without cartridges."

The news from the various parts of the island was most cheering. In the west, the garrison of Trapani alone held out. At Girgenti, General Alfandi Heisla abandoned the town to the civil authorities, who immediately inaugurated the Dictatorship, under Victor Emmanuel. The province of Catania had also risen; and though the Squadri were repulsed in their attack on the garrison in the town of Catania, they inflicted on them a loss of nearly 400 men.

The night passed off without any important event, the Castello still hammering away now and again, but the squadron were inactive. At nine on the morning of the 30th Lanza again opened negotiations with the following letter:—

"The Commander-in-Chief of the Armies and Naval Stations beyond the Faro, Palermo, *May* 30, 1860.

"General,—As the British Admiral let me know that he would receive with pleasure, on board of his vessel, two of my generals, to open a conference with you, of which he would be the mediator, if you allowed them to pass through the lines, I beg you to let me know whether you assent, and if so, to indicate to me the hour at which the armistice is to begin. It would be likewise advantageous that you allowed the two generals to be accompanied from the royal palace to the Sanità, where they would embark.—Waiting for your answer, I have the honour to be,

"LANZA.

"To his Excellency General Garibaldi."

One step at least was gained by this—the "filibuster" became "his Excellency"—the homage paid by power to success. How flattered a man like Garibaldi must have been! He answered this letter by offering to meet the Neapolitan generals on board H.M.S. "Hannibal" at one o'clock, proposed that the armistice should begin at noon, and sent round to all his posts to cease firing at once. In spite of this the conduct of the Neapolitans was most inexplicable. The Castello went on shelling, and a column which had advanced from Bagaria debouched over the Ponte dell' Ammiragliato, and, under cover of their guns and those of the Castello, assaulted the Porta di Termini, taking Garibaldi in rear. It was a well-intended manœuvre, but the wrong time was chosen to execute it.

The Garibaldians did not return their fire, but did all in their power to inform the Neapolitans of the armistice. This was not accomplished until Colonel Carini and several others were wounded, when they apologised, but did not give up the vantage-ground they had gained. Garibaldi, conscious of his strength, though disgusted, was imperturbable.

Shortly after one, Garibaldi, accompanied by General Türr and some aides-de-camp, went on board the "Hannibal," where he was received by the Admiral, as the commander of the national forces in Sicily. The French and American commanders were likewise there on invitation. General Letizia, Lanza's representative, shortly arrived. He objected to their presence,—Garibaldi preferred their staying, which they did. Publicity was his object,—the more authentic witnesses that he could procure to any agreement that might take place, the more likely it was to be carried out. He knew he was dealing with very slippery material, and this was what prompted him to choose a foreign man-of-war as the place of negotiation.

Letizia then produced the six written points on which he was entitled to confer.

"1. That a suspension of arms should be concluded for the period about which the parties would agree.

"2. That during the suspension of arms each party should keep its position.

"3. That the convoys of wounded from the royal palace, as well as the families of the *employés*, should be allowed to pass free through the town, in order to embark on board the royal ships.

"4. That the royal troops in the palace, and the families of the refugees in the monasteries near, should be allowed to provide themselves with their daily provisions.

"5. That the municipality should address a humble petition to his Majesty the King, laying before him the real wishes of the town, and that this petition should be submitted to his Majesty.

"6. That the troops in the town should be allowed to receive their provisions from the Castello."

Garibaldi agreed to all but the fifth, which was simply absurd. The armistice was to last until noon the next day.

The night was employed by the Neapolitans in removing their wounded, who were very numerous, especially around the royal palace.

The Garibaldians, on the other hand, laboured incessantly to strengthen their positions; and orders were transmitted to all the Squadri to close round, and be ready to harass the Regi the next day at noon.

Though the position of the Regi was indifferent, that of the Garibaldians was scarcely better. The townspeople were sick of it, and it became necessary to give orders that only women and children should be allowed to leave. There was no doubt of the remnants of the immortal thousand fighting to the death,

but they were sadly thinned, not more than 600 being left, and they were again obliged to be scattered in all directions, to keep the Picciotti, who yet held out, up to the mark. The carnage amongst the wretched townspeople had been frightful—those ten-inch shells bringing down houses wholesale, and burying the unfortunate inhabitants in the ruins; often fires broke out. In the midst of all this the pluck and patriotism of the monks and friars never faltered; they went about preaching a crusade, and did not a little to aid Garibaldi. Indeed, throughout the movement they have behaved nobly.

This night, being the first without bombardment, which had now lasted four days, the town was illuminated, and the entire population was in the streets.

The ships of war and merchantmen were crowded with refugees, and everything betokened a death-struggle on the morrow.

However, it was not to be. Two hours before the armistice was up—at ten o'clock—Lanza sent Letizia down to seek an indefinite prolongation. Garibaldi granted one of three days, and a convention was signed.

As the Sicilians were screwed up to fighting pitch, and rather dissatisfied with the generosity and policy of the Dictator, he issued the following proclamation, and the terms of the convention :—

"Sicilians,—The enemy has proposed to us an armistice, which, in a generous war, such as that in which we fight, I thought it reasonable not to refuse. The burying of the dead, the care of the wounded—in a word, everything which the laws of humanity demand—has always honoured the valour of the Italian soldier. Moreover, the Neapolitan wounded are also our brothers, although they are acting with cruel hostility, and are at present plunged in the darkness of political error; but it will not be long before the light of the national flag will induce them to swell the ranks of the Italian army. And, that the terms of the stipulated convention may be strictly maintained in a manner worthy of us, we publish the following:—

"'ARTICLES OF CONVENTION BETWEEN THE UNDERSIGNED, AT PALERMO, *May* 31, 1860.

"'1. The suspension of hostilities will be prolonged during three days, dating from the present noon, May 31, at the termination of which his Excellency the General-in-Chief will send one of his adjutants to the camp, to establish by mutual agreement the hour for the resumption of hostilities.

"'2. The Royal Bank shall be placed in the care of the Representative Crispi, Secretary of State, under suitable discharge; the detachment now in possession to proceed to Castellamare with arms and baggage.

"'3. The embarkation of the wounded and of families shall continue, no means being neglected to prevent any abuse whatever.

"'4. The transport of provisions shall be free to both parties at all hours of the day, the suitable dispositions being taken to see the same carried out.

"'5. It will be agreed to exchange the prisoners Mosto and Rivalsa for a first lieutenant-colonel and another officer, for instance, Captain Grasso.

"'FRANCESCO CRISPI, Secretary of State for the Provisional Government of Sicily.

"'FERDINANDO LANZA, General-in-Chief.'"

The thoughtless Sicilians saw in this prolongation of the armistice advantages for their hereditary antagonists: they could remove their wounded, receive supplies and reinforcements from Naples, and bombard at their leisure. Garibaldi, on the other hand, knew that his hopes lay in procrastination. A steamer was hovering on the coast with arms, ammunition, and men. Medici and the second expedition ought soon to arrive; but, above all, the Neapolitan force was melting away, especially those regiments which had been insubordinate prior to his arrival; the little prestige it ever possessed had been destroyed by three days' street-fighting and continued defeat; and as for another bombardment, Europe had been roused from her apathy by the last, and was prepared to step in between the robbed and the robber, and at last substitute humanity for divine right, at any rate in this portion of the Two Sicilies.

During the afternoon the captain and guard at the Finanze laid down their arms, being completely cut off, and Garibaldi became, to his surprise, the disposer of over £1,200,000 in cash, chiefly private deposits: of course he took possession for the State. Considering that there were nearly 50,000 Squadri on the pay-lists, it was rather needful. Only his own men fought for nothing, and fed themselves, paying their own way. This spirit had not yet established itself in South

Italy. The island patriots required their daily dole; perhaps it was just as well, as their chiefs were thus certain of seeing them at least once a-day.

The following morning Garibaldi administered the accompanying stimulant :—

"Sicilians,—The tempest nearly always follows the calm, and we must prepare for the tempest, for as yet our object has not been fully attained.

"The conditions of the national cause were brilliant; the triumph was assured from the moment that a generous people, treading humiliating propositions under foot, resolved to conquer or die.

"Yes, our situation improves every moment; but that must not prevent us doing our duty, and insuring the triumph of the holy cause.

"Arms, then, to arms! Sharpen your weapons, and prepare every means of attack and defence. For enthusiasm and *evvivas* there will be time enough when the enemy is swept out of the country.

"Arms, then, I repeat it, to arms! Who, during these three days, does not find some weapon to arm himself with is a traitor and a coward, and the people who fight amid the ruins of their burnt-down houses for the freedom and for the lives of their wives and children cannot be cowards and traitors.

"G. GARIBALDI.

"PALERMO, *June* 1, 1860."

He also wrote to his agent at Genoa to hasten the reinforcements, and relieve all difficulty on the score of money :—

"Dear Bertani,—I authorise you not only to make an advance or to negotiate a loan for Sicily, but, moreover, to

contract any debt whatever, as we have here immense means to satisfy all claims.—Yours ever,

"G. GARIBALDI."

The "Utile," a small steamer, threw 100 men ashore this morning at Marsala, under the command of the Marquis Fardella, an *emigré* from Trapani; he also brought with him 2000 muskets, and a quantity of ammunition, and at once marched on his native town to eject the garrison which still lingered there.

Not one of the least remarkable features amongst this unusually turbulent population was, that life and property were unmolested. In this respect they rose to the occasion, but were very rightly implacable with the "sbirri," whom Maniscalco had left behind him. They shot these vermin without reserve.

Late in the evening of the 2d, Letizia returned from Naples, and the next morning called on Garibaldi, and had a private interview with him, which resulted in an indefinite prolongation of the armistice. At the same time orders were sent to the Regi to evacuate Trapani, Letizia posting back to Naples. Garibaldi devoted himself to civil and military administration, evidently convinced that at any rate he had bought a long lease of the island.

On the 5th, General Colonna, who remained in command, made a proposition to Garibaldi to allow him to withdraw the troops from the royal palace towards

the Campo, under Monte Pellegrino, and near the Mole and arsenal. Garibaldi assented; but, later, Letizia arrived, and it was agreed to defer the ultimate arrangements until the next morning at 7 o'clock, when the convention for the final evacuation of Palermo was drawn up, just twenty-six days after the arrival of the "filibuster" at Marsala, in which period, with his 1007 warriors, he had defeated 28,000 troops, and seized the capital by an audacious, but well-timed *coup-de-main*.

The accompanying extract from the British Admiral's despatch to the Home Government may be accepted as embodying the opinions of the foreign representatives who witnessed the foregoing tragedy:—

"'HANNIBAL,' PALERMO, *June* 3, 1860.

"From various sources I derive the following account of the destruction of life and property by the bombardment of the city:—

"The scene is reported as most horrible. A whole district, 1000 yards (English) in length by 100 wide, is in ashes; families have been burnt alive with the buildings, while the atrocities of the Royal troops have been frightful. In other parts, convents, churches, and isolated edifices have been crushed by the shells, 1100 of which were thrown into the city from the citadel, and about 200 from the ships of war, besides grape, canister, and round-shot.

"The armistice has been prolonged indefinitely, and it is now hoped European Powers will interpose to prevent further bloodshed.

"The conduct of General Garibaldi, both during the hostilities and since their suspension, has been noble and generous."

# CHAPTER VI.

## THE FIRST EXPEDITION.

On the morning of the 7th of May the Neapolitans commenced to fulfil the convention drawn out the previous day, and signed by Türr and Colonna. It had reference only to the evacuation of the town of Palermo.

They left the position round the Palazzo Reale in two columns, by the Stradoni on either side of the town, and encamped in and occupied the suburb under Pellegrino.

The Castello was the only portion of the town remaining in their possession; and in the evening the first batch started in steamers in the direction of Messina, on which place the quondam garrisons of Catania and Girgenti were concentrating.

Leaving the Neapolitans to embark their *matériel* and munitions of war, let us take a glance at the impression they had left at Palermo.

The royal palace and the surrounding buildings, which had formed their headquarters, were simply gutted—

many totally destroyed. The cathedral, rich in historic monuments and treasures, had comparatively escaped; the latter had been sought for, but without success. It was in the western portion of the town, and in the extensive suburb betwixt it and the Favourita, that the ruin was most complete. There everything had been destroyed by these ruthless brigands; what they could not carry away being always burnt. No wonder that such unbridled licence should result not only in disorganisation but dissolution, especially when it was assisted by those liberal ideas which had made considerable progress even in the Neapolitan army of late years—its least brutalised elements beginning to question the right divine, which employed them to plunder and murder their own kith and kin.

The late king Ferdinand II., or Bomba, as he was familiarly termed, gifted with greater perception than the generality of Bourbon princes, saw that the perpetuation of his own tenure and that of his house was utterly incompatible with the development of liberal ideas, and determined, therefore, to found a military despotism, in which he eminently succeeded—at the same time hoarding money, in case he was compelled to retire from business. Neither Austrian nor Italian, he was Neapolitan, and sought to establish a sort of close borough in Europe, free from every foreign influence

whatever. To the sovereign of Germany, who feared his liberal tendencies, he said, "Je connais mon royaume ; je suis le meilleur juge de ce que je dois faire." "Quant au péril dont on me menace, je saurai bien m'en défendre moi-même, et j'espère me maintenir sans avoir besoin des étrangers," to Louis Philippe, when he counselled constitutional government ; "je serai roi seul et toujours . . . J'agirai selon mon cœur et selon les intérêts de mon royaume."

When bearded by England on the sulphur question, though he yielded to force, he yet resisted energetically. "Si on veut m'obliger à déclarer que le traité a été violé, je ne suis que roi de Naples, mais je tiendrai tête à l'Angleterre." Brave, though cruel—devout, but wicked—his fierce and uncompromising pursuit of the system of repression so long as he lived, enabled him to bequeath his realms intact ; but to keep them so required one of his sturdy determination, not the feverish grasp of a very mild young man.

The army which he created to carry out these views lacked only the *matériel*, but he did all that man could do with it, and imported thousands of Swiss to give it stability.

Moral and austere, he sought to engrain ascetic views amongst the officers, and utilise the Church power, but he could enforce no spirit into them but that of pay.

In a word, he created the army, and with his death it

dissolved. Under any mind less capable and despotic than his own, Bourbonic rule would have long since disappeared from the Two Sicilies. Witness 1848, when he obstinately clung to and reconquered Sicily after a seventeen months' severance, and that at a time when every European monarch save our own was tottering, and the provincial government established in his dominions had been saluted and acknowledged by France and England.

And now a quarter of this army, 28,000 men, had succumbed to a twenty-eighth part of their number. No longer awed by faithful Swiss mercenaries, the scum of the Austrian army was imported by the Neapolitan ambassador at Vienna, with the consent and approval of the Court, under the denomination of Bavarese, differing from the Swiss in this—the latter fought and plundered, the former plundered but did not fight. Since the previous July three battalions of these Austrians had been embodied. As for the Neapolitan officers, they were enough to have ruined any army. Poor in mind and body, they accepted their position as the laziest method of obtaining a livelihood. That there were exceptions in the engineers and artillery is true, but the majority were ignorant and apathetic to the last degree, and devoid alike of honour and honesty, as their subsequent conduct demonstrated.

Whilst Garibaldi was busy in organising the civil and military administration of the island—in the first assisted and counselled by La Farina, and in the latter by Türr — the Neapolitans were embarking all their stores, &c., for they had determined, at least, to leave nothing but loose walls in the hands of the victors.

The entire embarkation was completed on the 19th, when twenty-four vessels, laden with the remaining troops and *matériel*, departed in the direction of Naples, leaving nothing behind them but ten old useless iron guns, and a considerable quantity of vermin ; and Garibaldi, on visiting Persano, the Piedmontese Admiral, after their departure, received an ominous salute of nineteen guns, the echoes of which died away as the last of the Neapolitans faded from the horizon—their chiefs to be degraded on arrival at headquarters—the men to be reorganised for other defeats.

In the mean time La Farina, who was on board Persano's flagship, commenced the immediate annexational intrigues, and Palermo and its ruins were adorned with bales of blue bills imported from Turin —"Vogliamo l'annessione al regno constituzionale del Rè Vittorio Emmanuele."

The military organisation of the Sicilians was pushed with great activity by Türr, who formed a division of two brigades, Bixio taking the second and himself the first. The officers and cadres were composed en-

tirely of men of the first expedition; the raw material, of Sicilians. Medici's expedition arrived on the 17th, shorn of a portion of its strength by the loss of the "Utile" and an American clipper, full of men, arms, and ammunition. They were captured by the Neapolitan cruisers, but subsequently released, owing to illegality on the part of the seizers in exercising their jurisdiction beyond the limits of their own coast—very good law under the circumstances, but which would only be tolerated by men playing a very losing game. This portion of Sicily having been emancipated, the next thing to be done was to advance to the reduction of the military posts remaining in the hands of the Neapolitans—Melazzo, Messina, Syracusa, and Augusta. With this object Türr's brigade was sent through the heart of the island by Caltanisetta and Castro-Giovanni, on the morning of the 20th, with orders to effect a junction at Catania with Bixio's brigade, which was also despatched on the 24th through Piana dei Greci, Girgenti, and the south coast. As General Türr's wounds of last year had broken out afresh, and obliged him to seek a cooler climate, the command of his brigade was given to Colonel Eber. On the 29th Medici and his division took the northern coast-road for Messina, whilst Garibaldi himself organised the reserves at Palermo, from the Sicilians and volunteers who flocked down daily from the north.

The morning after the evacuation was completed, Garibaldi paid an official visit to the French, English, American, and Sardinian naval commanders in the anchorage, who returned the compliment, thereby acknowledging his *de facto* authority; and the provisional government despatched Prince San Guiseppe to London, and Prince San Cataldo to Paris, to plead their cause. Everything prospered, in fact, save that a large portion of the civil government, under Piedmontese influence, endeavoured to usurp the dictatorial power, and agitate for immediate annexation. But Garibaldi had determined to make Sicily the stepping-stone for the liberation of all Southern Italy, and had no idea of having his hands tied, as they had been in Central Italy last year, when he was on the eve of attempting the invasion of Umbria and the Marches. Of course the majority of the Sicilians, who hate the name of everything Neapolitan, were only too ready to gratify their animosity and selfishness. Too thoughtless to imagine they were thwarting Garibaldi, they fell an easy prey to the Piedmontese agents, whose government was bent on grabbing what it could get, leaving the rest to follow. As remonstrance was of no avail, and only mistaken for weakness, Garibaldi was at last pushed so hard, that he had no alternative but to exercise his dictatorial power, which he had modified by granting a civil administration; and

as La Farina, who headed this faction, persisted in his contumacy, the Dictator was compelled, much against his inclination, to turn him out of Sicily.

The large sum of money found in the Finanze, together with the subscriptions which poured in from all quarters of Italy, enabled Garibaldi to purchase several merchant steamers, to convey men, arms, and material from the north; and the ægis thrown round his movements at sea by the Piedmontese squadron, whose admiral, Persano, was known to be a bosom friend of Garibaldi's, and not likely to stick at trifles, insured immunity to all his maritime operations, unless carried on under the very nose of the enemy. In addition to this, there was a very evident defection in the Neapolitan fleet. This shortly after exemplified itself by the desertion of the steamer "Veloce," which was brought into Palermo by her captain, with arms, ammunition, and crew complete, to say nothing of the subsequent capture of the "Duca di Calabria" and "Elba," two small steam transports, on the Neapolitan shores.

The Cabinet at Naples, frightened by the storm raised against them on account of the bombardment of Palermo, not less than by the possible contingencies they saw looming in the future, were now anxious to avoid further bloodshed, and willing to purchase the good-will of Europe, by granting a separate govern-

ment to Sicily, or even renouncing the island altogether, provided they could obtain guarantees for the immunity of their territory on the mainland. Well-nigh distracted, their envoys were vainly bowing and vowing in London, Paris, and Turin. This brings us to the present phase of state comedy in Europe, and of affairs at Palermo, where I arrived on the 18th of July.

# CHAPTER VII.

PALERMO, 18*th July*.

THERE is a fascination about the Bay of Palermo to my mind which that of Naples does not possess; whether it is more compact and magnificent, or the luscious tints of the Conca d'Oro surpass those of Ischia, I know not, but there is a grandeur in the beauties of this bay, whereas at Naples all is voluptuous and effeminate: and as we draw near on this beaming morning, and the old familiar headlands grow more and more distinct, I am involuntarily carried back to the days of the '48 revolution, when I was stationed here in the "Bellerophon," long since "broken up," as indeed are many of her crew. Our "excursionists" are crowding the rigging to gain a glimpse of their promised land; some are donning red shirts in honour of the occasion—the Sardinian great-coat speaks for the former occupation of many; and the Bersiglieri seem particularly tenacious of their cocks' feathers. All, however, are orderly in the extreme, and seem fully impressed with the seriousness of their mission. Generally, they are a powerful well-made set

of men, giving one the idea of their being old soldiers; and, to judge from their size, the north Italian element predominates. There are a few boys amongst them of twelve and fourteen. Garibaldi has a *penchant* for *adolescenti*, as they term them. Amongst the 400 or 500 men with which the decks are crowded, are representatives of every nation of Europe save our own—Hungarians, French, Germans of every hue, and one or two Americans. Many Piedmontese officers turn out in the Piedmontese uniform, and here and there may be seen our Crimean medal. All look of the right stuff for an army, and have implicit confidence in the man whom they are going to serve.

And now, as we are rapidly nearing the anchorage, for a brief sketch of this gorgeous bay. Its western limit, the Conca d'Oro, under which we are running, surpasses its appellation, as it reflects the myriad rays of the morning sun, and glitters in innumerable forms and tints, supported by the party-coloured cliffs of Monte Pellegrino, crowned with the shrine of Santa Rosalia, the patron saint of Palermo. Ahead, a vast amphitheatre of mountains backs the bay, their deep blue peaks blending with the lofty spine which traverses the northern shores of Sicily. Numerous spurs, laden with an almost tropical vegetation, run down to embrace the sea; on them are sprinkled villages and churches in profusion.

Away east the view is lost towards the towns of Termini and Cefalà—nearer, the taper promontory which margins the eastern shores of the bay is strewed with palaces in the vicinity of Bagaria; whilst in the gorges of the mountains lie Misilmeri, Parco, and Monreale, the scene of Garibaldi's famous flank-march prior to forcing his way into Palermo; the domes and pinnacles of the city itself are now rapidly rising at the head of the bay, bosomed in a bed of gardens and vineyards, which run down the mountain slopes and across the plain on which the town is built into the sea.

Three Sardinian and an English frigate are lying at anchor, and a white heat has already begun to dance over the town, as we round the Mole, where the new-comers are received by tribes of this Arab population with an endless "evivaing" and clapping of hands. There is a deal of method in their applause, evidently the result of two months' unbridled use of their tongues. A red-shirted boy on guard at the lighthouse, who throws down his musket to get freer use of lungs and limbs, marks the change of dynasty; but as we advance amid a maze of "speronaroes," screw steamers, and polaccas, the Garibaldian element becomes more conspicuous, modified on all occasions with the Savoy cross, emblematic of their ultimate wishes. The majority of the steamers either belong to or are chartered by Garibaldi; some are discharging

"excursionists," others heavy guns and *matériel*. That ungainly old paddle, which has been running between London and Leith any time since the application of steam, is embarking the remainder of the reserve, which Garibaldi takes with him to-night to reinforce Medici at Barcelona. No passports bar the way; they are abolished between Italian ports. All is in the easy-going groove of '48, and certainly is refreshing, after the provokingly cool impudence which characterised the Neapolitan official. Released from an inquisitive boatman—who, not satisfied with knowing how I came, why I came, and where I came from, insisted on strongly advising me to take service in the national cause—I started in a "carrozza" round the head of the port for Ragusa's Trinacria Hotel, on the Marina, just beyond the Porta Felice.

In vain I looked for traces of Vandalism in the populous suburbs banked under the Pellegrino and round the head of the harbour, until I came to the Quartiere del Albergheria, in the neighbourhood of the Castello. Here, in one district, not one stone was left on another. The bombardment and consequent fires had left a mere heap of ruins. As for the Castello, the demolition of this Sicilian-Hispano-Bourbonic Bastile was proceeding, it is true, but in a very desultory manner. Its sea-face remained intact. The crest of the ramparts alone, on the town side, had been

turned into the deep fosse surrounding it. Though a proclamation had invited all to assist in the demolition, its massive walls offered too, tough a resistance, after the first burst of popular enthusiasm had blown away. This face of the town had suffered severely; every house more or less. Some are completely gutted —others propped up to prevent their following their neighbours, many of which are mere heaps of dusty ruin. Continuous jolting marks the spots where the massive slabs with which the roads are paved have been uprooted for barricades; and on entering the Toledo, the main street stretching right away for the royal palace and Monreale gate, I descended, as progress up the by-lane to the Trinacria was impracticable, save for foot-passengers—the remains of seven barricades, all within the space of 150 yards, rendering approach, even now, a matter of great difficulty. Experience makes perfect—and what with '48 and '60, commend me to the Palermitans for barricading. This was a trifling specimen of the impassable labyrinth they had created before nightfall on the 27th of May—many of their constructions reaching to the first floor.

At the Trinacria were numbers of red-shirted men, several wounded, amongst them Carini—Ragusa (the landlord) being the solitary and honourable exception who deigned to receive wounded into his house after the capture of the town. In spite of their enthusiasm

for Garibaldi, and the terrific ordeal which they shared with him, there was a deal of froth and selfishness in Palermo, contrasting painfully with the open-handed generosity of the Lombards last year, when Brescia, Milan, and the other towns vied with each other in noble emulation to minister to the wants of their wounded emancipators.

Wandering up the Toledo, numerous traces of the struggle appeared right and left; barricades only half removed—the Finanze spattered with balls. The remains of the St Catherina Convent, stretching half across the street, emitted a stench from the bodies yet buried in its ruins, which made one hurry by; houses propped up—others fallen down, the victims of the ten-inch shell, of which the defunct paternal government had been so lavishly bountiful. Around the Palazzo Pretorio, Garibaldi's headquarters during and since the bombardment, the devastation was terrific. Situated in the centre of the town, near the point of intersection of the two main streets, it seemed to have been the object of peculiar vengeance. All the buildings near the university, the convent of the nuns of Martorana, the Palazzo Bordanaro, and the before-mentioned convent of St Catherina, with numerous houses, were all partially or entirely destroyed—the Pretorio, by comparison, being unscathed. All this merely prepared the eye for the desolation in the vicinity of the

Palazzo Reale, at the further end of the Toledo, the scene of the bloodiest struggles, and where each contested building was committed to the flames by the retreating Neapolitans.

Most conspicuous amongst these heaps of ruins is the Monastery of the Seven Angels, nothing but the charred shell being left. The church of Santa Maria Incoronata was likewise sacked and burnt, together with its valuable old archives. In fact, ruin succeeds ruin, until the eye is satiated. Fortunately the time-honoured cathedral pile, though it has suffered severely, was not destroyed.

Having paid so dearly for their freedom, one would have imagined that they would have taken steps to preserve it, especially after the lesson of '48; but no! the Sicilian is the Sicilian still. Organisation and preparation are carried on, it is true, but in spite of them. Feasting suits their genius better than fighting, particularly the "upper ten." They have no idea of risking the varnish of their patent-leather boots beyond the cafés of the Toledo, or their precious persons beyond an evening's drive on the Marina or English garden: as for personal or pecuniary sacrifice, they will make none.

The amount of public subscription throughout this fertile island in aid of Garibaldi has only amounted to £5000, and he and his son had even to pay for the

hire of their horses during the first month they were in the island. With the exception of the Marquis Fardella, and a few other honourable exceptions that may be numbered, no well-to-do Sicilian has joined the army. The pusillanimous and unpatriotic part taken by the majority in the destruction of the Bourbon dominion is pitiable.

The clergy and the masses have borne the toil of the day, and in spite of their inherent failings have proved themselves worthy of the assistance afforded them, as well as to enter into the budding Italian family. But for many years Sicily must be rigorously governed before its motley and debased inhabitants can become fit to be citizens of a representative community. Here may be witnessed the withering influence of generations of servitude and vassalage upon the two classes into which the community of Sicily may be divided—namely, the aristocracy and the working-classes: the one is ignorant and emasculated with dissipation, and the other degraded and demoralised to a degree without a parallel in Europe.

But let us turn aside from these painful contemplations and enter the palace. Its foundations rest on that of the old Emirs of Sicily, whose traces have been obliterated by successive races of Norman, German, and Spanish conquerors, and whose tedious zigzag mountain roads and massive ruins are now the sole surviv-

ing monuments of their once omnipotent sway. Here all is commotion and bustle, consequent on Garibaldi's departure this evening. He is heartily sick of the intrigue and clamour by which he is environed, and hails his escape to more congenial scenes, from the swarm of native place-hunters, and disinterested foreigners who have fastened upon him, each bent on telling him "something to his advantage," but all aspiring to a substantial equivalent.

In spite of every precaution, funds melt away at a profligate rate, for finance cannot be carried on during an insurrection with the regularity of an old established firm. It is true that now or never is the time, and that commodities, ordinarily purchaseable, are now priceless. A fifty-gun frigate manned and armed, for instance, would be dirt-cheap at a million sterling, and every other necessary of war may be assessed in like proportion.

The wily trader, whatever may be his individual inclinations, cannot forego his little profits, on account of his partner. This, coupled with the venality of the official system bequeathed by the late government, is playing fearful havoc in the treasury. For instance, A, a very disinterested commercial traveller, arrives with 30,000 shoes from Marseilles, and offers them at really a remarkably low figure to Garibaldi. The latter is delighted with the chance of having his army well

shod, and sends him to B, the Secretary of State. B sends him to C, whose peculiar department it is. C remarks that they are too cheap, and he is sure he cannot afford to sell at that price; thereby astonishing A, who imagines he knows something about his own business, and insists on selling at the original price. C ultimately dismisses him on some frivolous pretext. A calls again and again; and at last, anxious to get rid of his shoes and be off, bluntly demands what C is driving at, when C tells him that if he will add £500 to his little bill, the State will trade with him. A, in desperation, agrees, and C draws on the treasury for the price of the boots + £500, which he does not present to A.

Imagination will fill up the rest.

Anxious to verify the turgid reports concerning the prisons, I went to the Vicariato, a sort of half-fortified prison and barrack; but beyond evidences of uncleanliness, I saw little to complain of. Posting off to Monreale, however, a different scene presented itself; and some of the dens, when crammed with humanity, and an utter contempt of what we deem cleanly necessities of existence, must have been foul in the extreme; but I am inclined to disbelieve those thrilling stories which have found their way into Britain, of living crucifixions, immurings, &c. Not that I doubt the brutality of the irresponsible police, with which Ferdinand, of

pious memory, and his irresolute offspring, blessed this unhappy island; but I know from experience that a Sicilian, as a rule, is gifted with a fertile imagination, and if he can get any one to listen to him, will fabricate a story worthy of the *Arabian Nights*.

I could trace nothing to an authentic source when I was here in '48, neither can I now—not that I did not hear many examples quoted in either case. But, for all that, there is little doubt that Maniscalco and his myrmidons exercised a system of torture in these Monreale prisons to extract evidence from political offenders, and that these operations were characterised with a brutality and barbarity more worthy of the Inquisition or a Chinese administration than a government with which France and England had chosen to renew amicable relations.

Hastening back, I found the expedition to the eastward on the eve of departure.

# CHAPTER VIII.

## ADVANCE ON MESSINA.

MELAZZO, *July* 25.

ON the 12th of July Medici assumed the military governorship of the province of Messina, as well as the insurrection in the eastern portion of the island, whose headquarters were at the town of Barcelona. The Neapolitan garrison of the neighbouring town and Castle of Melazzo being too weak either to attack Medici or check his advance—consisting of only one regiment of rifles and a company of artillery—Marshal Clary sent Colonel Bosco with four picked battalions of riflemen, each over 1000 strong, a battery of field-artillery, and a squadron of dragoons, to reinforce that garrison, and at the same time, if a favourable opportunity afforded, to attack Medici.

The Castle of Melazzo occupies a position of great natural defensive capabilities. The promontory on which it is situated is four miles in length, varies from a mile to a quarter of a mile in breadth, and is, on an average, about 600 or 700 feet above the sea. It is connected with the mainland by a low and narrow

isthmus, on which stands the town, immediately under command of the guns of the castle. This fortress of Melazzo is, nevertheless, overlooked by the higher cliffs beyond, but it completely defends the promontory from a land attack. On the western side, overhanging the sea, are the oldest portions of the fortifications, consisting of a Norman tower and heavy massive walls; the more modern works, however, surround this, and extend over about half the isthmus, enclosing the site of the ancient town, little of which has been allowed to remain, save the cathedral. The English, in the early part of the present century, strengthened Melazzo, when, after a six months' siege, they took it from the French; and the Neapolitans have subsequently added much to the side overlooking the town—a very general measure throughout their dominions, as if they considered themselves safe from all comers save their own subjects. The works mount forty guns of heavy calibre, chiefly long 24-pounders, nearly all of which face the town.

A succession of loose irregular fortifications, extending down the slopes in that direction, have been lately abandoned as useless. The modern town is generally massive and well built, containing about 10,000 inhabitants, and in itself affords considerable advantages for defence from a land attack—the country in the immediate vicinity being very low, and thickly

belted with cane-brake, vineyards, and olive groves, as well as intersected with numerous ditches, embankments, and detached houses, all admirably adapted to impede the advance of troops. The view from the cliffs at the back of the castle, looking towards the island, is very picturesque; the tall spine of mountains which traverses its northern shores forms the background, with the crater of Etna just peering over their summit. Away west we have the wild fantastic outline of the coast stretching down towards Termini, and in the opposite direction the Faro of Messina. The plains, or rather slopes of Sicily towards Melazzo, are teeming with cultivation, and studded with villages and towns, amongst the most conspicuous of which is Barcelona. Seawards we have Lipari, Volcano, Stromboli, and other islets dotting the blue Mediterranean. That small town about four miles due south is Meri, to which, on the arrival of Bosco from Messina, Medici advanced his column from Barcelona. There the land rises towards the mountains of the interior, and between it and Melazzo flows a very broad "fiumara"* coming down from the neighbouring heights of S. Lucia, and emptying itself into the sea a couple of miles west of the town. Meri thus forms a position, easily defended, upon a spur of the mountains bearing towards Melazzo. Upon another

* Watercourse formed by the melting of the winter snows.

projecting spur, in the direction of Messina, and similarly cut off from the plain by a watercourse, stands the little town of Pace. Pace is so close to the sea as perfectly to command the coast-road by which Bosco's forces advanced from Messina: and had Garibaldi and the reserves been at Barcelona earlier, he would probably there have fought Bosco before he reached Melazzo, whilst his troops were tired with the march from Messina.

Medici, however, was in no position to assume so actively offensive a measure, and leave his rear open to attack from the garrison of Melazzo—the more so, as Bosco's repute was that of a fighting man, and his corps was known to be picked from the large garrison of Messina. The liberating forces, therefore, wisely took up a strong position at Meri; the detachments in the rear hurried up to support them; and Medici determined to hold his ground until the arrival of the Dictator from Palermo. Though of too great an extent for so small a force, the position taken by Medici had great advantages. In front of Meri ran the broad fiumara, with a high stone wall on either side, forming a sort of natural defence; whilst the village itself was strengthened with barricades and sandbags, and all houses and walls available for defence were loopholed. The mountain-spur leading up to the town of S. Lucia, two miles and a half distant, was occupied by one battalion, so as

to be ready for any attempt to turn the position from the heights, and, if necessary, occupy that town. Towards the sea, in the low grounds, were a few Sicilian levies, but the main body of the Garibaldians was at Meri, under Medici himself. His advanced posts were at Corriola and S. Pietro.

Bosco entered Melazzo on the evening of the 17th, and the following morning he moved out of the town, merely leaving the old garrison in the castle, and made a demonstration against Corriola with one battalion, whilst he took three others, and half a field-battery, and endeavoured to gain the slopes around Pace; and then, descending to the bed of the Nocito, to work up to S. Lucia, the real point of attack, which gained, would have completely turned the Garibaldian position. Medici immediately moved up to the support of his advance-guard at Corriola, and sent one battalion to occupy the bed of the Nocito before S. Philippa, thus barring the route to S. Lucia. At three in the afternoon the Neapolitans tried to carry Corriola, and had it all their own way until they reached the centre of the village, when they were driven back, with the loss of eighteen prisoners and a few killed and wounded.

Bosco's attempts to carry the slopes towards S. Philippa were equally fruitless, the one Garibaldian battalion maintaining their ground in spite of all his efforts to dislodge them. They, however, lost ten killed

and thirty-seven wounded. The loss of the Neapolitans is uncertain, but the prestige of the attacking party was gone. They had advanced with a deal of ostentation and swagger, and were going to drive Medici into the sea, and crush the insurrection at Barcelona; now they were telegraphing to Messina for reinforcements, which Clary declined to send, except that he advanced one battalion to Gesso, to cover Bosco's retreat if necessary.

In the evening the Garibaldians fell back on their old position, and Bosco took a concentric one amongst the suburbs, at the entrance of Melazzo.

On the morning of the 18th, Cosenz and 600 men of his division, all old Cacciatori of the '59 campaign, disembarked at Patti, a small town twelve miles to the westward, from the "Duca di Calabria" and "Elba," two small steamers lately captured by the "Tuckori," and at once joined Medici, who on the day of Bosco's advance had telegraphed to Garibaldi to send him all available help. And in the evening, the 18th of July, Garibaldi having made General Sirtori pro-Dictator, collected together about 1200 men, and left Palermo in the "City of Aberdeen" for the same destination, intending to inflict a decisive blow if possible.

He landed on the morning of the 19th, and, paying Barcelona a flying visit, pushed on to Meri, and spent the day on the roof of a house in the neighbourhood, scanning the position.

The Palermitan regiment, under Colonel Dunn, which had arrived, was immediately pushed on to the cross-road from S. Lucia to Melazzo, towards S. Pietro. That officer having received information that there were two guns in position on the left of the town only guarded by 100 men, he stole up with 200, hoping to surprise them, but found himself in face of the entire Neapolitan force in position, occupying a semicircle of about three miles in extent. Colonel Dunn of course retired towards Meri.

The total force at Garibaldi's disposal was about 4400 men. As for taking into consideration the Squadri under Fabrizi, amounting to perhaps another couple of thousand, they were much more of an encumbrance than anything else — their chief attributes consisting in drawing their pay, wasting their cartridges, and never doing what they were ordered, or appearing when they were wanted. Their formation might be styled delightfully loose; and, consequently, they constituted a species of supernumerary reserve.

The Garibaldians consisted of—

| | Men. |
|---|---|
| Medici's division, . . . . | 2400 |
| Cosenz's ,, . . . . | 1300 |
| Malenchini's brigade of Tuscans, . . | 700 |

In all, 4400 men and three guns—that is, if two old ship 12-pounder carronades, and a 6-pounder cast in

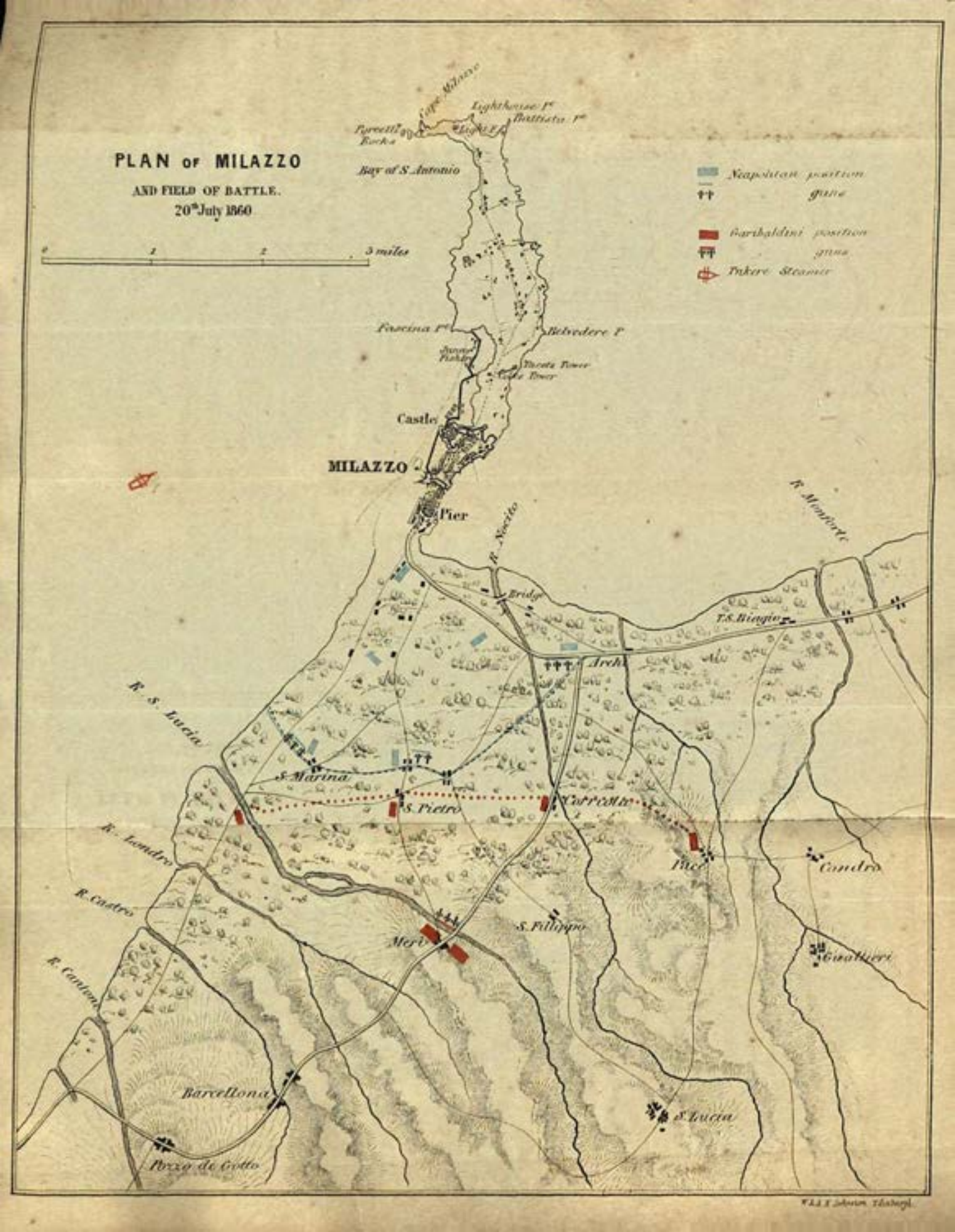
the latter portion of the seventeenth century, deserve such a name.

On the other hand, Bosco had under him—

| | Men. |
|---|---|
| Four regiments of Rifles, | 4800 |
| The 15th regiment of the Line, | 1000 |
| Two squadrons of Dragoons, | 120 |
| Artillery, | 580 |

In all, about 6500 men and twelve field-pieces, remarkably well equipped.

Leaving the original garrison in the castle, Bosco had chosen a very good position in the front of the town, and determined to await the attack, as that of the Garibaldians was too strong to be carried without great loss. Resting his right and left on the two hamlets of S. Marina and Archi, each on the seaboard, about two miles out of the town, Bosco threw his centre forward to a small hamlet close to S. Pietro. The force at S. Marina, with three guns, commanded the approach by the coast-road on this side; that at Archi, with as many guns, the main road from Barcelona, and the approach to the town from Messina, whilst the centre leant on detached houses near S. Pietro, well strengthened with loopholes and sandbags. The great advantages in Bosco's position were, that, if pushed, he could fall back on a second line of defence of loopholed houses outside the town, remaining always under cover, owing to the luxuriant vegetation and


PLAN OF MILAZZO
AND FIELD OF BATTLE.
20th July 1860
0 1 2 3 miles
Neapolitan position
guns
Garibaldini position
guns
Tukere Steamer
Cape Milazzo
Lighthouse Pt
Battista Pt
Porcelli Rocks
Bay of S. Antonio
Fascina Pt
Belvedere P.
Castle
MILAZZO
Pier
R. Nocito
Bridge
R. Monforte
T.S. Biagio
Arch
R. S. Lucia
S. Marina
S. Pietro
Corrente
Pace
Candro
R. Londro
R. Castro
S. Filippo
Meri
Gualtieri
R. Cantone
Barcellona
S. Lucia
Pozzo de Gotto

lowness of the ground; and subsequently, if necessary, retire into the town, under the fire of the castle; this last position ought to have been impregnable against any force without a very heavy artillery. During the night, Bosco threw his right forward along the beach, in the hope of outflanking the evidently impending attack, and, if possible, pushing up the bed of the fiumara of S. Lucia on Meri, should the Garibaldians meet with any reverse.

It is here necessary to glance at the relative merits of the two forces. Bosco was the only Neapolitan officer who meant fighting, and his troops were the *élite* of their army,—nearly all riflemen, orderly, well-drilled, and well-equipped, particularly the artillery. Their rifles were good, though somewhat clumsy side by side with an Enfield. As for Garibaldi's force, a more heterogeneous one never came into the field. Northern Italians predominated, but English, French, Hungarian, Swiss, and Germans of all shades, were represented. Of our countrymen there was a company of thirty-seven attached to Colonel Dunn's Palermitans, commonly called the English regiment, because raised by that officer: it also had an English major — Wyndham. In this company there were eleven cadets serving as privates until they had acquired the language, when they were to receive commissions. Dunn's regiment, and another, chiefly

composed of Palermitan levies, represented the Sicilians—some of them so young and diminutive as to stagger under the weight of their own muskets. Generally speaking, the entire force was armed with Enfields, but few knew how to develop the use of those deadly weapons, the sights being deemed a superfluity.

Any martinet contemplating this army of liberation would have been heart-broken at the utter contempt displayed on all sides for those qualities which, on parade, are considered the *sine qua non* of a soldier; but these red-shirted, ragged-looking scarecrows, under this far from prepossessing exterior, were endowed with many of those sterling qualities which have often enabled impromptu levies to triumph over more elaborate organisations. A musket or rifle, sixty rounds of ammunition, a water-bottle, and, for the most part, an empty haversack, and you have the *impedimenta* of a Garibaldian.

Of commissaries in gorgeous uniform there are none, yet of beef and bread there is an occasional supply —of discipline there is the mere shadow; all, however, are animated with unbounded confidence in their chiefs, and especially Garibaldi, who may be said to exercise an individual power over his followers wholly without parallel amongst modern commanders, who are too apt to lay influence on one side, and place

their trust in fear. With this imaginative race, their faith in their chief almost amounts to a superstition: whatever he says, is—wherever he appears, victory follows as a matter of course. This feeling, combined with an utter contempt, and, with the Sicilians, an implacable hatred, for Neapolitans, has been the keystone of Garibaldi's successes, and of victories won in utter defiance of all martial tactics, as laid down by Jomini and other expositors of the rules of war.

These writers appear to forget that every successful commander has created his own art of war, whilst the man of routine is invariably found pinned to precedent like some specimen beetle in a glass case, for lack of that originality which constitutes the difference between born and professional commanders. Those who may be inclined to deny this may recall Solferino to their memory, where the Austrians were to have attacked, at nine precisely, and conquered *en regle*, only the French assaulted them in the most indecent manner an hour before daylight, and six hours before their little arrangements were completed.

Early on the morning of the 20th, Garibaldi's columns deployed from Meri to the attack; Malenchini and his Tuscans, and a battalion of Palermitans, being destined to advance by the sea-shore, drive in the Neapolitan right, and, carrying the village of S. Marina, to force the Palermo gate of the town. Garibaldi, with the

main columns under Medici, who commanded the centre, advanced by the direct road for S. Pietro, whilst Cosenz undertook the right attack by Corriola and Archi, thus hoping to force the Neapolitan left and centre, and, concentrating on the Messina gate, carry the town in that direction. Nearly the whole of the right and centre attacks were composed of seasoned Cacciatori; the Sicilian regiment Dunn formed the reserve; whilst Fabrizi and his levies bore away to the extreme right, beyond Pace, to prevent any advance of the battalion at Gesso. Towards seven the skirmishing became general, as the heads of various columns closed with the Neapolitan semicircle. Every man of Bosco's force was posted under the advantageous cover of house, wall, or embankment—their movements being entirely masked by the thick beds of prickly pear which here intersect the vineyards, and in many places form an impenetrable barrier. The Garibaldians dropped fast under this hidden fire, without any guide by which to return it, save the smoke of their adversaries' rifles; all, however, steadily advanced, threading their way amongst cane-brake, prickly-pear bushes, and vineyards as best they could. Colonel Peard and his revolving-rifle company pushed on towards the town by a by-road on the left, but was soon brought to a stand-still, and shortly afterwards the advance was entirely stopped by the masses against

which they were exposed. The check was, however, momentary; the Garibaldians were speedily reinforced; and the right and centre again advanced, headed by Garibaldi in person, who, as usual, was ever in the thickest of the fray, cigaret *en bouche*, and walking-stick in hand, cheering his guides and Genoese carbineers, his calm and benevolent features bearing their usual happy expression, as if he were on a day's excursion, rather than leading a death-struggle on which the fate of his country depended.

Strongly but symmetrically built, and of middle stature, this paladin of Italy is chiefly distinguished from his followers by his unassuming manner and aspect. Though dressed somewhat in sailor fashion, with a red shirt, grey trousers, wideawake, and loose bandana flowing over his shoulders, his appearance is scrupulously clean and neat, and his manner gentlemanly though genial. There is something most winning and honest in his address, and you are at once impressed with the conviction that you are face to face with a man whose word would be his bond, and upon whose guidance, either by sea or land, you would implicitly rely. No wonder, then, that his men advance again with such confidence where perhaps routine troops would have hesitated. But it is hot work: Medici's horse has been killed under him; Cosenz has been hit in

the neck; still the General leads his guides under Missori, and the Genoese carbineers, who ever behave admirably. Suddenly a three-gun battery opens on them with "mitraille" at twenty paces. In this murderous discharge Garibaldi was slightly hurt, Missori's horse killed, Major Breda killed, Statella alone left standing on foot with a few men. At the same time Malenchini, who had driven the advanced Neapolitans back on S. Marina, found it impossible to carry the hamlet—the road to it being completely swept by their battery; and the Garibaldians were again checked along the whole line. Garibaldi now gathered himself up for a fresh attack; and the reserve consisting of the English regiment having arrived, 150 men, with Major Wyndham, were sent to try and break through the line towards S. Marina; and Dunn, with the remainder, about 200 strong, was ordered by the General to advance and endeavour to carry the battery in flank; whilst Missori, Statella, and the remnant of their men, attempted the same movement in the opposite direction.

Advancing under cover of a wall and ditch, Dunn led his men towards the battery, where he found, to his astonishment, Garibaldi before him, who joined in the fray. Dashing in after a momentary struggle with the infantry, the guns were carried, and in the act of being dragged off, when the Neapolitans opened

out and made room for their cavalry to charge, and endeavour to retake them. Dunn's men, unaccustomed to fire, behaved admirably, though driven out of the battery, where their colonel was knocked down and galloped over by the cavalry, not, however, until he had shot their leader. Dividing themselves on either side the road, the Garibaldians placed their backs to the wall and prickly-pear bushes, and opened fire on the cavalry from either side. This was the struggle of the day, and very nearly cost Garibaldi his life, and with it the life of Italy. Afraid of advancing too far, and finding himself between two fires, the Neapolitan commander halted, and endeavoured to return; but Garibaldi, Missori, Statella, and a handful of guides, barred the way. Summoned by the Neapolitan officer to surrender, the hero of Varese merely replied by springing at his horse's bridle and cutting down the owner. Three or four troopers seconded their officer; one of them Garibaldi wounded; Missori killed two others, and shot the horse of a third; Statella killed another; and this murderous struggle was concluded by Missori, who killed a third with the fourth barrel of his revolver. The remnant of the cavalry now charged back and escaped, leaving the guns in the hands of Garibaldi.

Wyndham, after some very sharp fighting, had been equally successful on the left. As ammunition was

now getting very scarce, the whole line advanced with the bayonet. The Austrians stood for a moment, and then, following the example of their Neapolitan brethren, retired in confusion towards the town. On arriving at the houses in its vicinity, the castle guns opened on the assailants, and covered the retreat; and as it was now noon, a halt was sounded, for the Garibaldians had been advancing since daybreak, and fighting under a Sicilian summer sun.

The bridge over the Nocito secured, some extensive wood-stores and other buildings were broken open, and the troops placed under cover for a couple of hours' rest previous to assaulting the town, a few good riflemen alone being posted to check any advance on the part of the enemy. Here an incident occurred which deserves to be mentioned, as showing the singular character of Garibaldi. Finding his shirt dirty and soiled from his personal struggles, he took it off, washed it in the brook hard by, and hung it up on the bushes—ate his lunch of bread, fruit, and water—smoked his cigar barebacked —and, wrapt in thought, sat apparently contemplating the drying of his garment: thus, in the field and bivouac, sharing danger and hardship with the humblest of his followers. Directly his shirt was dry he went on board the "Tuckori," formerly "Veloce," lying in the bay on the western side of the peninsula, and personally directed her fire on the fortress and retiring

masses. Having succeeded in drawing the fire on the steamer, and diverted the attention of the troops, he landed, and led the assault on the town.

At two o'clock the attack became general. Medici advanced by the beach, on the western side; Cosenz towards the Messina gate; and Wyndham, followed by Malenchini, rushed at the gate leading to Palermo. A harassing fire was kept up by the Neapolitans from the houses and behind the boats on the beach, and shot and shell from the castle were showered on the Garibaldians; and it was not until the Pavia company had wormed their way into some gardens, turning the Neapolitan left, that good progress was made. The wall which almost surrounds the town on the land side, though nearly thirty feet high, offered but little difficulty, owing to the many apertures in it. Medici's men again bore the brunt of the fighting, and behaved right well in spite of their heavy losses. Some of the houses were gallantly contested; but the Neapolitans fought like beaten troops, and were evidently bent on gradually retiring to the castle, their retreat being covered by a heavy fire of shot and shell from that fortress, in spite of which the heroic Garibaldians gradually advanced from position to position, driving back the troops, until, about four o'clock, they worked their way up to the entrance of the castle. In the mean time some of Medici's men and Peard's company, fol-

lowing the Marina, on the eastern side of the peninsula, gained the heights to seaward of the castle, and established themselves near an old windmill, which completely overlooked the northern works of Melazzo, and rapidly rifled the garrison out of that quarter.

Nothing more could now be done for the want of heavy guns, as, from the height of the walls, and singularly strong natural position, the castle could not be escaladed. Barricades were thrown up in all the immediate approaches toward the town, in readiness to repel any sortie; and officers and men, alike worn out and weary, lay down on their posts for the night—Garibaldi, with his head on a saddle, under the portico of a church near the centre of the Marina. Their successes, however, had been dearly bought; no less than 750 Garibaldians were *hors de combat*, and of these over 150 were killed—Medici's and Cosenz's columns, and the reserve suffered most, and out of 82 Genoese carbineers that went into action, 32 remained: so that it may be said, when Malenchini's men are deducted, who were driven back with trifling loss in the early part of the day, that of those who actually won this battle, more than a fifth fell. Considering the number of hours they were engaged, this proves that they met with no ordinary resistance.

As for the Neapolitans, so strong and so well covered were they in their various positions, strengthened by

loopholes and barricades, that they did not lose over 200 in all.

More than once the fate of Italy was doubtful, until the happy advance of the reserves under Dunn and Wyndham, the one on the right and the other on the left, turned the tide of the day; and to the pluck and judgment of these two officers, together with the admirable conduct of the Piedmontese *sous officiers*, by whom their regiment was officered, to say nothing of the singularly steady conduct of the Palermitans, and the indomitable front shown by the old Cacciatori, may be attributed the success of Garibaldi's hardest fought battle in Italy; for it was universally allowed that Bosco's troops stood better than the Austrians had ever done in Lombardy against the Cacciatori delle Alpi.

Garibaldi, when asked to write a bulletin after the battle by one of his generals, made a very characteristic reply:—"No; if I write an account, I shall be compelled to say that some did better than others. You may write if you please; and the best thing you can say is, that the action commenced at daylight, and in the evening we had possession of the town."

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## CHAPTER IX.

MELAZZO, *July* 26.

THE night after the sanguinary struggle of the 20th passed off quietly, with the exception of a few random shots fired by drowsy sentries, who, suddenly starting from their slumbers, knew there was something wrong, but could hardly tell what. The forces on either side were thoroughly exhausted with their ten hour's engagement of the previous day, sustained under a scorching sun.

By the unremitting exertions of the medical department, the wounded had been conveyed into the temporary hospitals formed in the churches and larger buildings of the town. They received but small aid from the towns-people—the majority of whom had retired on to the peninsula beyond the castle, carrying with them all they could lay hands on. The few that remained appeared utterly indifferent, and solely bent on the preservation of their goods and chattels—the wounded being allowed to lie on straw on the stone floors of the buildings. All those who

fell in the early part of the day were conveyed to Barcelona and the neighbouring villages, where not only had ample means been prepared, but where the inhabitants, to their honour, vied in kindness and attention to all. Limited resources, however, and the vast number of the wounded, rendered many a poor fellow's lot more miserable than it need have been; indeed, some of them were left of necessity in the scattered buildings on the outskirts of the town.

The *morale* of the Garibaldians, however, was admirable. They felt that they had been sorely tried, and proved themselves worthy of their leader and the old Cacciatori.

The morning passed away, occasionally enlivened by a desultory skirmish between the troops immediately surrounding the castle and the garrison, while the barricades, hastily thrown up last night, were perfected and added to.

At 8 o'clock the garrison were summoned to withdraw, leaving behind all the guns, stores, and munitions. This proposition Bosco scornfully refused, and sent a message offering to evacuate if he were allowed to take everything with him and receive military honours. His proposal was of course rejected, as Garibaldi stood in great need of the field-battery, mules and horses, &c., which had been withdrawn into the castle.

The "Tuckori," whose machinery was in a very shaky state, owing to some accident never thoroughly explained, was therefore ordered to run inshore to a spot where the castle guns could not be sufficiently depressed to bear on her, in order that her two heavy 68-pounders might be disembarked and placed in battery against the castle. The captain did not obey Garibaldi's orders, and made a variety of excuses, which so exasperated the General that he sent off an aide-de-camp with instructions to take command and shoot the captain if necessary. As soon as the vessel was brought in, Garibaldi ordered the captain to be shot, as the cause of his disobedience was only too evident: he was, however, prevailed upon to send him before a court-martial. Telegrams were at the same time sent to Palermo ordering up battery-guns and ammunition, in case Bosco should persevere in his resistance. This could not be prolonged beyond a few days, as his main source of water was cut off, and that in the castle very bad; besides his garrison, he had also to provide for 150 mules and horses. The telegraph wires between Melazzo and Messina being destroyed by the Squadri, Bosco was obliged to use the old-fashioned semaphores, so that all his messages were read by his opponents. He seemed wholly unaware of this; for immediately after telegraphing to Naples asking permission to accept the terms offered, he made

another attempt to induce Garibaldi to accede to his own proposals.

In the mean time everything was arranged for a speedy advance on Messina, and information having been received of the arrival of Bixio's brigade at Noto and Eber's at Catania, they were ordered to push on with all haste for Messina on that side. It will be remembered that these two brigades of the 15th division started from Palermo about the 20th of June, the first being ordered across the island through Parco and Piana-dei-Greci, and thence by the south coast to Catania; and the second, by Villafrati and Castro-Giovanni, was to pass through the heart of the island, ultimately effecting a junction at Catania. The Sicilian volunteers of the Provinces of Noto, Catania, and Messina, under the command of Fabrizi, were likewise ordered to advance by the mountains towards Gesso. As for the battalions that bore the brunt of the late action, they were retained in the town to watch the movements of the castle, and guard the barricades. On the morning of the 22d, the steamer "Aberdeen," a very old Scotch cattle-ship chartered by the Dictator, came in manfully under a heavy but harmless cannonade from the castle, her worthy north-country captain setting the "Tuckori" a very wholesome example, the more so, as he was not obliged to take his vessel under fire, but did so from love of Garibaldi and the

cause; his crew, however, did not half like it. The "Aberdeen" brought up a strong battalion of Sicilians, some guns and ammunition, and immediately returned for more. It was an unusual sight to see the English flag fired on without any response or inquiry, but I suppose she had no business there, and the less said the better. The hardheaded Scot was amply recompensed in earning Garibaldi's good words of approval. She was scarcely on her road to Palermo, when four large French steamer transports, chartered by the Neapolitan Government, came in from Naples. They had been sent on learning the result of the battle of the 20th. Garibaldi now made another offer to Bosco, by which men and officers were allowed to take their arms. This Bosco refused, reiterating his former demands. Unable to communicate with the fortress, and the interview of the commanding officer with Garibaldi being unsatisfactory, the steamer returned to Naples. On their arrival the Government despatched four steam frigates, amongst them the "Fulminante" with Colonel Anzano of the etat-major, who had full powers to treat.

This officer reached Melazzo on the 23d, and Garibaldi received him affably enough in the house of the English Consul, where he had established himself; but when Anzano commenced to talk large and endeavour to dictate his own terms, hoping to intimidate by hint-

ing darkly at the power of the steamers to blow him out of the town, Garibaldi cut him remarkably short, and told him that the whole Neapolitan fleet could not make him swerve from the terms he had offered—not complimentary perhaps, but true.

The Colonel, finding he had mistaken his man, gave in, and the terms were signed, Garibaldi in a measure yielding; the troops were allowed to leave with their arms, baggage, the honours of war, and a half battery of artillery, and the embarkation was at once commenced. The next morning the four French transports again made their appearance, and by the evening they were all on board. The troops were marched down between two lines of Garibaldians, and numerous desertions took place *en route*. Bosco had to stand a file-firing of hisses, which could be with difficulty checked, as rumour said that at Palermo he had pledged himself not to fight again, whether truly or not I cannot answer; but whichever way it was, it seemed to sit lightly on him, as he strode down to the boat towering above all. He is a fine, ugly man, with a good deal of hair and swagger, but a first-rate swordsman.

Nothing could exceed the filthy state of the castle—men and mules seemed to have pigged it out together; how they held out so long as they did astonished me, as the stink of the dead horses lying about was in-

tolerable, and the water perfectly undrinkable. Forty-four guns, half a field-battery, large quantities of ammunition, ninety-four mules, and forty-five horses, were found within the walls, and proved a most valuable acquisition, especially the field-guns which were admirably appointed. The mules were remarkably fine.

Eighteen of the heavy guns were found spiked, and a train laid to the principal magazine, with a lighted match in it, which was luckily discovered in time. It is only just to Bosco to say, that he denied all knowledge of these unworthy transactions; and such was the demoralisation of his troops that it is perfectly possible it was accomplished without his knowledge; it is for the reader to form his own opinion.

The results of the late decisive battle now began to manifest themselves in the most unmistakable manner. It was for Messina what Calatafimi had been for Palermo, and more, for it convinced the Neapolitan Cabinet of the inutility of attempting to oppose the further progress of Garibaldi in Sicily. The flower of their army had been sent there; and picked battalions, under the man who deservedly enjoyed the greatest fighting reputation in their army, had been defeated. On the 24th, Mariscialo di Campo Clary, commanding-in-chief in the island, received orders to commence the evacuation of Sicily, and to place himself in commu-

nication with the filibuster, as they once had the imbecility to term him. The towns of Messina, Syracusa, and Augusta, were to be delivered up as soon as the troops could be withdrawn, and the far-famed citadel of Messina, and its surrounding fortifications, as soon as the disarmament could be completed! Such were the fruits of the battle of Melazzo,—not one of the least remarkable features of which was, that Bosco was the only Sicilian officer of any rank engaged on either side, and he was fighting against his own countrymen.

Reports already gave notice of great activity amongst the steamers between Reggio and Messina, and the transportation of the field-batteries and cavalry to the Calabrian side. All this made Garibaldi anxious to push on to Messina; and, as constant reinforcements were arriving, and he was no longer embarrassed with the garrison of Melazzo, Medici and his division were sent to Spadafora, and on the 25th his advance-guard was at Gesso—the Neapolitan battalion quartered there having been withdrawn. Additional troops from Palermo swelled the Garibaldian force in this neighbourhood to about 10,000 men, of whom 1000, under a Colonel Forbes, who was with Garibaldi in '48, were left to garrison the castle, and the remainder sent on to endeavour to gain the heights above Messina.

On the 25th, Count Litta Modignani arrived from

Turin, bearing a letter from the King to Garibaldi, begging him to confine his operations to the island of Sicily. This was the result of an autograph letter from Napoleon III., urging the King to use all his interest to prevent Garibaldi's crossing to the main, as the King of Naples had promised Baron Brenier to grant a constitution, carry out reforms, and adopt a national Italian policy, based on a Piedmontese alliance, which the Neapolitan Cabinet, finding themselves *in extremis*, were endeavouring to form at Turin with an ardour only equal to that with which they rejected a similar proposition made by Piedmont in last December. Piedmont, however, was already too far compromised with the revolution to recede; her own preservation had now become the first object.

Garibaldi replied, in a letter full of devotedness and affection to the King, that he could not now think of sheathing his sword until he had carried out his programme, and made him King of Italy. Count Trecchi, who is the chief confidential and oral medium between the King and Garibaldi, was likewise sent off with explanations.

Garibaldi having remarked in his usual quiet manner, in the afternoon of the 26th, that he did not think there would be any more bloodshed in the island, I inferred that the negotiations pending be-

tween Clary and Medici, relative to the surrender of Messina, had been brought to a favourable termination, and hired a boat, intending to start for Messina in the evening to witness the arrival of Medici's column.

# CHAPTER X.

MESSINA, 28*th July*.

ON leaving Melazzo a dead calm necessitated a long row, and at daylight the following morning I found my lazy boatmen had not even advanced as far as the entrance of the Faro, a short twenty miles distant; indeed, it was with difficulty I prevented their landing at Spadafora as we passed. Unarmed, they declined to pay any attention to me, until a little muscular action convinced them that I was in earnest.

On reaching the Faro, we found that the fort was deserted, and, together, with the adjacent village, decked with the tricolor and cross of Savoy — in itself very significant of the state of affairs; even the men perched at the mastheads of the "spada fishing-boats," had erected broomsticks above them, ornamented with the Piedmontese colours. The season for the "spada" or sword-fish was in full activity. It is most exciting, and conducted in the following manner: —A large boat is anchored near the shore in some favourite locality of the fish. At her masthead, which is

about sixty feet high, is a look-out man, who gives the alarm the moment he sees a fish in the vicinity, when the two small boats attached immediately proceed in chase, with a harpooner ready in the bow. They are guided by the cries of the look-out man, who gives the direction of the fish, and calls out *á* Reggio, *á* Messina, *á* Scylla, as an indication of the course it is taking. As not one chase in a dozen is successful, a regular Sicilian boatman's quarrel takes place afterwards, when a stranger naturally imagines that they are all going to murder one another, from the wild gesticulations and vehemence of speech, which certainly is loud enough to drive every well-bred fish out of the bay.

The panoramic view of the Strait from the entrance is of great beauty. On the Calabrian side we have the lofty spines, running down from Aspremonte, teeming with most luxuriant vegetation; towns, villages, and hamlets, strewn in all directions—Reggio, with the romantic Baynara, and Scylla are among the most conspicuous. In the centre of the strait are many vessels vainly trying to force their way with the gentle north breeze against the strong current which is sweeping through, whilst graceful feluccas are gliding about apparently in defiance of wind and stream; but their crews know where to avail themselves of favouring eddies, ever varying with the change of tide; whilst,

on the Sicilian side, a straggling village extends almost to the town of Messina, about ten miles further down the coast, looking white and gay under the blue heights around. I cannot say as much for the hard outline of the citadel.

Men-of-war of various nations, together with many merchant vessels, are scattered along this shore. The inhabitants of the town seemed to fear a similar exhibition to the one that had shocked Europe at Palermo, for the ships were crowded with families and their properties, hoping to escape destruction. Making for H.M.S. "Scylla," I appeared like any apparition at the breakfast-table of my friend Captain Lambert, and was soon revelling in clean linen and other luxuries, to which I had been a stranger for the last few days.

Since the fight at Melazzo, the Squadri had been in possession of the heights above the town, and this morning, as I expected, Medici had appeared. On pulling up to the town after breakfast, we found that he had already entered with his column. Singularly enough, he was mounted on the grey horse which Bosco rode out of Messina when he went to attack him at Barcelona, and which had been captured at Melazzo. Not a soul was to be seen in the streets save a solitary Garibaldian here and there. Every shop and window was closed; in fact, it looked more like some city of

the dead, than the bustling Messina of former days, when the drums of your ears were almost cracked with the hoarse cries of itinerant vendors, and you with difficulty elbow your way through its thickly thronged streets. Near the theatre, in the Strada Ferdinanda, I met the English vice-consul; and having, with the aid of several thirsty Garibaldians, opened the Café Nuova which adjoins, I listened, over sundry "granitas," to his history of the pains and penalties to which they had been subjected since Easter week, when the first disturbances originated in Messina, and the exodus commenced. Confidence was subsequently partially restored; but Garibaldi's descent at Marsala was the signal for a second emigration.

In order better to understand the present state of affairs, it is necessary briefly to recapitulate the events that have already taken place. Long before Easter Sunday the authorities had begun to discover that there was something, they did not quite know what, agitating the public mind; but their "sbirri" were completely at fault, owing to the great precaution used. It was therefore deemed necessary to create a disturbance, in order that there might be an excuse for a military demonstration, that should at least strike terror into the minds of the multitude, and perhaps afford some clue towards the identification of the leaders. Easter Sunday was, of all other days,

chosen as propitious for this diabolic act, which one can hardly realise as taking place in Europe in the year 1860. As it was a "giorno di festa," of which there are not a few amongst this pleasure-seeking population—the streets were crowded, but peaceable, when in the afternoon some government agents endeavoured to get up a row. Suddenly patrols appeared to aid the police in dispersing the crowd, and under the plea that their orders were not obeyed quick enough, they fired over the heads of the people. A general panic ensued, and about a dozen of the townspeople lost their lives; several soldiers were also wounded—one patrol, in the confusion, firing into another.

On the following morning General Russo, who commanded, issued a furious proclamation, declaring that the troops had been fired on, and that if such a thing happened again, he would give the town up to pillage. Random firing on the part of the patrols was kept up every night, with the too evident hope of provoking resistance, and plundering the town as in '48. The wretched inhabitants merely responded by flying from Messina, and carrying everything movable into the country. The women and children were sent to the surrounding villages, the men returning by day, but sleeping outside the town. Garibaldi's landing only served to make the evacuation more complete, and the

soldiers were left in entire possession. They occupied the principal points, and concentrated round the cathedral and municipal buildings. Shipping was taken up at fabulous prices, and a considerable portion of the inhabitants became for the time aquatic; none dared to remain. The lives even of foreign consuls were in jeopardy: for instance, yesterday, a sentry on the Marina amused himself by taking a deliberate shot at the Austrian consul, as he was embarking, sending the ball through his hat—rather a hard case, considering his government are the only real friends his master the King possessed. Marshal Clary, who, some time since, superseded General Russo, has cleared the harbour, with the evident intent to dispute the town, but diplomatic pressure at Naples prevented this refined piece of barbarity.

This gives a faint idea of the purgatory to which the Messinese have been subject for the last few months, and which may be said to have expired yesterday, when the troops evacuated the town, retiring to the citadel and its vicinity, and commenced the embarkation of the main portion. To-day the resurrection has commenced, and people are flocking in. As yet they only converse in whispers; they can hardly realise their position. Whilst during the last three months all Sicily has been running riot under the new regime, there have been here hundreds of guns weighing on

the minds of the people as they pictured to themselves the terrible events of '48, which at any moment might be re-enacted; and they can hardly persuade themselves now that Clary will really allow the Garibaldians to occupy the town unmolested. They cannot divest themselves of the idea that there is some *arrière pensée* in this movement. The sudden appearance, however, of Garibaldi himself, in a measure tends to calm their apprehension; and every thought is absorbed in endeavouring to obtain a glimpse of their long-expected deliverer, who drove up to the royal palace in his usual unostentatious manner, and established himself before the crowd had any distinct understanding as to who it was. When they became aware of his advent they besieged the palace in a frantic manner, shouting and "evivaing" as though they wished to be heard at Naples. There was no satisfying them. Garibaldi showed himself once or twice, but nothing can or would pacify them—each would individually devour him if they could.

There is a sort of intimate communion of mind between Garibaldi and the masses which is perfectly electrifying. They look up to him as a sort of link between themselves and the Deity—as a sort of father who would pardon their most venial crimes—and who yet, though one of themselves, is immeasurably above them all.

Having looked on this picture, let us turn to the other, and, together with Captain Lambert and the consul, pay Marshal Clary a visit in the citadel. At the Terranova, which is a large plain extending betwixt the fortress and the town, we find a double line of sentries, the one Garibaldian, the other Neapolitan. This is the line of demarcation agreed upon by Medici and Clary; at the same time the Neapolitan officers and soldiers are to be allowed free ingress and egress to the town to purchase provisions. We are permitted to pass to the entrance of the outworks, but no further: a messenger is then despatched for the Marshal. The quay, which margins the Terranova, is crowded with infantry and artillery, the latter uncommonly well muled. All are embarking in steam transports for the Calabrias.

After broiling under a relentless sun for half an hour, Clary arrives, rather out of breath. He suffers much from asthma. He is tall, slightly bent, and about two-and-forty years old. With all their errors, the Neapolitan Government have not committed their troops in one single instance to the care of old officers. In all cases of important command they seem to pursue a system of selection, the officer who is chosen receiving the local rank of Marisciallo di Campo. He tells us that he has signed a convention with Medici, and that the citadel will only defend itself in case of attack.

Moreover, that he has received orders from Naples to withdraw all men from Sicily, except a garrison of 3000 men, to be left in the citadel, and he expects those also to be withdrawn soon; adding that his Government were much displeased with him on account of Bosco's failure at Melazzo; that the expedition was undertaken entirely contrary to his strong convictions, as he always wished to make his stand on the heights above Messina; and that he only allowed Bosco to depart against Medici, on the express condition that he would on no account allow himself to be shut up in Melazzo, but, if necessary, fall back and join the garrison in disputing the heights.

In the evening Garibaldi returned from the Faro, whither he proceeded almost immediately after his arrival. The town and all the villages on this side the strait were brilliantly illuminated; as for the population, they were, as well they might be, frenzied with joy, yet there has been no tumult or disturbance. After having allowed the masses to feast their eyes on him in the balcony of the palace, Garibaldi made them a brief speech, and retired, as usual, early. Not so the Messinese; they were still shouting and singing in the streets when the Dictator rose, as his wont, at two in the morning.

To-day the convention was signed between Medici and Clary. The principal features are—that the Regi,

as the royal troops are termed, shall retire within the citadel, giving up the forts Gonzaga and Castellaccio, overlooking the town, together with their *matériel;* that the Neapolitans shall have free access for the purchase of provisions; and that the castle shall not fire on the town unless attacked. The sea is declared free to either party. The port, which had been closed to all shipping, and cleared, in the expectation of a bombardment, is opened again, and the various men-of-war and merchantmen have commenced to return.

In the evening Garibaldi made the inhabitants a speech from the balcony of the palace. He had been repeatedly obliged to rise during dinner and show himself at the window, in answer to the incessant cheering that rose from the street beneath, which was so densely thronged that it seemed paved with human heads instead of stones.

Leaning with his elbows on the balcony, he gazed earnestly around for some minutes. His noble weather-beaten countenance, radiant with goodness, looked like some ideal apostle of old, half-human, half-divine, who had undertaken an earthly mission; flowing white robes instead of a red shirt were alone wanting to complete the illusion. Order at length restored, he commenced in a clear silvery voice, "*mi trovai sempre bene col popolo*"—a very simple assertion, you will say, but from this man it meant everything; and

its simplicity and earnestness went to the soul of his hearers, contrasted as it was with the fatherly rule of the Bourbons. In a persuasive paternal strain, he went on to tell them that, if they wanted to preserve that which they had acquired, sacrifices were necessary; that he must soon leave them, and he hoped that they would then be strong enough to take care of themselves.

If applause means anything, the Messinese will do much, but one cannot help misgivings; there is such a gulf between the man and his audience.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE FARO OF MESSINA,
*August* 13.

HERE all the bustle and excitement of the last ten days has been suddenly brought to a close by the departure of Garibaldi. Yesterday morning one of his steamers, the "Washington," arrived, having on board two of the chief actors in this drama, Count Trecchi and Doctor Bertani—the latter the Dictator's agent at Genoa, and the former his confidential medium with Victor Emmanuel, who left Melazzo with personal explanations when Count Litta Modignani's mission failed. They bring the news that Colonel Pianciani's expedition of 2500 men has been stopped by the Sardinian Government, but at the same time they undertake to set matters to rights in the Roman States. The object of the expedition was to land in the Abruzzi, and carry out the idea of raising the Pontifical States, as attempted by Colonel Zambianchi, near Orvieto, three months since. France has been interfering again; however, Garibaldi will cut the matter short some day. On finding out that this expedition was forbidden at

Turin, Bertani added the remaining volunteers that were ready (3500 men), and went over to the Golfo d'Orangio, a port in the island of Sardinia, and has now sought Garibaldi for instructions. There is yet another, and, perhaps, more important feature in his mission. The exchequer is at a very low ebb, and he wants to settle the loan which has been for some time in negotiation through the municipality of Palermo. These reasons, then, have taken the General westward, and it now behoves me to give some account of what has been doing here and at Messina since the 28th of last month.

Every day brought fresh troops into the town; in fact, every available man was ordered up to this point, Bixio and the 2d brigade of the 1st division being alone kept in and about Taormina, to watch the garrisons of Syracusa and Augusta. Garibaldi used to spend the entire day at the Faro, superintending the extensive preparations going on there to cross the Strait. The Neapolitan steamers and transports have been continually at work carrying troops away to Reggio and other places, until their garrison in the citadel is reduced to about 3500 men; and the two forts above the town have been evacuated, and taken possession of by the Garibaldians, who now swarm in the town to the number of 10,000 or 12,000. By the 31st the batteries at the Faro began to make a show. The armament

of the "Tuckori," consisting of two 68-pounders and six 32-pounders, had been mounted to command the entrance, on the site of the old English batteries during our occupation in the early portion of the century. This long, low, sandy point, terminating in the light-house, is like an ant's nest; and the dilapidated old fishing village is turned inside out to provide accommodation for the troops, the majority of whom are obliged to lie on the sandy beach, as there is no house-room for them. They number at least 2500, to say nothing of the crews of 300 fishing-boats that have been collected here to assist in the crossing.

Half-a-dozen Neapolitan steamers, under their commodore in the "Fulminante," are hovering about, watching the proceedings, apparently not knowing exactly what they are about, or what they are going to do. Owing to the convention, which left the sea open to both parties, they cannot molest the Garibaldian steamers, which are daily arriving with men and arms, and land them under their very noses in the most audacious manner. But I believe, if the truth were known, their crews will not fight; indeed, I have heard many rumours of their being squared; and certainly from their actions you would think so.

Every exertion is being made here to prepare for the passage. On one of the large lakes several heavy launches are being fitted as gunboats, and to carry

horses; not that Garibaldi will really make this his point for attack, but it serves to occupy the attention of the enemy and employ his troops, who, being volunteers, must be kept in a state of activity.

On the 5th the news arrived that Clary was to be superseded by General Fergola; according to the former, this is to be attributed to his not contesting the town of Messina. The garrison has been increased again to 4200 men, and the Neapolitan Government have countermanded the evacuation of Syracusa and Augusta, so it would seem that something has transpired, diplomatically, to give them fresh heart.

The troops becoming very numerous and crowded in the town, are being distributed amongst the villages on the road to and near the Faro, such as Pace, Faro Inferiore, Santa Lucia; others are being sent to Spadafora and Melazzo, where an expedition is supposed to be preparing. All these movements tend to keep the enemy on the *qui vive* and the troops moving. This is a great object, as hanging about in one place does not tend to improve their organisation.

Bixio and his brigade have been sent to the Etna district to trample out a small dash of communism that had reared its head in Bronte, and one or two other adjacent towns. Garibaldi, however mild and forbearing he may be, has no more idea, if pushed to extremes, of being trifled with by the ultra party than

by the Cavourian, and he could not have selected a better man for his purpose than Bixio, who, arriving with his brigade at the focus of the movement, shot thirty-two of the ringleaders before twelve o'clock, and imposed a fine on the commune of ten ounces an hour so long as his presence might be rendered necessary. For the payment of this sum he held the lives of the principal inhabitants responsible, who, he very rightly said, should have taken arms and resisted this batch of brigands and adventurers.

A story is told very characteristic of Bixio, who is, perhaps, the most uncompromising soldier of this army, and who would shoot his brother on the spot if he thought he was not doing his duty. On arrival at Bronte, the ringleader of the movement was brought in prisoner whilst his own troops were at their breakfast, after a long march. Having satisfied himself of the man's guilt, Bixio said, "Well, I can't disturb my own men now," and drawing his revolver, shot him through the head. His brigade, with the exception of a few old Cacciatori for officers and non-commissioned officers, is principally composed of Sicilians, who require a tight hand, and have certainly got it; for his sword has more than once restored order by sending a few to hospital, to say nothing of some sundry executions for robbery and military crime.

Gavazzi often preaches in the square, and winds up with a violent tirade against the Bourbons, and an exhortation to the entire population to arm, and give more money to the cause. No doubt his impassioned delivery helps the crusade, but he is not so popular a preacher as Padre Giovanni—the Sicilians being too bigoted to comprehend a priest's donning a red shirt and preaching against the Pope; whilst Padre Giovanni not only sticks to his cowl and crucifix, but can talk to them in their own *patois*, and has distinguished himself by his pluck at Calatafimi and Melazzo. No wonder, then, that he draws larger audiences in the Duomo, where he wound up his sermon the other day by making them give three *vivas* for Garibaldi, three for Victor Emmanuel, and three for the Madonna Sanctissima, who is supposed to have taken the Messinese under her especial protection—a letter from her to that effect being one of the relics preserved in the building.

From Naples we learn that the constitution is a dead failure—the people not condescending to notice it, or the press to remark upon it. Garibaldi's arrival supersedes every other idea in the public mind; and it has long since been perceived that this event is a mere question of days. The De Martino Cabinet is, nevertheless, struggling to the last, and endeavouring to negotiate in Turin and Paris; but if the writing on the wall means anything, it is—too late.

Every day brings news of the progress of the movement in the Calabrias. Boats with arms and ammunition slip over, night after night, for different portions of the coast; and constant deputations arrive from the principal towns, begging Garibaldi to come over immediately; but the time has not yet arrived. On the evening of the 7th, Missori went over to spy out the nakedness of the opposite side, and brought back the intelligence that the garrison of Reggio was still about 7000 strong, and that considerable forces occupied the towns and forts along the coast as far as Monteleone, where the main body were, under General Viale.

On the following day, as there was evidently a move at the Faro, we took up our quarters on the beach there, so as to witness the operations; here I met the skipper of the American clipper that had been carried into Gaëta by the "Fulminante." He inveighed loudly against the mean subterfuge by which the Neapolitan captain had effected his capture, the fact being that he proved one too many for the Yankee, with all his 'cuteness. The Neapolitan, when he ranged alongside during the night, made his crew shout "Viva Garibaldi." The bait took, in spite of the efforts of the Garibaldian officers, and the "excursionists" replied, both lustily and long, thinking it was one of the General's steamers. "I considered it, Sir," said the Yankee, "a very un-

gentlemanly trick." Though he cared little for the capture, he was sorely hurt to be outwitted by a Neapolitan.

About nine o'clock in the evening, a boat expedition under Missori started with Colonel Mussolino and 200 picked men—Genoese carbineers and old Cacciatori — to try and surprise the Altafiumara, a fort immediately opposite. It was a glorious opportunity, as the weather seemed to have been ordained especially for the enterprise, cloudy and obscure, instead of our usual starlit Italian nights; the boats would be able, at any rate, to escape the observation of the steamers. The sight was thrilling as they all clustered round the "Aberdeen" for the last orders of their Chief, who was ready, with Cosenz, and about 2000 men of his division, to follow in her and two other small steamers, should Missori succeed. On board the "Aberdeen" was a motley crew, crammed as she was with troops. Priests, artists, correspondents, and ladies had all managed to find their way on board, and were all armed to the teeth, and eager for business. There was Padre Giovanni, as usual, with an immense crucifix in his waistbelt, supported on either side by a revolver, ready to administer death or absolution, as circumstances might require. As for the correspondents, they are a plucky lot, and going in for the fun of the thing; amongst

their number is a French lady, who writes for the *Debats*. All present a Dirk Hatterick appearance, and will no doubt fight as well as any one if circumstances require; for they are out-and-out Garibaldians. One of the ladies, who has since made herself conspicuous by her pluck under fire, is dressed in the uniform of the Guides, with revolver and sword at her side; the others are going to look after the wounded.

Every one eagerly awaited the signal of success; but when, after about three quarters of an hour, we heard one gun and some musketry, we became fearfully anxious, and were only relieved from our suspense by twelve of the boats returning. The expedition had been thrown on shore a little to the left of the fort without observation, but soon met a picket, whose firing alarmed the fort. A surprise being hopeless, Missori's only alternative was to betake himself to the hills and join the Calabrian bands. Subsequently the other two boats returned, having failed to land from some mismanagement or other. Cosenz's men were now disembarked, as there was no hope of doing anything more this night. In the morning spies came across, bringing the welcome intelligence that Missori and his little band were safe at S. Angelo, a village on one of the spurs of Aspremonte, and had been joined by a considerable body of insurgents.

Garibaldi had for some days past taken up his

quarters in the lighthouse, not only to watch and direct all movements, but, I firmly believe, as much as anything to escape from the crowd of adventurers that infested his table, and bothered him out of his life in all imaginable ways — some wanting to sell arms, others steamers, others again pushing for service, or an attachment to his staff—in short, he was worried out of his life, and so took refuge in the little rooms of the lighthouse tower, with half-a-dozen of his most intimate friends, keeping his trusty Staff handy in the steamer. The cormorants were left in possession of the palace and Messina.

The day before yesterday, as Captain Lambert, of the "Scylla," was going to call on him relative to the deserters from English men-of-war who had attached themselves to his force, I took the opportunity of visiting him in the lighthouse. It was about four o'clock, and he had just awoke from his daily *siesta;* but we were at once ushered by Gusmarola into his own little room, or rather cabin, for it was hardly large enough to turn round in; a low tressel-bed, two stools, and a box, completed the furniture; there was no table. His sword hung up on one nail, a spare shirt and pair of trousers on the other. A large South American saddle and a "poncho" lay in one corner of the room. He presented us with the stools, and sat on the corner of the bed. The surrender of the deserters from the various

men-of-war was the unpleasant subject first touched upon; this had been a source of great annoyance to Garibaldi. After it was disposed of, we naturally rambled on to politics and passing events. He said that the affair must be very soon decided one way or another; that diplomacy was beginning to meddle again, alluding to the English and French monitions addressed to Turin in the middle of last month. He spoke in terms of the deepest gratitude of the sympathy of the people of England for Italy, and of his many friends in the former country, and then dilated very warmly on the sufferings of Venetia, and wound up by acknowledging the vast difficulties in the way—adding, "*Passe qui passe, c'est une tâche sublime;*" and his subdued earnest tones told that he felt what he said.

## CHAPTER XII.

MESSINA, *August* 18.

SINCE my last letter nothing of any importance has happened here. There have been rumours and countermarches in abundance — the latter more to occupy the troops and the enemy than anything else. Of Missori there are good accounts. A considerable number of Calabrians were with him, and he is enabled to smile at the cumbrous efforts of the two or three flying columns, as they are facetiously termed, that were sent after him in the defiles of Aspremonte. In the town there have been some night alarms, caused by the sentries on the neutral ground. They result generally in the Regi making a precipitate retreat to the fortifications, from which the garrison then keep up a useless blaze of musketry for half an hour—sometimes much longer. So wild is their fire, that all the houses on the Marina are spattered with balls, and the sentries in the various men-of-war in the harbour have to get under cover. They are apparently wholly uncontrollable, and in terrible dread of a night attack.

A story has gone abroad that Garibaldi has received a letter from Francesco, offering him 50,000 troops and the use of the Neapolitan navy against Rome and Venice if he will only agree not to menace his rule on the mainland. That he has received such a letter is true; but it comes from a certain spy well known at the Neapolitan embassy in London. He made himself troublesome to the Government at Naples, who, to get rid of him, gave him a sum of money and an imaginary mission to report on the state of Calabria. He is there at the present moment, and has made this offer, using the king's name. What his drift may be is not quite apparent; but as the king is begging Victor Emmanuel at this moment to accept a precisely similar offer, it is not unlikely to gain credence.

This morning Garibaldi returned, accompanied by the Hungarian General, Türr, who was obliged to leave Palermo after its capture—the old wound he received in Lombardy last year having broken out again, and his general health having been much impaired by the hardships undergone in the first expedition. Comparatively restored, he now resumes the command of the 15th division, and is in himself a tower of strength. Garibaldi has been to the Golfo d'Orangio, soothed the little differences in Bertani's expedition which is lying there, and ordered a portion of them down to Sicily to assist in the impending operations. Seizing the op-

portunity, he paid a flying visit to his island home at Caprera, and then returned to Palermo to make final arrangements with Depretis before he started for the main. At this juncture, it will not be inopportune to review Garibaldi's position, and the means at his disposal to carry on the crusade.

Garibaldi's apparent tardiness in quitting Sicily was not without its effects; for as time is everything to the diplomatist, so is the theory of accomplished facts to all those who appeal to the sword; and the twenty-three days consumed by the Dictator in apparent idle contemplation of the artificial perils in the vicinity of Scylla and Charybdis, after the decisive battle of Melazzo, did not fail to inspire flattering hopes in the Neapolitan Cabinet. This seeming hesitation, solely caused by reasons of finance, was attributed to other motives, and gave additional impetus to diplomatic exertions in Paris, London, and Turin. In the latter place, that offensive and defensive alliance, based on Italian nationality, which Piedmont, through Villamarina, had cordially offered in December last to the fatuous young King of Naples in all sincerity, and which had been rejected with scorn, was now pressed with threefold ardour by the rejectors, when it had become impossible for its projectors to accept it; whilst in Paris and London, by an abject recantation of the Bourbonic creed, and the introduction of multifarious reforms,

the De Martino Ministry sought to bar the Faro of Messina to that man, whom a few weeks previously they had styled a filibuster.

The attitude of Piedmont is that of expectancy. Cavour has, at least for the moment, ceased to push for immediate annexation, and a thoroughly cordial understanding exists between the King and the Dictator; whilst the royal squadron under Persano takes a singular interest in his movements. The expedition for the Papal States has been merely turned from its projected route, and ordered to proceed with its chief by way of Calabria, instead of breaking fresh ground, which might possibly give causes of solicitude to the eldest son of the Church; and, besides, Piedmont will herself operate in that direction, and has verbally intimated that she may be at Ancona in the middle of September.

From the cheerful city of Paris, Türr, who had been invited there by Prince Napoleon, brought assurances that, whatever course the Emperor might diplomatically be obliged to pursue, he wished Italy well; and that all the Dictator had to do was to outstrip diplomacy by the theory of accomplished facts. Austria, true to her traditions, waters this her last branch of despotic influence in Southern Italy with withering counsels, and has mirrored her own apparently not far-distant disruption, so intimately blended with

Italian nationality. That Austria should counsel stolid stupidity in dealing with the masses, or that Napoleon, wishing to retain the Italian question in his grasp, holding as he does all possible diplomatic threads in hand, should occasionally pull the Italian check-string, none can be astonished; but that the paladin of non-intervention should interfere, by offering gratuitous advice to the Cabinet of Turin as to what course they ought to pursue in Italian politics, must have considerably surprised the Italians, who, ere long, our diplomacy permitting, will become our stanchest modern allies.

But the results of diplomacy have merely sufficed to divert Pianciani's expedition, and, on the part of the Dictator, to prepare the Calabrias for his reception, and impart some organisation to his ever-increasing levies, besides accomplishing a loan of 15,000,000* of ducats through the municipality of Palermo; and this being equivalent to nearly £3,000,000 sterling, enables him to assume the offensive without any of those embarrassments which have often wrecked righteous undertakings.

Since the expulsion of La Farina and the arrival of Depretis, the internal aspect of the island had considerably improved. The promulgation of the Statuto of Piedmont, and the oath taken on the 4th of August by

* Tomas and Bishoffsheim, Paris and London.

the pro-Dictator and all the officials to be faithful to Victor Emmanuel, though the country was not formally annexed, had the effect of producing almost the same results, without diplomatically embarrassing either the Dictator or the King. The taxes were duly paid; life and property were respected; and, with the exception of a rising of brigands in and near Bronte, speedily trampled out by Bixio, quiet and order reigned throughout the island, and the Dictator was enabled to start on his mission with the main body of his army, without any misgivings as to reactionary movements or civil disorder.

Although the fortresses of Messina, Syracusa, and Augusta still remained in the hands of the royal troops in spite of the convention that they should be evacuated, which the King refused to ratify, they were virtually in those of the Garibaldians; inasmuch as it was certain that, though the troops *might* defend themselves, they certainly would not become the aggressors; and the fact of the sea being considered open to both parties, so long as no attempt was made to land on the main, permitted the flow of volunteers and munitions from Palermo without interruption. That stream of Northern Italians which poured in from the seaboard of Piedmont and Tuscany never failed.

On the Dictator's return from Palermo to-day, he found himself at the head of about 25,000 regu-

lars, not more than 5000 of whom were Sicilians. Of these upwards of 18,000 were massed in and around Messina: 10,000 occupied the town and its environs; 7500 were established at the Faro and intermediate villages: whilst Bixio's column, of about 2500, lay at Taormina, watching the garrisons of Syracusa and Augusta. The organisation of this force was somewhat irregular. It consisted of four divisions, termed the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th divisions of the army of Italy; the whole called L'Armata Meridionale—the fourteen divisions of the Piedmontese army being supposed to form the earlier divisions of the Italian army:—

L'Armata Meridionale.

*Chief of the Staff—Major-Gen. Sirtori.*

| | | | | Brigades. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 15th Division, | 4500 men, | Maj.-Gen. Türr, | | 1. Gen. Eber, 2000.<br>2. Gen. Bixio, 2500. |
| 16th „ | 8000 „ | „ | Cosenz, | 1. Col. Sacchi, 3000.<br>2. Gen. Milvitz, 2500.<br>3. Col. Eberhardt, 2500. |
| 17th „ | 4800 „ | „ | Medici, | 1. Col. Simonetta, 2800.<br>2. Col. Fabrizi, 2000. |
| 18th „ | 6000 „ | Colonel Pianciani, | | 1. Col. Gaudini, 3000.<br>2. „ 3000. |

500 Hussars, Major Carissimi, dismounted.
300 Guides, Major Missori.
450 Artillerymen.
120 Engineers.

The naval force consisted of one steam sloop, the "Tückori," and eleven steam transports of various sizes.

Owing to the vast supply of Enfields brought out by the "Queen of England" and other vessels, almost the entire force were armed with that weapon, thanks to the energy and ability with which Colonel Colt fulfilled his contracts; whilst 40,000 muskets were in store in Messina, to be thrown into the Calabrias, or wherever circumstances might dictate. Seventeen mountain howitzers and field-guns were also fully equipped, to cross with the various divisions. But the bayonet was considered to be the weapon which was held in greatest respect by the Neapolitans; consequently, in any landing that might take place, the artillery was considered to form a portion of the *impedimenta*, to follow at leisure.

The health of many brigades of the army had been considerably impaired by their great exposure in and about the Faro, where for days they had to lie on the sands, without any protection from the sun by day or the dews by night. Fever had consequently become rife, but their *morale* was excellent—their faith in Garibaldi almost amounting to a religion.

It is curious to observe how completely the men of the different divisions and brigades received the impressions of their chiefs. Around Garibaldi his trusty and familiar Staff were all quiet, unassuming, earnest men, not to be seduced from the red shirt, which their divinity had rendered classical, for any

fantastic uniforms with any amount of gold-lace. They felt more honoured by the confidence of their chief than any rank or position the army afforded, and having no enthusiastic feeling for a soldier's life as a life, are like him determined to retire to their homes when their country is free.

Eber, who is an accomplished Hungarian gentleman as well as a born soldier, attracts many of the best officers by his polished bearing, which is refreshing in a camp of this description.

Medici, a Lombard, rough and heavy, but a hard fighter, is followed by those who are indifferent to external qualities.

Cosenz, a Neapolitan, methodical and soldierlike, draws the numerous Piedmontese officers who have come to take service.

As for Bixio, the Genoese, he is feared, but at the same time respected, and is the Ney of the army.

The Hungarian Türr is beloved and esteemed by all, not only for his generous nature and unflinching pluck, which alone enables him to bear up against old wounds and failing health — but as the first soldier under Garibaldi.

Sirtori is an enigma, but holds a high position.

Of the foreigners serving here, there is a Hungarian company of 50, a Swiss company of 120, a French company of 17, and an English one of 25. The

two former are in the brigade Eber, and first-rate troops, all old soldiers; the two latter are supposed to be attached to the so-termed English regiment of Colonel Dunn, of Medici's division, but they are working with the boats at the Faro, and rather loose in their formation. De Flotte commands the French; no one knows who commands our countrymen—they generally go their own way.

Our gallant countryman Peard has organised a picked company of revolving-rifle men, most of them old Bersaglieri. So much has been said of him, in a disparaging as well as in an absurd point of view, that, although I have not his permission, I feel bound to set matters right. One portion of the press has represented him as a bloodthirsty man, who, unable to gratify his penchant for murder in his own country, comes out here and gloats over his victims; others glory in him as a countryman who is bearing the entire brunt of the business on his herculean shoulders. The truth is, that Peard is a Cornish gentleman who has lived much in Italy, and, like many other of our countrymen, has been cut to the quick at witnessing the brutality of the governing powers; but instead of confining himself to that very cheap and safe course of action, moral sympathy, he joined Garibaldi as a private soldier in Lombardy last year, arming himself with a double-barrelled rifle instead

of an old Tower musket. Like all true Garibaldians, when his chief went home he followed his example, and when he started for Sicily, Peard joined him. After Melazzo, a struggle of giants, he was rewarded with the rank of colonel for his services; but a more humane, noble-minded man does not exist, and his deferential and unassuming manner, to say nothing of his undeniable pluck, have captivated Garibaldi.

Since their arrival in Messina, a comparatively successful attempt has been made to dress the army in something approaching to uniformity. In general it is left to the caprice of the different colonels of regiments to decide what they shall wear, consequently there are not two alike. The red blouse, however, predominates, particularly amongst the Sicilians, who seem to have great confidence in it, together with the Garibaldian hat and feathers. Amongst the mass, cerise *kepis* are the rage, the Genoese carbineers alone wearing blue. All stick to a flannel shirt of some colour, and it is by far the most useful garment a man can wear for rough work. There are no fantastic knickerbockers, but the serviceable French gaiter is universal. Dirty, yet picturesque, they could not be better clad for fighting.

This movement has very naturally attracted the scum of European adventurers, who, together with the Sicilians, seemed to fancy they might come and go when they please. They threatened to give a great

deal of trouble, but met with a humane severity. The first offenders being shot, order has prevailed.

With regard to the general discipline of this army, it is, on the whole, wonderful; for it is never to be lost sight of that they are all volunteers, and the majority of them, though serving as soldiers, are of very different stuff to the usual material of which troops are formed. They belong to the classes which in England are conventionally termed respectable: many are the sons of gentlemen. The mass is serving from a sense of patriotism, and not for aggrandisement; no officer in the army, from Garibaldi down, gets more than two francs a-day, and the privates about three halfpence.

All have aroused themselves from the effeminacy which has of late years been a just reproach to their country, and have determined to emancipate it; in Garibaldi they see the incarnation of their hopes. The Northern Italian element is by far the finest. The students from the different colleges—as Brescia, Pavia, Bergamo, for instance—are to be found here brigaded together, having emigrated *en masse*. Boys of twelve and fourteen are to be seen in the ranks, whose delicate features stamp their birth; but Northern Italian mothers have long since cherished the destruction of Austrianism at the expense of their offspring. In Lombardy, that it is a dishonour to be at home whilst Garibaldi is abroad, is a faith which has taken far

deeper root than foreigners imagine; and there will be no peace for Europe until every inch of Italian soil is free. As for that novel and monstrous diplomatic doctrine, that Venetia is an integral portion of the Germanic Confederation, and the quadrilateral is a necessary bulwark against Napoleon, twenty-four millions of people south of the Alps are of a different opinion, and amongst that number is Garibaldi. Besides, would it not be a greater bulwark in the hands of a united Italy?

Be that as it may, outraged feelings have brought this mass of armed Italians here, and have driven the nation to arms. After surging under their intolerable burdens for years, persecution has overrun its measure, and desperation has regenerated them. Aged mothers thrown into prison with the dregs of their sex, sisters openly insulted, fathers and brothers condemned without trial, some never heard of—torture and the whip, have completed the modicum of their sufferings, and all in the name of legitimacy and religion!

Who can wonder at revolution and infidelity being rampant in Europe?

A few short hours, however, and there will be another rent in the rags of Vienna. Garibaldi has left for Giardini, and in all probability will set his foot on the main before morning.

# CHAPTER XIII.

## EXPEDITION FOR THE CALABRIAS.

REGGIO, *Aug.* 21.

ON Garibaldi's arrival at Giardini, the port of Taormina, on the evening of the 18th, he found the embarkation of the troops destined for the main had already commenced, in the "Turino" and "Franklin"—two steamers which he had sent round the island from Palermo for that purpose—the former bringing 1000 men of the Bertani expedition from the Golfo d'Orangio. They were added to Bixio's brigade, but placed under the command of Zacchi. A portion of the brigade Eberharlt had also been sent down from Messina. Amongst them was Menotti, Garibaldi's son, with his picked company of bersaglieri, and four mountain howitzers. In all, the expedition amounted to 4200 men, as follows :—

| | |
|---|---|
| Brigade Bixio, . . . . | 2500 |
| Volunteers under Zacchi, . . . | 1000 |
| Brigade Eberharlt, . . . . | 700 |
| Total, . | 4200 |

Shortly after ten o'clock the expedition, which will in all probability decide the fate of more kingdoms than one, moved off in the direction of Capo d'Armi on the opposite coast; Bixio, in command of the "Turino," and Garibaldi himself in the "Franklin," where he was personally superintending the stoppage of a leak, as she was making several feet an hour.

To convey any idea of the crowded state of the vessels is impossible. Bulwarks, paddle-boxes, and rigging, were alike clustered with troops. In the "Turino," a screw of 700 tons, there were 3000 men; and in the "Franklin," a paddle of 200, there were 1200.

The expedition being now fairly launched under most favourable auspices from the foot of old Etna, on a dark fitful evening, thoroughly adapted for the undertaking, let us take a glance at their destination, and the preparations made for their reception.

First, as regards the Neapolitan squadron of steamers, one can hardly believe that they ever wanted to fight. Be that as it may, they allowed themselves to be drawn towards Messina and the Faro, where mock expeditions were nightly organised for their entertainment. The Royal army in Calabria Ultra numbered about 25,000 or 30,000 men, under General Viale, and had its headquarters at Monteleone; and of the remainder, about 12,000 are echeloned along the coast

at Bagnara, Scylla, Torre di Cavallo, Pezzo, as far as Reggio; while 1800 are still in Aspremonte, in pursuit of Missori and his band, now numbering 800 men. They seem to have made up their minds that their enemies must land right in front at the Faro, and have been thoroughly deceived by the great preparations that have been made there. So sure are they that Reggio and the coast beyond will not be menaced that they have only left eight companies there, under General Gallotta. General Melendis commands the forts and troops on the shores of the Faro, but both are under Briganti, who is at Bagnara.

This army is well provided with a powerful artillery, and a small proportion of cavalry—the latter arm being of little use in so mountainous a country, save for keeping up communications. Of stores and material there were abundance—of generals a superfluity—of generalship a very small amount; but, with the numerous fortifications and natural positions, in which 500 resolute men could defy as many thousands, the advance of Garibaldi, to any one who did not know the value of this force, seemed a perfect chimera. Apart, however, from the spread which the revolution had made in Calabria, these troops were too ignorant and careless to have anything more than the faintest knowledge of the cause for which the Garibaldians were fighting; it was, therefore, not from

sympathy that they subsequently abandoned their colours, but from the simple fact that they were soldiers only inasmuch as they were dressed and equipped after the prevailing military mode in Europe. They were merely a gigantic armed police to terrify the wretched inhabitants of the Two Sicilies into obedience to despotic power, and as such certainly nobly fulfilled their mission for many years; in history, in contradistinction to Garibaldi's army of deliverance, they might not be inaptly styled the army of oppression.

Orders had been previously sent to Missori to work down towards Capo d'Armi, fifteen miles south of Reggio, that he might be ready to co-operate with any descent in that direction.

The course, though little more than sixteen miles in a direct line, was altered more than once to counteract the numerous and changeable currents which here abound to perplex the navigator. As for the Neapolitan steamers, their ugly hulls were visible in the distance keeping monotonous night-watch off Reggio—the two diversions, organised at Messina and the Faro, to draw off their attention, having succeeded. Steamers were kept in apparent readiness to start from those two points at any moment, the troops and material having been placed on board the previous day with great ostentation. Shooting in under the high rocky

coast of Calabria—for hereabouts the spurs of Aspremonte run down abruptly to the sea—at 2 A.M., the disembarkation commenced, when all went well save that the pilot in the "Turino," in his anxiety to get near the shore, ran her irretrievably on a sandbank, from which, in spite of every exertion, she never moved. Garibaldi, as usual, was one of the first on shore, but there was no opposition to be apprehended from the scattered detachment of Neapolitans in this direction. Fishing-boats were pressed to assist, and before 4 A.M. all were on *terra firma*, to the astonishment of the unsophisticated inhabitants.

A weak detachment of Missori's was found here, in search of provisions and information; he, with the main body, was at San Lorenzo, a strong position in the mountains, awaiting the approach of the Neapolitan column in pursuit. Orders were sent off to him to effect a junction as speedily as possible on the heights above Reggio.

Every effort having failed to get the "Turino" off, and the Neapolitan commodore having come down in the "Fulminante," with two other steamers, and opened fire on the troops, they retired out of range towards the hills, taking the direction of Reggio—not, however, before they had three men *hors de combat* from the shells of the enemy. The "Franklin," bearing American colours, was allowed to depart in peace for Messina;

not so the "Turino." Being helpless, and bearing the Italian flag, the Neapolitans commenced a furious cannonade; and towards evening they landed and burnt her — the flames of the ill-fated vessel serving to light the path of the midnight march of Missori along the flanks of Aspremonte. Everything was burnt save the iron framework, and a million's worth of francs destroyed to very little purpose. It is somewhat remarkable that, at the landing in Calabria as well as in Sicily, Garibaldi's means of retreat should have alike been cut off; but it is characteristic of the man and his confidence in success.

Although the distance, by road, from Melito to Reggio is a bare twenty miles, the first eight to Capo d'Armi are equal to that number. It is a mere bridle-path, often difficult to pass, and excessively tortuous. The men could only advance in single files, and the howitzers followed with great difficulty, as they crossed the numerous spurs running down from Aspremonte to the sea.

In the evening the troops halted at a small hamlet, above the Cape whose white cliffs form the ancient Leucopetra. Nothing can exceed the wildness and beauty of the mountain spurs which, in this portion of Calabria, intersect the coast, with the Greek villages perched about on the inaccessible crags; nor could a country be found more adapted for guerilla warfare

than these passes and positions, for every one of which would serve as a natural fortress; and it would puzzle a better army than Francisco's to turn Garibaldi out of the toe of the boot now that he is once established. The populations are frantic in their demonstrations of joy. All the men appear to be armed, and are joining. To understand many is impossible; they still preserve the Hellenic tongue.

Here communications were received from Missori, who was pushing on with all haste—the Neapolitan column having fallen back on hearing of the landing.

That gallant fellow had been amusing Briganti's column, which had started in pursuit from Bagnara a few days after his failure at the Forte di Fiumara, with an endless game of hide-and-seek in the mountains. Not being strong enough to attack any of the positions, especially as they were now prepared, his object was to harass, distract, and perplex, and thereby facilitate the landing of his chief.

Advancing by the mountain-flanks, on the evening of the 20th Garibaldi found himself and column within six miles of Reggio—the various detachments of the enemy retiring by the main road on that town as he advanced. Here he received intelligence that Missori was still distant—the track in the mountains being most arduous. Preparations were therefore made for an attack an hour before dawn on the following morn-

ing, independent of his arrival. The site of Reggio is very picturesque. Situated on the face of a gentle slope on the sea-shore, and backed by the castle and scattered suburbs and gardens stretching far away up one of the spurs of Aspremonte, it commands a magnificent view of the Sicilian shores. The lovely bay of Catania, with its countless white towns and villages strewed on the flanks of Etna and the adjacent ranges which stretch right away to the Faro, whilst the time-honoured old volcano towers above all, a dense wreath of white smoke curling from its summit, and forms a quaint contrast to the formidable citadel of Messina, expressly ordained to keep its demi-Arab population in a state of obedience; vessels of all nations are dotted about in the strait, from the elegant felucca to the smoky screw conveying the lively Frenchman to arrange the domestic quarrels of his friend the Sultan, as if he cared one iota for the so-termed Christians in the East, who, as a rule, are by far the biggest blackguards in it.

But, as the time approaches, the dispositions for the attack must be noticed. Bixio is to enter with his brigade by the main road and effect a junction with the national guard in the Piazza, immediately beneath the castle, where they have agreed to await his arrival. That point gained, a battalion is to be despatched towards the shore to attack the small fort

near the Marina, whilst Garibaldi, with the main body, works through the suburbs at the back of the town, and endeavours to surround the castle on this side; and there is very little doubt but that he will do it. As for the dispositions within, the principal people of the town, together with the national guard, waited on General Gallotta on hearing of Garibaldi having landed, and requested him to go outside the town and fight if he *meant* to do so. He complied with this request, leaving a few men in the fortified points, and divided the remainder, about eight hundred strong, into two detachments, one occupying the bridge just outside the town on the south side, and the other a "cacina" on the north.

The comedy was evidently beginning.

The castle is strong, thoroughly commanding the town, and the troops number in all about 1500. Melendis is advancing to their support from Villa San Giovanni; but the national guard are with Garibaldi, and likewise that Providence which hitherto has kept watch and ward over him.

In order to facilitate the attack, Cosenz was ordered to cross from the Faro during the night, in boats, with 1200 men, and land near Bagnara. This movement would naturally divert the Neapolitans, who were all in motion towards Reggio.

At midnight the Garibaldians commenced their march,

and long before dawn the main column, led by the general, silently entered the suburbs. Bixio likewise reached the Piazza without firing a shot. Where the Neapolitans have got to none can tell. It is a regular surprise; the guard are driven back with loss, national guard join, and old Gallotta, the Neapolitan general, with difficulty effects his retreat into the castle with a portion of his troops. Some escape towards San Giovanni, and the castle opens a heavy but useless cannonade on the unfortunate town. The battalion appointed takes the Marina fort, and barricades are thrown up at all the approaches to the castle, which is summoned to surrender. Missori and his column now arrive, and, taking up a position above the castle, soon rifle the gunners off the platform. At eight o'clock, with a loss of seven killed and wounded, Bixio being amongst the latter, the Garibaldians are masters of the town, and at mid-day the castle surrenders. A battalion is now sent to keep Briganti in check, who has taken command of Melendis's column sent on to reinforce the garrison, but it is too late, and they are obliged to fall back. As for the steamers, they evidently had orders not to re-enact Palermo, and after throwing a few shot, apparently out of compliment, made off the moment the guns of the Marina fort were turned on them, and went in chase of Cosenz's expedition, who landed near Bagnara during the night,

and were by this time safe in the hills; however, they succeeded in destroying a few empty boats that had been left on the beach.

The terms of capitulation were precisely similar to those granted at Melazzo; the garrison was evidently in the greatest state of disorganisation; one of the colonels had been shot in the morning—for what reason no one exactly appeared to know.

Gallotta was requested to communicate immediately with the Neapolitan commodore, that his ships should enter upon their functions, for which they seemed so eminently adapted, of removing the troops to a place of safety after they had surrendered. When asked how he came to be surprised, he replied—"Caro mio, io son vecchio soldato—ed io aspetteva che Garabaldi mi attachasse d'avanti, ed invece è venuto di dietro—cosa volete!"

It would have been ridiculous had it not been humiliating; at the same time, this, coupled with the information from all parts of the three Calabrias of the progress of the revolution and the animus of the troops, made it evident that Garibaldi's advance on Naples would be a mere *promenade militaire.*

His reception and that of his troops here, far surpassed in warmth and cordiality anything he had met with in Sicily—there is not near so much noise and demonstration, but much more reality; every family

claims a certain portion of officers and men, according to their station, as their guests. In fact, it is almost impossible to realise, without seeing it, the marked difference between the denizens of the shores of the Faro. Here a staid, manly, and athletic population; there a brawling, effeminate, and degenerate race, with hardly a redeeming feature. The beauty of many of the women, especially in the Greek villages, was most conspicuous.

As for the spoils captured, they will not be much required, but might be useful, and consist of 26 heavy guns, 8 well-muled field-pieces, 500 stand of arms, to say nothing of coal, ammunition, and provisions, and many horses and mules. The fortifications were in admirable order, and nothing had been neglected at Naples to make the troops comfortable and efficient.

With the exception of the battalion thrown out towards Villa San Giovanni, the troops have a day of rest—much required after their tedious marches since landing.

Orders are transmitted to Messina to lose no opportunity of throwing men across during the night.

In the morning Garibaldi will advance along the coast. At present he is engaged receiving numerous deputations from the surrounding country, and satisfying the curiosity of the population.

The rural clergy head the movement.

## CHAPTER XIV.

VILLA SAN GIOVANNI, *Aug.* 23.

THE night of the 21st was an exciting one on both sides the Strait. The Sicilian shores were illuminated *à giorno*, likewise Reggio, and the adjacent villages. At the Faro, heavy firing continued the whole night long, and the usual scrimmage on the Terra Nuova between the outposts was more lively than ever. The garrison in the citadel was apparently wholly uncontrollable, as the shouts of the officers to stop firing, though audible in the town, produced no effect. No sooner had it died away than some wag of a Garibaldian sentry would let off his musket. Then volley after volley would be fired from the walls—as no one was hurt it did not much matter. Half-a-dozen Garibaldian steamers in the harbour, full of troops, their steam blowing off, kept the game alive, and forbade anybody's sleeping. So, before dawn, I went down to the Marina, and, there being no other available means, hired a decrepid old fishing-boat and two veteran fishermen to carry me over to Reggio, that I might make arrangements for my tour through the Calabrias.

When about eight hundred yards outside the citadel, near the supposed spot of Charybdis, I lowered the sail and took a bath, on which a facetious sentry commenced practising at me with ball; not that it mattered much, as he was a very bad shot, but my confounded boatmen made sail, and as there was a rattling fair wind, I had only just time to grasp the rudder, or they would have allowed me to have completed the rest of the voyage on my own resources.

Two-thirds of the way across accomplished, I was disturbed from my ease in the bottom of the boat, where I lay enjoying my morning weed, by sundry imprecations addressed to the Madonna and others in the Calendar, and on looking about me, found one of the discreet Neapolitan steamers coming down as hard as she could in chase. Not wishing to lose time in communicating, or subject myself to any detention if I could possibly avoid it—for though my passport was *en regle*, I well knew that they would delight to bully a Britisher if an opportunity offered—I turned the boat's head inshore, and made for some vessels at anchor, so as to preclude the use of her guns. A neck-and-neck chase ensued, when, finding that she could approach no nearer the shore, she sent a cutter in pursuit; but we landed with about three minutes to spare, and beat a most undignified retreat into a neighbouring vineyard, where I every minute expected to fall in with the outposts of one

force or the other, as we had landed about three miles north of Reggio. The fishermen were dreadfully scared, and in great fear of losing their boat, for which I was, of course, prepared to reimburse them. But as luck would have it, when the steamer's cutter was on the point of taking possession, half-a-dozen of Garibaldi's Guides appeared, preceding him on his march, and the captors beat a speedy retreat.

As there was nothing more to be be seen at Reggio, and my friend Nullo, commanding the Guides, offered me a mount, I determined to ride on with them, and call on Mr Hallam, a countryman, who had a large silk factory at Villa San Giovanni, about eight miles off.

The intervening country may be said to consist of a succession of gardens, teeming with fruits of every description.

The inhabitants of the various hamlets we passed all said that the Neapolitans were falling back, and that San Giovanni, my destination, was clear, so we sauntered on, heedlessly revelling in the cheery scenery, when, on entering the town, we found ourselves, to my astonishment, in the midst of a couple of squadrons of lancers. "Well," I thought, "here I am in a dilemma again; but having no arms, I suppose it will be all right."

Instead of giving themselves up as prisoners at once, as I expected, my six companions, with great presence of mind, drew their revolvers and coolly summoned

both squadrons to surrender. The officer replied by asking, "Who to—where are your troops?"

"Oh," replied Nullo, nothing abashed, "they are in ambush all around, and, unless you surrender immediately, will open fire." "Well," said the officer, "you had better go on and talk to the General."

The Guides acted admirably, but the scene was too much for me, and I therefore retired as soon as possible in search of my countryman; for when one remembered that, in all probability, the Garibaldians were just quitting Reggio, it was with difficulty that I kept my countenance.

Nullo went on to see General Melendis, and found him with two battalions of riflemen, just beyond the bridge, which here spans a deep "fiumara." Reiterating his demands, Melendis asked where Garibaldi was, and offered to go and treat with him. Nullo merely said that he could not permit it, but would send back and inform the General of his request, and at the same time wound up this consummate piece of audacity by ordering Melendis to retire his lancers over the bridge, which he considered the advance-post of the two armies. The lancers were accordingly withdrawn, and two Guides posted on the bridge to represent the Garibaldian army, whilst one was sent back to look for Garibaldi, and hurry up the troops.

In the mean time I had found Mr Hallam, who was

on the look-out for me; and as it was ten o'clock, we breakfasted with the Guides and Neapolitan officers at the "Locanda," and discussed the state of affairs in the most amicable manner. From their conversation we saw at once that their pursuits were eminently domestic, and they were very anxious to know on what terms they could join Garibaldi's army. When told that they might keep their rank, they were delighted, but on hearing that the pay of all the officers, from the general downwards, was only two francs a-day, there was a wonderful change. One poor fellow asked me my advice, and said he felt much hampered by his oath; but, from subsequent conversation, he was evidently much more hampered with a wife and nine children, whom he had to support on his scanty pay.

The General not being able to come to terms, the Neapolitans retired, and took up a very strong position on the Campo above and beyond the town. They numbered about 2500 men, and five guns.

Towards evening, a portion of Garibaldi's column, of about 2000 men, arriving near the town, the General led them up through the hills, in order to take a position on the heights of Mattinitti, above and in rear of the Neapolitans, to be ready for any eventuality in the morning. At the same time two companies were pushed forward to maintain the mock front on the bridge. One battalion under

Bordoni was posted on the road, about three miles from the town—Bixio and the remainder of the troops being still at Reggio, superintending the embarkation of the provisions and stores.

As I wished to have a good position in the morning, in case there was any resistance, I followed the column, which had to make a considerable *detour*, and the ascent being tortuous and precipitous, it was nine o'clock before it arrived in position, about three miles farther up the mountain slopes than that taken by the Neapolitans.

The Calabrese bands found here were ordered to harass the enemy during the night, and at the same time to do the outpost duty, and enable Garibaldi and his followers to take their sleep, for which he has as great a respect as the renowned Sancho.

Intelligence arriving of Cosenz and his column at Solino, seventeen miles distant, in the heart of the mountains, orders were sent off directing him to make a forced march, and, if possible, join in the morning. The night being cold, and myself lightly clad, I left Garibaldi wrapt in his blanket, amid the stubs of a cornfield, and started on my way back to a small hamlet we had passed on our ascent, about two miles distant, with the intention of procuring, if possible, a bed and some supper, and returning before dawn.

A more romantic scene than that I left behind it would be difficult to conceive; but as I rode through

the cordon of Calabrians clustering round their watch-fires, in their quaint velveteen breeches and jackets, their jaunty and fantastic sugar-loaf hats, with a superabundance of ribbon, their weapons of every shape and make—numerous priests, too, mingled with them, and gazed on the mountains, looking ghostly in the night, and the dark sea beneath—I could hardly believe that all was real, and fancied I was assisting in some scene in Der Freischutz or Don Giovanni.

The night was dark, and I very soon found that I had taken the wrong path, and was nearing the Neapolitan position. As I had had enough of them in the early portion of the day, I took across country in the direction of my destination, with the hope of reaching some house and procuring a guide. Dismounting, I spent a couple of hours advancing half a mile, in an apparently endless labyrinth of vineyards, prickly pear-bushes, ravines, and watercourses; eventually rolling down the banks of a small "fiumara," horse and all, I found a cottage and procured a guide, but my troubles were not yet ended.

I was scarcely established in the village, when a very zealous sergeant and two privates insisted on taking me prisoner as a Neapolitan spy, and making me dismount, whilst the sergeant mounted my nag amid the acclamations of the populace—ever on the strongest side—and requested me to follow him to the camp.

Garibaldi's pass was nothing to him: his education had been neglected; and not being able to read, he would allow no one else to do so for him. As there is no arguing with fixed bayonets, on I went. However, my hero soon changed his mind, fearing, I suppose, that I should give him the slip, as it was pitch dark, and took me back to the Syndic's house in the village. Here I was soon at supper: my unceremonious companion the sergeant, not content with placing a sentry at my door, sitting on a box in the room, with his musket cocked between his legs, ready for business. Shortly, a Sicilian colonel arrived on his way to the camp. In vain I showed him my pass and passport. My dialect, he said, was Neapolitan, and I might just as well confess at once—besides, "you are come from Villa San Giovanni, and are dressed in blue, the Neapolitan colour." My costume was certainly not calculated to allay suspicion—a loose blue Chinese jacket and trousers, and a Tartar wideawake; and I really began to think it was beyond a joke being chased by the Neapolitans in the morning, and taken by the Garibaldians in the evening. My case was apparently hopeless, and I began to fear I should lose the attack at daylight, when one of the Guides passed by, and, hearing that a spy had been captured, came to see him. Fortunately it was my friend Granchi, and we were on our way to the camp in no time, to the con-

fusion of the newly-fledged colonel and my friend the sergeant, who became the objects of considerable chaff.

On arrival, we found Garibaldi and his men moving down on the position of the Neapolitans. As the day broke we discovered them massed at our feet, their rear leaning on a village, their right flank protected by a deep "fiumara," and the left by a precipitous cliff, their guns commanding the advance—altogether a formidable position, especially as Garibaldi had no artillery with him. While the Garibaldians threaded their way down the spine of the hill, they were favoured with a few rounds of shell, by which they lost two or three men: this they were not allowed to return, as their chief's object, as usual, was to avoid bloodshed, if possible: getting under cover, a flag of truce was sent in, renewing the offer of terms. Neapolitan-like, the Regi had the indecency to shoot the bearer as he advanced, but, nevertheless, offered to treat. This unsoldierlike proceeding disgusted Garibaldi beyond all measure, and he now sent in to tell them that he would hear of nothing but unconditional surrender. An armistice was granted to enable them to communicate with General Viale, whilst it also afforded time to Bixio to bring men and guns up from Reggio, and complete dispositions which should cut off the retreat of the Neapolitans.

About six o'clock Cosenz and his men arrived,

having marched seventeen miles over a mountain road since midnight, when the messenger reached him with the General's orders. Besides his men, he brought two mountain howitzers, a most acceptable addition.

The English Company, which was attached to his column, being excessively insubordinate, not fancying such marches with nothing to eat, were, to their surprise, at the request of their officers, disarmed, and no more notice was taken of them. Composed of deserters from the different men-of-war on the coast, they were not very grand specimens of the nation, though some had fought undeniably at Melazzò; and as no volunteers would go through the privations of a Garibaldian unless they fought, like them, for an idea, it was the wisest thing that could be done under the circumstances, and one could only regret that one's country was not more favourably represented. We now heard of De Flotte's untimely end at Salino. He was shot when endeavouring to storm a house in that village at the head of the French Company, which he commanded —a sad fate for such an extraordinary man, who, in the three days of June '48, had been the commandant of the barricades against Cavaignac. A member of the Legislature at the time of the "coup d'état," he escaped, and, singularly enough, lived in France for five years afterwards as an official on a railway, undiscovered by the police.

The day was excessively tedious, Melendis having referred to General Briganti at Bagnara for instructions; but about noon, as we lay under a fig-tree, discussing a breakfast of bread, figs, and water, which Garibaldi had invited me to join, and which he shared with his Staff, the monotony was broken by a sharp engagement between the batteries at the Faro and a Neapolitan screw frigate, which was endeavouring to sneak in unmolested by hugging the Calabrian shore. A prettier scene could scarcely be imagined. Perched on the slopes of the mountain, about 1800 feet above the level, with the straits at our feet, we looked right down on the decks of the frigate, and into the Neapolitan line of forts; but she had it all her own way, as there were only two of the guns in the Faro battery that could reach her. She was not struck, therefore, very often, whilst they lost thirty killed and wounded in the batteries from her shell. However, it had the desired effect of preventing any more of the Neapolitan cruisers passing that way, and they eventually went round the island to Naples, leaving the passage free to the main body of Garibaldi's army. Tired of waiting to witness the surrender, at 3 P.M. I went down to Mr Hallam's to dinner, first taking a swim in the Strait, and then bathing in a fresh-water bath, scooped out in the sand a couple of yards from the sea. Along the

whole of this beach a similar operation may be performed, as springs of fresh water ooze through the sand in all directions. At five o'clock the General sent in a summary order for the Neapolitans to lay down their arms within a quarter of an hour, or he should advance. This had the desired effect, and on learning that they were at liberty to go where they pleased, they threw away their accoutrements, and, after a universal fraternisation, bolted towards Bagnara, where, no doubt, they will circulate the contagion; as for the officers, they did not exactly seem to know whether they were sorry or glad. In the neighbouring fort of Pezzo, which was given up at the same time, were found ten heavy guns.

In all probability there will be no resistance even at Monteleone, whither Viale has retired; the whole of Calabria, in their rear, is up in arms, as well as Basilicata, where they have proclaimed the Dictatorship, and placed themselves in communication with headquarters.

# CHAPTER XV.

VILLA SAN GIOVANNI, *25th August.*

DURING the night of the 23d the greater portion of Medici's division was pushed over in the small steamers and boats, together with the principal portion of the artillery; the Neapolitan cruisers having abandoned the upper waters of the straits, and taken to cruising between Reggio and Catania, where they were not only out of harm's way, but could do no injury. They had evidently given up the idea of further active interference, now that the Garibaldians held the heavily-armed fort of Pezzo, which, with their batteries on the Faro Point, gave them command of the passage; besides, there was little doubt that the garrisons of Alta-fiumara, Torre de Cavallo, and Scylla, would surrender the moment Garibaldi advanced, thereby giving him a still more commanding position, as the heavy armaments of those forts ranged two-thirds the way across.

Before daylight the Chief was in the saddle at the head of Cosenz's column, *en route* for Alta-fiumara, whilst two or three picked companies were sent round

to take up a position on the mountain-slopes above the fort already occupied by the Calabrese. The horse which I had purchased yesterday having disappeared, I took a place in the *malle-poste*, which happened to pass through on its way from Reggio to Naples, a three days' journey. Gusmarola, the correspondent of the *Daily News*, the Government courier, and myself, occupied the interior; and with the roof crowded with soldiers, peasants, and any one who liked to get up, on we went, the poor courier, who seemed frightened out of his life, getting well stuffed with select pieces of information for the Neapolitan Government.

At Alta-fiumara, we found Garibaldi and the troops waiting for the garrison to surrender, a mere matter of form. So we descended, and left the snuffy old courier to prosecute his voyage, whilst we proceeded to inspect the fort, which was the one Missori had hoped to surprise on the night of the 8th. It occupies a very strong position, towering several hundred feet above the road, which here winds under the mountain cliffs along the shores of the Faro; but an enemy who gained possession of the old French earthwork still existing on the heights above, would, I fancy, soon rifle the garrison out. Remarkably well and strongly built, it mounted eleven heavy guns and mortars towards the sea, and on the land side seven lighter ones; altogether it is a formidable post, with plenty of spare artillery and

ammunition. The garrison had the same terms as those granted yesterday, and, throwing away their shakos and knapsacks, started immediately for their various homes.

We now walked to Scylla, some three miles farther on, to look for breakfast, the road still winding along the face of magnificent cliffs abutting on the sea; it is well made, and must have cost much time and labour, for in many places the rock has had to be scarped, in others ravines to be bridged. Passing Torre de Cavallo, a fort cut in the face of the rock, mounting four heavy guns, we left another little battery on the left, and opened up the romantic old Castle of Scylla, overawing the town like a diminutive Gibraltar. The town of Scylla is situated on a small rocky promontory which connects the castle with the main; it has evidently been severed by one of those fearful earthquakes which from time to time have turned the southern portion of Italy topsy-turvy. The sandy bay we are now traversing was the scene of one of those awful calamities in February 1783, when the town and castle having been alike almost destroyed, the remainder of the wretched inhabitants assembled on the beach for safety; they had not been there long before a still more violent shock rent the towering promontory of Capella which forms the west end of the bay, which, falling into the sea, the reflux of its waters swept several

hundreds away. Before morning Scylla had lost one half its inhabitants.

Here we met an officer who had been sent on to arrange the surrender of the castle; as for the town, it was already in the hands of the National Guard. Turning into a very rusty *trattoria*, the "Aquila Nero," we were endeavouring to negotiate for some fried fish and an omelette, when a detachment of priests, National Guards, and elders of the town, entered, and insisted on carrying us off by force to a charming little villa on the beach, where a feast of raw ham, delicious green figs, red mullets, luscious grapes, a melon from Palmi, and a sausage that I could not admire, were forced on us with lavish hands—whilst tongues were rattling away with an infinity of questions, without ever giving time for a reply. In vain we say we are neither generals nor excellencies, and don't care to be kissed—by the men. "What matters it who you are?" said the captain of the National Guard, taking a cosmopolitan view of things; "here have we been buried alive from infancy under the guns of that cursed old fortress." Half-a-dozen voices,—"Will Garibaldi let us destroy it?—Tormented with spies to such a degree that all social intercourse was at an end, burdened with soldiery that were encouraged in every brutality—to-day, for the first hour in our lives our tongues are loosed and a saviour is among us—and will you not rejoice with

us?"—and then there was such hugging, and kissing, and screeching, that I mentally swore I would never precede Garibaldi again; but these honest demonstrations were cut short by the arrival of the hero himself, and we sought our ease in the garden and sea-beach, and under the shadow of a fishing-boat, discussed the advantages and disadvantages of popular hero-worship.

Towards noon we went up to inspect the castle: it crowns the summit of the rock, and a narrow causeway and drawbridge connect it with the main. Originally the stronghold of the ancient princes of Scylla, it has been added to by Spaniards, French, and English; it surrendered to us after Maida, but fell again after an eighteen months' siege, which speaks for the strength of the position. Bomba added to it on the town side; and, as was his wont, mounted many guns for the especial benefit of the townspeople, but against modern artillery it would not do much.

We now wandered up a succession of dirty zigzag alleys to the upper part of the town, which is better built and of considerable extent—a motley collection of palaces and hovels. On descending, we found eight or ten of the General's Staff preceding him to Bagnara, which had also been evacuated, Viale having ordered all his troops to fall back on Monteleone. Procuring horses, we went with them, and had a most enjoyable ride along the margin of the dreamy bay,

the head of which is ornamented by Bagnara, with its numerous churches and palaces, its streets and piazzas, terraced up the mountain slopes, as are the neighbouring vineyards—not that it is the paradise it seems, for, like many other Italian towns, it is fair without, but foul within; nevertheless, its whitewashed exteriors contrast favourably with the deep mountain tints, and the blue above and the blue below, for which the shores of the Mediterranean are proverbial.

They tell me it is famed for the beauty of its women—perhaps so; at any rate, I will not destroy the illusion by entering, for the very good reason that I want to reach Villa San Giovanni to-night, on my return to Messina, bid adieu to the modern "Scylla," and send my traps on to Naples to await my arrival, as I have promised myself a run through the Calabrias. It is not likely that there will be much to see in a sanguinary point of view; but Garibaldi's progress will be a novel experience, and enhance the pleasure of wandering along its unbeaten paths.

I had scarcely turned back when I met Garibaldi alone in a one-horse "vetturino," evidently revelling in solitude and the tranquillity of the evening. From the first moment that I made his acquaintance, in spite of his general invitation and considerate kindness, I never accepted his hospitality or spoke to him unless he addressed me, well knowing that he had something

else to do besides gossip with every idle traveller, and that his table was too often crowded with interlopers, to the exclusion of his immediate staff.

However, he stopped me, and inquired the news at Bagnara—expressed surprise at my returning, and hoped that I was not going to desert the party already; adding that I must be quick if I was going to Messina, or I should not catch them up again.

I mention this comparatively trifling circumstance to show the sort of fatherly interest he takes in every one who comes near him; it is one of the many irresistible charms that tend to bind men to him in spite of themselves.

Farther on I passed Cosenz and his column, with a couple of howitzers, the advance-guard of the army, which may now be considered on the highway for Naples. They were in great feather, and a sturdy band, nearly all Northern Italians but their leader, who is a Neapolitan—a rather curious coincidence. Here was the young Neapolitan lieutenant of artillery of '48 leading the vanguard of the national eruption against his old chiefs. His history is this: when Bomba, in his liberal paroxysms in '48, sent General Pepe and a *corps d'armée* against the Austrians, Cosenz was one of those who, rather than obey the order to return and sacrifice the national cause, threw themselves into Venice. There he highly distinguished himself, as in

Lombardy last year. He is very popular with his own countrymen, which is perhaps the reason Garibaldi has placed him in the van.

Night falling fast, I pulled up at Scylla and slept on the beach, the town being crowded with troops. Here, at least, the air was pure and the sand soft.

After a few hours' rest I walked on towards Villa San Giovanni. Though up before the sun, I found a padre ahead of me, on his donkey: every padre keeps a donkey here. Dismounting, he insists that I am a "fratello," and that I must ride. I have not the slightest wish to do so on this invigorating morning, but, shovel-hat in hand, he commences a series of genuflexions that remind one forcibly of Ronconi and *buona sera*—besides, the donkey looks at me, as much as to say, "Come along, you are the lightest." So I fraternise, and take his seat. The beast went away at a capital pace, keeping the padre at an amble, which evidently could not last long. Holding on to the saddle, I requested him to stop the animal. All the reply I heard was a faint "*Non posso.*" "Then I'll give him over to the *maestro di posta* on arrival." The fat padre halted, and held up his hands in approval—he could do no more. I knew he felt flattered by my riding his ass, but I could not stand an hour's cross-questioning. I now met Peard's company of riflemen, who made eager inquries for their chief. He was, as usual, ahead. When he found his

men were not ordered for the first expedition, he resigned his command, and shouldered his rifle once more —he could not stand being left behind.

Nearing my destination, I heard several reports, found one or two bullets coming my way, and soon stumbled on a Garibaldian lying in the road breathing his last. He had been shot for taking grapes.

On mounting the bank, I saw sentries in all the vineyards. A corporal immediately ordered me down, unless I wanted to be killed. I told him of the man in the road. "Oh! they are thieves. Warnings have been of no avail, so sentries are posted in the vineyards, with orders to shoot all they find stealing. You know we can't disgrace ourselves by allowing the poor to be robbed; besides, it might ruin the cause." When I remember the plundering propensities of my own countrymen, I shudder to think what may be the consequences should many of them join the army.

Tying the beast up at the postmaster's, I took boat for Messina, grieved for the victim of this well-timed severity, so necessary in an irregular army. The result has been to render crime comparatively unknown. For sobriety and good conduct generally, this undisciplined force far surpassed any regular troops.

# CHAPTER XVI.

MONTELEONE, *Aug.* 28.

LANDING at Messina on the afternoon of the 25th, I found the town denuded of troops, and wearing a somewhat sombre air, as the citadel, in the constant skirmishes on the Terra Nuova, had taken to adding shot and shell to the entertainment.

A French line-of-battle ship had also come in to demand satisfaction from Garibaldi for an untoward event which happened a few days since at the Faro, when one of the French Messagerie packets was fired into, and considerable loss of life occurred. This was owing to many of the Neapolitan transports having used the French flag to deceive the Garibaldians and insure a safe passage.

Of the troops left to protect Sicily from the Neapolitan garrisons of Messina, Syracusa, and Augusta, there was only the weak brigade of Colonel Dunn, amounting to 2500 men: these were concentrated in the town of Messina. But there was little fear of the Neapolitans, as Europe had forbidden them to

bombard more towns, and they were afraid to advance into the country.

Bidding a speedy adieu to my kind friend Lambert of the "Scylla," whom I promised, if possible, to keep informed of the progress of the army, I started with Count Arrivabene by boat for Bagnara, where we hoped to catch up the advance-guard. As I knew that our movements would be rapid and spasmodic, I merely took a spare flannel suit and a tooth-brush, intending to accept the resources of the country, save in the matter of cigars, which can only be compared in vileness to the Government that fabricates them.

We had a hard tussle with the tide at Scylla Point, at some moments scarcely stemming it, but saw nothing of the whirlpool or the syrens, which history tells us existed here—though the execrable voice of an enthusiastic young Mantuan in the bows was enough to have called forth their remonstrances, had there been any—not that I wish to cast any reflection on early writers on those shores, whose geological knowledge was so far advanced as to enable them to perceive that the Faro was a mere fracture, and that Sicily had once been a part of the mainland. It was past midnight when we arrived at Bagnara. Garibaldi had gone on to Palmi. My companions sought lodgings; I preferred the sands and an early start.

The streets and beach were covered with the troops bivouacking. The mass of the army was here. Committing myself to the especial care of a sentry, I slept until the bugles, an hour before daylight, rendered further attempts useless.

All were under orders for Palmi, in chase of the retiring army, which Garibaldi was anxious to overtake and disarm.

As it was only six miles from Bagnara to Palmi by boat, while the road was double the distance and mountainous, I joined one of the "Carbinieri Genovese" in a fishing-boat, intrusting myself to the care of two very remarkable boatmen, the one aged seventy-six, the other eighty-three. As may be imagined, our progress was not rapid, but that I had no cause to regret. First of all, we stopped a fishing-boat, and bought some silvery sardines just out of their element, and, rekindling the embers of the boatmen's fire in the stern-sheets, cooked them. Added to the contents of a basket which my companion, evidently an old campaigner, had brought with him, we not only made a very good breakfast, but fed the boatmen, and their old blood warming on some good wine of Scylla, they gave us their history, and the struggles of the French and English in these parts. They had been pressed into the service of either party, and astonished me by declaring that, though both paid them well, the French

paid them best. As Murat was playing with Italian funds, he could afford to be liberal.

The "Cacciatore," who had a purse full of napoleons, was evidently one of the many that have shouldered their rifle from purely patriotic motives. He was proud of a heavy scar on his face, gained at Venice in '48, and had also been scratched at Calatafimi and Melazzo, where his company were more than half destroyed. His political faith, like that of every other soldier I ever discoursed with, was comprised in the word Garibaldi. When asked to explain what the Garibaldian belief was, he replied, to make Italy a nation under Victor Emmanuel. There was no blind infatuation in the matter. Politics, as politics, are banished from this army, their faith being embodied in the man that leads them. "When," as my companion added, "he goes to Caprera, I shall go home too."

In the midst of an account of the struggles at Calatafimi, we bumped on the beach at the fishing village beneath the heights of Palmi, which tower abruptly some seven or eight hundred feet above the sea.

On arriving at the town about seven o'clock, we found that Garibaldi had gone towards Melito, a small village near Monteleone, where the Neapolitan advance-posts were said to be, and where they had yesterday morning murdered General Briganti. Here, as elsewhere, Garibaldi had been enthusiastically received by

the population, finding not only the National Guard numerous and well armed, but the entire male population *fuore di casa* with some weapon or another; in fact, throughout Calabria, the call to arms was responded to in a manner unheard of in any other part of Southern Italy. The population is manly and robust, wholly unlike the Neapolitans of Naples proper, who are unfortunately too often accepted as the type of their countrymen. Moreover, the better classes are not the mean cigar-sucking, domino-playing race, which are the bane of this country, but boldly came forward to head their countrymen in their righteous struggle. Here, as in Lombardy against the Austrians, it would be a dishonour for a disposable man to remain at home. When their tried and worthy chief Stocco raised the flag, Morelli and other great proprietors worthily responded.

Palmi is magnificently situated amid splendid forests of olive and chestnut, the former attaining a size which I have never seen approached in other parts of the world. Few towns enjoy a more glorious view. The eye ranges over Scylla, the Faro, Messina, Etna, and the coast of Sicily as far as Melazzo, Stromboli, and the Lipari Islands to seaward; whilst to the northward extends the Gulf of Gioja, with Cape Vaticano bounding the prospect. Pages might be written on the features and history of these quaint old Calabrian towns, and the

wild mountain-scenery by which they are surrounded; but in this brief sketch, suffice it to say that the beauty of the women and the lusciousness of the fruits at Palmi have not been exaggerated. The Greek type predominates: in some villages that language is alone spoken, the inhabitants being the descendants of the numerous Greek colonies founded many centuries since.

All is bustle and excitement; the one army has but just passed through in full retreat, the other come up in hot pursuit. Eber and Medici have already arrived with their troops; Cosenz has gone on with his. The streets are thronged with the inhabitants of all the surrounding "paesis," who have come to catch a glimpse of their liberator—artillery here, strings of mules and fantastically dressed muleteers there—all one glorious and apparently inextricable confusion. Such a babel of tongues was never heard. *Melitto* is the destination; and after endless negotiation I manage, with two or three other amateurs, to obtain donkeys, and start in a broiling sun.

Three miles' riding on a dusty road, and we emerge from the forests which clothe the high ground, and open up the extensive plain that reaches from the head of the Gulf of Gioja to the flanks of the Apennines. Among those mountains right ahead is Monteleone, some forty miles distant. On our left is the

Gulf of Gioja; and at Nicotera, a town on its northern shores, we see the "Tückori" landing a portion of the Medici division. The atmosphere is dancing and the heat lurid as we enter this notoriously unhealthy valley. Crossing the river Marro, and leaving the fever-stricken and deserted town of Gioja on the left, we swelter on, halting at mid-day at Rosano, a small "paese," as they term everything in the shape of a village or town in South Italy. Here we found Cosenz with his men enjoying the shade of the luxuriant olive groves which crown the slopes of the hill on which Rosano is situated. Information reaching us that Melitto was abandoned, we started on foot about two o'clock, as we found walking infinitely preferable to donkey-travelling. The troops were to follow in the cool of the evening; as for Garibaldi, he sleeps at Nicotera to-night.

Crossing the Mesima, we began to ascend the chain of hills which lead up to La Piana di Monteleone, which is strewed with villages whose names denote their Greek origin. Like most of the descendants from Greek colonists in Southern Italy, they have preserved their language, and in some remote "paesis" their national costume. All are, however, Catholics.

The surface of this district has suffered much from repeated earthquakes and landslips; entire villages have been overthrown, rivers diverted from their

course, and vast ravines formed in every direction. We entered Melitto at nine o'clock, having made thirty-two Neapolitan miles* since the morning. What between the sun and the dust, I never felt more thoroughly done up. Here we learn that the Neapolitan troops are at Monteleone, about four miles distant as the crow flies. They are in full retreat by the high-road to Naples, utterly disorganised, deserting wholesale, and throwing away their arms. They swear that their officers have betrayed them; on the strength of this, three days since, they shot their general Briganti under the window of the room in which I am supping. Those two broken panes represent a portion of the volley under which he fell, and that cinder-heap in the square, about twenty paces distant, is the remains of his horse, which they burnt. My host, a priest—the entire population are priests in this "paese"—has wholesome horror of the deed, and speaks in a whisper. As his wine is good, I bestow half a piastre for masses for the unfortunate victim. Sirtori and his staff arrive about eleven, and bivouac in the square, sending out two Guides to watch the road leading to Monteleone, whither we hope to start at daylight. The advance-guard we left at Rosarno, and the troops landed at Nicotera arrived at three in the morning of the 27th, just about the time the Neapolitans

* A Neapolitan mile is one-sixth more than an English one.

were quitting Monteleone. Garibaldi himself arrived at ten o'clock, and halted for the day, intending to make his entry to Monteleone in the evening. As for the Neapolitan army, which is now under the command of General Ghio, and about 10,000 strong, there is no fear of their escaping; their retreat is barred by Stocco, and the insurgents of Cosenza, Catanzaro, and the neighbouring towns, with a force amounting to nearly double that number.

The old town of Melitto was entirely destroyed by the earthquake of 1783, with many other places in this neighbourhood. Of great antiquity, it became the favourite residence of Roger of Sicily, who built and endowed an abbey by plundering the temple of Proserpine hard by; since that period it has been more of a religious depôt than anything else. Possessed of immense revenues, it supports a population of priests —the bishop alone receiving 24,000 ducats a-year; not bad for Italy. It was a pet spot of the late king, who erected a fine church, and vast ecclesiastical buildings for the parsonic body. The few wretched laymen that exist here had their houses plundered the other day after Briganti's murder, and the sole edible commodity we could procure were tomatoes and onions.

At eleven we move on, hoping to fare better at Monteleone. When I say we, I mean one or two other non-combatants like myself, who more than

once found ourselves the advance-guard of the army. On arrival at that town, which is admirably placed for defence, we learned that the Neapolitan rear-guard had quitted it but a few hours. The inhabitants made out great stories of their excesses; but, for a retreating army, as far as I could learn, they had behaved remarkably well. Sleek citizens here, as elsewhere, are generally given to romancing. The inhabitants had barely recovered from their fear of the Regi, and were preparing to receive the Dictator; as for getting into the hotels, such as they were, it was impossible, and we gladly accepted the invitation of the superior of the monastery of the Augustines. It adjoins the old Norman castle of Frederick II., now a mere ruin, but bearing traces of prodigious strength, crowning a hill at the back of the town, that towers far above the surrounding country. We enjoyed from its terraces the most extensive and magnificent view, both by sea and land, which, I believe, exists in this picturesque portion of Italy. Overlooking the town seawards, the deep-blue bay of St Eufemia, with numerous villages and ruins bedded in a perfect garden, lies at our feet, once the favoured resort of Greeks and Romans, the remains of their temples and villas yet abounding: whilst, in the opposite direction, lounging on a balcony, we look over an abrupt precipice many hundred feet in height, from

whence the eye wanders over a broad and fertile valley to the lofty Apennine range that bisects this portion of Calabria. Few people have shown greater discrimination than those early fathers who founded this establishment, where, under shelter of the fortress, they were free from the worldly cares of self-preservation at a time when life in the lowlands was scarcely worth an hour's purchase, and could at all times feast on a landscape that alone would make existence a very joy. Thus, under the invigorating influence of mountain air and scenery, did they saunter through that dreary pilgrimage to which they consecrated themselves; not that their oily successors appear to suffer materially from those mortifications of fast and vigil, supposed by the romantic to be the usual appanage of monastic life, save in the unwieldy paunches which are the severest burden of the modern friar. We feasted in the refectory, with its jovial and good-natured inmates, in a manner that falls to the lot of few campaigners. The superior, after dinner, took his pipe with the composure of a pacha, and retired to my room, where we revelled in the moonlit peaks of the Apennines and the lovely valley beneath, and listened to a history of the rise and fall of the gigantic parent establishment whose ruins are scattered at their feet—of its riches and its strength—of its destruction by earthquake, and spoliation by the French—all caused

by a flirtation in the confessional between a naughty nun and a naughtier monk. And I have a dim recollection, as I dosed off in my chair, of how their spirits are condemned to haunt the ruins, and that fearful results are sure to happen to any that attempt to verify the fact by a nocturnal visit.

## CHAPTER XVII.

COSENZA, *Sept.* 1.

So snug was my bed in the monastery of the Augustines, that I slept soundly until ten the following morning. Garibaldi and the advance-guard, which had arrived the previous evening, were off before daylight, hoping to come up with Ghio's column on the old battle-field of Maida. Any quadruped or conveyance being quite out of the question, I walked on by myself to Pizzo, on the shores of the gulf, about eight miles distant, and made a more intimate acquaintance with the beauties of St Eufemia. The road, ever descending, wound amongst gardens and villas, which, clothing the skirts of the plateau, run down to meet the sea. Bedded in these verdant slopes are numerous villages, and churches enough to suffice for quadruple the population, whilst two or three extensive ruins crowned their summits; and in the distance, towards Cape Vaticano, Tropea, with its many ecclesiastical buildings, perched on a precipitous crag that juts into the gulf, seemed to invite one to linger on these voluptuous shores, so thoroughly appreciated by the ancients,

as, under a happier government, we will hope they may be by the moderns. But the question is, "Shall I luxuriate here, or see Garibaldi enter Naples?" where he says he will arrive in time for the festival of Pie di Grotta, held on the 8th of September, and he ought to do it with ease at our present rate of locomotion. Besides, this morning news has arrived of General Caldarelli and his column having capitulated to the Provisional Government at Cosenza, and Ghio will in all probability embrace the first favourable opportunity of doing the same.

At Pizzo I wandered into the church to see the stone that covers the remains of the brave Murat, who, if he committed a crime, at any rate died like a gentleman, after having done more for the Neapolitans than any sovereign before or after. The village was created a city, styled "Fedelissima," and exempted from every species of impost, in recompense for having captured the invader: success alone determines whether a man shall wear a halter or a diadem. Here I had the good fortune to meet Nullo, who gave me a lift in his carriage; but in my hurry to avail myself of it, I left my greatcoat at the barber's.

Passing the advance column about ten miles farther on, amongst a grove of oaks a few yards from the road, surrounded by many of his generals and staff, poring over the chart of the surrounding

country, sat Garibaldi. Every man's life in that group, from the chief downwards, is a historical romance. Türr, Medici, Cosenz, Sirtori, and Zacchi, the faithful companion of his early American wanderings, are grouped near him. In spite of his fifty-three years, he not only looks as young as any of them, but is by far the most active man in the army —solely, I believe, owing to his frugal habits; bread and water, fruit and smoke, forming his staple diet. If possible in bed by eight, he rises at two, but halts and sleeps for two or three hours in the mid-day to avoid the sun — that is, unless there is anything important to be done, when nothing seems to tire him. Grouped about are his many intimate friends —Cattabene, Missori, Stanietti, Paygi, Basso, Stadella, Gusmarola, and many others, who are always by him in the thickest of the fray, and selected for the most difficult enterprises. A few Guides of proved courage complete the group of this army of martyrs, who look for no honours save their Chief's approval, or aggrandisement save their country's weal.

In the evening we advanced a few miles to Curinga, a "paese" perched amid the mountains a little to the right of the high-road, which was strewn with accoutrements of the retreating army, now but a few miles in advance. Our ascent in the twilight to this quaint locality formed one of the most characteristic

tableaux of the campaign. Winding up the heights, we came suddenly on the terraced streets of this primitive mountain home, brilliantly illuminated, and were enthusiastically received by the women and boys, the majority of the men being under arms near Maida. A beaming moon had just topped the pine-clad mountains, and served to set off the red petticoats and fantastic costumes to greater advantage; and, amid a torrent of kisses and evivas, their saviour made his entry —*il nostro secondo Jesu Christo*, being the constant ejaculation with these simple people. Indeed, I have been many times told in all sincerity by the peasants, that he is the brother of the Redeemer—a strange contrast to the opinion of the Neapolitan soldiers, who, in obedience to a very common superstition in South Italy, say that Garibaldi has sold himself, body and soul, to the devil, thereby securing his protection and patronage for a brief period. In proof of this, they appeal to his apparently charmed life, adding that the rifle balls merely lodge in his red shirt, and he shakes them out after he has done fighting. In compliment to the patriotism and exertions of the Calabrese, Garibaldi exchanged his wideawake for one of their absurd sugar-loaf hats, amid uproarious applause. All his staff followed his example, which not only identified them with the population, but proved an unfailing passport to their hospitality.

Garibaldi sat up writing until two in the morning, and then started alone across the mountains to Maida, where he had ordered Stocco to meet him with his Calabrians, and thereby open the pass near the old battle-field to the Neapolitans. Sirtori, as chief of the staff, had to bear all the odium of this order, and it was attributed to his stupidity; but I am convinced in my own mind that Garibaldi's humanity was the key to the proceeding. He well knew that in the pass they must have been massacred as in shambles, for from the nature of the ground they could not have returned a shot; and moreover, that the Calabrians would have accomplished it not only without remorse, but with pleasure, in revenge for years of oppression. Whether Garibaldi's extraordinary desire to save life will be appreciated by this soldiery, remains to be seen. To-morrow, at the latest, he will be on them with his own men.

In the morning I had a wild ride alone through these mountain-forests, where numerous crosses marked the ebb of life in the various "vendettas" which used to be the curse of this country, when every angry word was enforced with the knife. Passing through villages which, in all probability, had not seen a foreigner since the days of the French occupation, if even then, I emerged above the picturesque old town of Maida, with its ruined strongholds and narrow streets crowded

with thousands of the insurgents, divided into companies according to their districts, and led by the clergy and landed proprietors.

We had heard much of their efforts, but they had responded with an enthusiasm, and armed and equipped themselves in a manner, which was perfectly astounding.

Here I found Stocco fuming, owing to the order that had been given, enabling the Neapolitans to pass, and which he put down to Sirtori's stupidity; Garibaldi imperturbable as usual. We started immediately in a carriage and four, leaving the mass of the troops and the Calabrese to follow. The Garibaldians have made wonderful marches—enough, with their scanty food, to exhaust the best soldiers; but the enemy is just ahead, and *must* be overtaken. Garibaldi, Stocco, and myself, were alone in the carriage, and as at every step we were certain of meeting Calabrese bands, we rattled on in chase. Still suffering from his wound at Calatafimi, Stocco was borne on by the extraordinary sympathy of the population, the tears often mounting as he stopped to embrace some old friend or relative. He had been exiled since '48. As for the Calabrese, about 20,000 were already in arms, the entire male population coming forward; all sportsmen, and none braver, they are not to be despised. On the General asking Stocco how many men he could arm?

he replied, and with truth, that as many muskets as he could send, so many men would he find,—arms were the only difficulty. Garibaldi at once sent an order to Messina for 10,000 more to be sent to Nicastro for him. Passing the old battle-field of Maida, and halting from time to time amid groups of women and children assembled from the neighbouring "paesis," the General and Stocco were almost devoured with kisses. As the women were handsome, mostly of Greek origin, I shared this portion of Garibaldi's burdens whenever the opportunity was propitious; but my principal occupation was defending Stocco's wounded arm, for which these houris had no more regard than for their babies, which they sometimes fairly pitched into the carriage to be fondled by the General. All this time we flattered ourselves we were leading the army, but when we pulled up at a post-house, about two o'clock, to our surprise we found an ambulance, which had just arrived, with one or two sisters of charity within. These Amazons had only halted because the rearguard of the Neapolitans were in sight as they drove up. Towards evening we were mounting the high land leading to Tiriolo, situated on the back-bone of the Apennines, between Catanzaro and Nicastro, and commanding a magnificent view of the Tyrrhenian and Ionian seas.

On arrival, finding the Regi not more than a mile

ahead, we halted, and I adjourned to a large convent, of prepossessing exterior, in the vain hope that it might be only half as well lined as the one at Monteleone. Unluckily it was of the poorer description of Capucins. A herb salad was literally all they had. However, with some wine and bread from the "paese," we did well enough.

Gathering together a few National Guards and peasantry, Garibaldi was soon off again for S. Pietro, a small "paese" about seven miles distant; we reached it at nine, and, as we turned off the high-road to enter, saw the rearguard of the enemy filing round the flank of the mountain not more than half a mile from us. Leaving a few armed peasants to observe and follow them, all went coolly down to the village to bed—Garibaldi's sole safety consisting in the utter impossibility of the Regi obtaining any information.

In the morning we were awoke by the sharp shock of an earthquake—a thing of very common occurrence here—and the General was again in pursuit, with about 2000 alabrese. The scouts soon brought in news that they were halting at Soveria, about seven miles in advance, and endeavouring to obtain food. Unable to make out their exact position, as the "paese" was completely hid in a valley, the General left the main road, and, throwing out the Calabrese as skirmishers, advanced cautiously, and gained the hills

which overhang it on the west; when within about a mile, Cosenz's column appearing in the rear, the Calabrese were sent on, Garibaldi and his staff taking up their position in a scattered hamlet a quarter of a mile above Soveria.

As yet nothing could be seen of the enemy; but on the right the Calabrese commenced firing and cheering, having caught a glimpse of a sentry or two; and shortly afterwards Colonel Peard, who was in advance with three Calabrese, on leaving a vineyard, found himself in the midst of 7000 infantry, cavalry, and artillery, huddled upon the main road, which here traverses the "paese;" unabashed, he immediately ordered them to surrender, as they were surrounded. The officers replied he had better ask Ghio, the general, to whom he was accordingly conducted, who merely said, that on similar occasions it was not customary to talk so loud in presence of the men; at the same time he requested Peard to come aside, and very soon agreed to send up an officer to Garibaldi. The firing had now ceased, and many of the troops were divesting themselves of their accoutrements, and beginning to mount the hills in the direction of Cosenza. A more pitiful or disgraceful sight was never seen—an army planted in a ditch, without a rear or advance guard, or a single sentry or picket, capitulating to the first handful of men that came up with them, without knowing to whom,

save that they believed Garibaldi was near. They might at least have surrendered in a formal manner as men; but whoever expects either honour or soldierlike bearing from Neapolitan troops, will be most woefully disappointed—not that the men are bad material for soldiers, but of the officers the less said the better. In one hour there was hardly a Neapolitan in the town; and the Garibaldians, having marched about thirty Neapolitan miles a day, over mountain roads, since leaving Bagnara, needed a little repose; they therefore halted for the day to allow the rest of the troops to close. The conditions of the capitulation were those granted previously—all were allowed to go, as they gave their word they would not serve again.

Turning aside from the main road, I went with Stocco to a "cacina" of his to dine and sleep. Here a joyful and yet sorrowful ovation awaited him. Hundreds of his countrymen were there to welcome him, and also his family, from whom he had been absent twelve years, and many a one had passed away in that period. This worthy man has been the soul of Calabrian revolution, and even in his exile was regarded as the first man in the country—Stocco first, and then the King, such as he was, though it is sacrilege to mention the two names together.

Early in the morning I rode off with Nullo and the Guides, who were now all well mounted on the lancers'

horses taken yesterday. We took the road to Cosenza, the capital of Calabria Citra, already in the hands of a provisional government, the column of General Caldarelli having retired towards Naples, agreeing not to fight against the national army, provided their retreat was guaranteed. Traversing this tortuous mountain road, we passed numbers of Calabrese bands, and a very strong position which they had fortified, to prevent the exit of Ghio's column. In some places the road itself had been broken up, and trees felled across it. The scenery, as romantic and refreshing as ever, was in parts grander than anything we had yet passed. Halting at a small "paese" to breakfast, we found Türr on his way to Pauli to take command of the 4000 men of the Pianciani expedition, who were ordered to land there.

Riding on together, we discussed the prospects of the campaign, so intimately blended with the future of Hungary, and of coming events in that unhappy country. Of the success of Garibaldi's descent in Venetia, he entertained no shadow of doubt; and in answer to my question as to what form of government the Hungarians would choose if successful, replied, "A monarchy, of course; and we fervently hope that your Government will honestly represent the wish of your nation regarding non-intervention; but unfortunately your diplomacy leans in the opposite

direction, and persists in supporting decayed monarchies against the rising aspirations of nationalities, who are certain to win in the long-run; and eventually you will be left without a sound ally in Europe, unless your foreign policy becomes more identified with the wishes of your countrymen." For myself, I could not contradict him, as it would be a hard task to point out a country in Europe where we have not patted revolution on the back, to abandon it in the hour of need to a more grinding despotism than ever, under the plea of existing treaties and ancient alliances, forgetting that the days of kingcraft are fast fleeting, to make room for the more substantial expression of national will, and that in this generation the monarch must be moulded for the nation, not the nation for the monarch. Of course, in some quarters such doctrine cannot be tolerated. In England it has worked well for a century and a half, and I cannot see why other countries should not try it. But it is not one of the least remarkable features in the English character that, although they have so long enjoyed the fruits of revolution, they have an abhorrence of the word, which has now almost degenerated into a term of opprobrium.

In the afternoon we halted at Rogliano, at the palace of Morelli, the leader of the bands in this district, and scarcely less powerful than Stocco. In the town alone

we found three thousand men under arms ready to follow. They contrasted ominously with the numerous batches of disbanded Neapolitans on their way to their homes in the north.

After dinner it was amusing to see the ubiquitous Garibaldi seated on a sofa amidst a bevy of young ladies and children, evidently charmed with the variety of their stupid questions, as he fondled a baby one minute, wrote a few words in an album the next, and from time to time gave orders to the civil and military authorities. At four we were off again for Cosenza, a long and hilly journey. Late in the evening we arrived, and found this town, as well as all the neighbouring ones, brilliantly illuminated in honour of the General's arrival. As usual, he had made a brief address to the inhabitants and gone to bed. Large portions of the town have been rebuilt, and many houses are still propped up in consequence of the effects of the violent earthquake of '54, when this district suffered especially, and ruin was almost universal in the province. I lodged in the house of a priest and his brother, a doctor, whose knowledge of medicine, I hope, exceeded that of politics and passing events. He had not even heard of Solferino, and not much of Garibaldi. However, his townsmen made up for his deficiencies, the reception of the General being enthusiastic in the extreme.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

LAGONEGRO, *Sept.* 3.

EVERY one had looked forward to a day or two's respite at Cosenza, knowing that the more advanced Garibaldians were marched off their legs. Not so the Chief, whose news from Naples told him that the King's government was expiring, that the differences between the rival committees "Ordine" and "Azione" were running high, and that it was not at all improbable that blood might be shed in the capital, unless he made a speedy entry. Even the Home Secretary of the not yet defunct King urged his arrival.

There were now no Neapolitan troops this side of Salerno, save Caldarelli's column, on their way to Naples to fulfil the terms of the convention that they had made with the provisional government. They were three days' march ahead, at Castrovillari, a town forty-three miles distant. Anxious to stop this column, which he had good reason to believe would come over to the national cause, Garibaldi pushed on in the morning with a couple of post-chaises, taking with him Cosenz, Sirtori, Trecchi, Nullo, Missori,

Stanietti, Gusmarola, and Basso, ordering the rest of his staff to follow with the army as fast as circumstances would allow. Bertani, who had come up from Paola to report the arrival of Pianciani's division, also joined him; and orders were sent off to Türr, who now had the command, to take the division by sea to Sapri, in the province of Salerno, land, and await the General at Lagonegro, thereby getting between Caldarelli's column and Naples.

All information went to show that not only was the insurrection triumphant and universal in the three Calabrias and Basilicata, but even in the province of Salerno, up to the very portals of Naples. The mass of the royalist army was being concentrated in and around Caserta and Capua, twelve thousand alone being left to the southward of Naples to oppose Garibaldi. At Naples itself the attitude of the people was that of expectancy. At one moment Garibaldi was reported to have landed at Baia, at another at Castellamare; as, owing to the almost universal feeling against the Government, no reliable news could be obtained.

On the other hand, Padre Giovanni, the celebrated Sicilian monk, had just returned from Naples, where he had been in the character of a doctor, and at Salerno as a sailor. At the latter place he had induced thirty Austrians to desert at a dollar a-head, and sell their

arms. He also brought valuable information, and is one of the craftiest of spies.

I was in dire distress this morning. My horse was stolen last night, and I have no intention of purchasing another; for unless I were to sleep on it, it would assuredly share the same fate. As you get off on one side, some one is sure to get up on the other. There is a dash of communism in the camp regarding horse-flesh, which, to say the least of it, is irritating.

However, as usual when in distress, my friends the Guides came to the rescue, and mounted me on a spare trooper; as for hiring a quadruped of any description, it is out of the question, they are all taken up by the two armies.

Traversing the unhealthy valley of the river Crati, at five in the evening we arrived at Tarsia, a small town crowning the heights above the river, built amongst the extensive ruins of this old stronghold of the Spinellis. Garibaldi had left hours before for Castrovillari, and as there was no conveyance to be had, I walked on, hoping all things, and enjoying the magnificent night and mountain air, in company with another Britisher in the same plight as myself. We reached Spezzano Albanese, an Albanian village, between eight and nine o'clock, and were now one hundred and fifty-two miles from Naples.

Here, by great good-luck, we found the Sicilian

General La Masa, who had just secured a carriage and horses for Castrovillari. Appeasing our hunger with a tomato and onion salad, washed down with some thin red wine, with a decided Samian smack about it, to which small-beer would have been nectar, we moved on, praying never to have to halt again in a Greek village in Calabria, where they have preserved their manner of feeding. Rotten olives and sour wine form the staple of their commissariat.

Fatigued with the day's journey, I slept soundly in the carriage until our arrival at one o'clock in Castrovillari. We had passed through a magnificent and most interesting country, but what is that to the weary? besides, we had attained our object, and caught up Garibaldi, who was sleeping at the Syndic's. All the population were in the streets; houses and shops open as at mid-day; the National Guard were assembling to see him off at two. One of the proprietors of the district kindly gave us a shake-down in his palace, which is in part formed by the ruins of an old Norman castle, and undertook to hire a carriage and horses for us at daybreak—a promise that was easier made than kept. However, by dint of great perseverance, we started in chase again at nine—their ideas of time and distance here being rather indefinite.

The town of Castrovillari is exceedingly prettily situated on a verdant plain embossed by lofty moun-

tains, and its streets are broad and clean, which is highly refreshing, after the usual type of Calabrian towns.

The population here had not waited for Garibaldi; but on the day Missori landed, the 19th ultimo, they had hoisted the tricolor, as well as at Potenza, the capital of Basilicata, and very soon overthrew the authorities, establishing provisional governments and pro-Dictators. Every step one took, one was reminded of the nationality of the movement. It was evidently not the work of a faction, but of the entire nation, roused by the outrages of years. Every tenth man, almost, had been imprisoned or suspected by the Government, and naturally had the sympathies of his family with him.

The rural clergy had behaved nobly, and those of the towns and extensive ecclesiastical establishments, whom the King petted, and hoped much from, as usual, made things safe by "being strong upon the stronger side." Besides the desire to unite the nation under one sovereign, which, thanks to the propaganda, is thoroughly understood in every Calabrian village, there is a great deal of religion in the movement here, as throughout Italy. They not only protest against petty civil despotism, but against the despotism of Rome. They are by no means inimical to religion, but are determined to uproot priestcraft and its concomitant miseries. As their eyes become opened, they cannot understand why there should be a sort of inner nation

of drones, revolving round an unctuous centre in Rome, and not only battening on the fat of the land, but returning evil for good, by leaguing on all occasions with their civil oppressors. But the last straw has broken the camel's back, and purple and fine linen will have to be folded up for a period.

Toiling up a mountain-pass above the town, we commence our tedious journey over the Apennines. This, the post-road, is very good, but at the same time trying work for horse-flesh—up and down, in and out—and the postboys here, as elsewhere, have no mercy in them. We might get out and walk up the hills, if we liked to be so stupid, but our driver chose that minute for a nap, trusting to the team, which had been up a hundred times before; nor until assisted in his descent would he follow our example. We passed Morrano, and several other picturesque towns, for the most part perched on peaks and crags clustering round ruined castles, remnants of those good old times when every one's hand was against his fellow—when bold buccaneers could sweep the seas, and gentlemen could drive off their neighbours' cattle and even wives, and, far from being deterred by police courts and public opinion, were rewarded and applauded for it, as being valiant and true knights.

Here, in the luxuriant and well-watered valleys that intersect the range, scenes of woe have often been

enacted, for it is not many years since the gendarmerie brought these lawless mountaineers under some sort of control—they were here to-day and gone to-morrow, forty or fifty miles of a mountain-path being a mere nothing to their agile frames.

But now the Apennines stop the way—there is no possibility of shirking; and we have to face a continuous ascent of four miles in length and 6000 feet in height, called the defile of Morrano. On the summit we bid adieu to the Calabrias, but not to their noble inhabitants. Stocco and the chiefs are following with 20,000 picked men, and that very fact is likely to occasion discomfort in certain quarters. The inhabitants of Naples, too, will be rather frightened, as, from their ignorance, they are accustomed to consider the Calabrians as a species of two-legged hyena. Scarcely an hour has passed in this Calabrian journey in which we have not observed positions where ten resolute men could have successfully opposed a hundred, and yet it has never been once attempted. Verily Francesco may complain of his army, which we have passed on the road in batches varying from two to fifty—the poor fellows undergoing hardships to which a pitched battle would be amusing. They not only exhaust the country, and render everything much dearer than usual, but the communes which they traverse, who have been obliged to reduce their sustenance

money from one carlino to four grani (1½d.), scarcely enough to buy bread. Their conduct, nevertheless, has been most exemplary; they have neither robbed nor invaded the villages. Perhaps fear may have something to do with it, but give the devil his due. I believe that the Italian peasant, from which class they are recruited, is honest and patient in the extreme; some are gay enough, but the majority never allow us to pass without making the usual "lazzaroni" gesticulation with the forefinger and thumb, which means "dying of hunger." Many are poorly clad and shoeless, and from sleeping in the fever districts, ill and emaciated; for none can lie down to rest in the valleys without being stricken. All along the route it was the constant cry, "Oh! you must not stop here, or you are sure to catch the fever." In all there must be 25,000 of these poor wretches on the road, and many must perish. Our paltry charity is like a drop in the ocean; and Garibaldi's dollar, which he throws to every batch that asks, whether it is composed of few or many, is not much better. It goes to his heart, but he has not the money to do more—a shower of dollars would alone suffice.

From the heights of Morrano, a long strip of dreary table-land called the Campotenese stretches north, and is one of the bleakest spots in South Italy. During the winter months it is one plain of snow. No sign of vitality or vegetation relieves the eye, until we dip down

into the fertile frontier of Basilicata, and reach Rotonda, a quaint old mountain village on the banks of the Laò.

Here we found Garibaldi taking his "siesta," the Neapolitan column under Caldarelli being at Castelluccio seven miles distant.

The Basilisks, as the inhabitants style themselves, mustered in force; the town was full of armed men, and the whole province is up and doing. Fraternising with the Commandant of the National Guard, he placed our postboy and carriage under charge of a sentry, assuring us we should get no other if we lost that, and kindly carried us off to his house, where, under his guidance and auspices, we organised a repast rich as the town could produce. Here, as elsewhere on our travels, there was plenty of snow, but very little beef; wherever you roam in Southern Italy there is no lack of the former commodity in the mountains, where they dig snow ditches, and after the first heavy fall cover them with earth. The Commandant and his brother had but a few weeks before been let out of prison on the proclamation of the Constitution. He said he had been placed there for ordering Garibaldi's photograph from Naples during the previous winter. I daresay he had done a great deal more; but be that as it may, his story was amusing, especially his description of the prison at Potenza, which was full of politicos. He said that all newcomers there were first placed in very mean quarters

below ground, and subsequently favoured with better accommodation according as they felt inclined or were able to pay. From my brief experience in Neapolitan officials, I have no doubt it is true.

We reached Castelluccio in the evening at seven, half an hour after the departure of the Neapolitan rearguard. Here Caldarelli had resorted to the old Neapolitan dodge, which is always tried to keep the troops together *in extremis*, of issuing an order of the day announcing the speedy arrival of the Austrians to support their beloved monarch. Count Trecchi came in shortly afterwards on his way to Caldarelli with terms from the General. Supping with one Guiseppe Marotti, we were on the eve of following, when it was discovered that our postboy, whom we had placed in the hands of the National Guard, had taken advantage of a false alarm of the arrival of Garibaldi to bolt with our horses. After making most strenuous efforts, and finding that there were none to be had, we harnessed two bullocks to our carriage, and started, as we knew full well if once we dropped behind the General again, we should never regain our ground. Previous to departure, our host made me promise faithfully to find him an English wife, if he came to England, which I undertook to do, adding, by way of a saving clause, that I could not answer how long she would stay with

him; and in justice to our host and the priests of the village, I must add that a more genial reception I never met anywhere.

Garibaldi slept at Rotonda.

Traversing a very mountainous country, where bullocks were almost as efficacious as horses, at eight in the morning we arrived at Lauria. The scenery was wild, and in parts sublime, but this bullock-travelling was enough to try the patience of a saint, and our tempers were vastly improved by finding post-horses. Wandering in, out, and over the mountain peaks, and passing the lake which names the town of Lagonegro, we fell in with the Neapolitan rearguard at ten o'clock, on the point of entering the town. The main body, about 1500 strong, were in the Piazza. They had, with their General, just agreed to come over to the national army. Türr and his column had not yet arrived, but were hourly expected, having landed at Sapri the previous evening. The mountain track between the two towns is, however, very arduous.

The "Intendente" invited us to breakfast, where we found Trecchi and Nullo, together with Caldarelli and some of his officers. They had behaved very well, Nullo told me, which meant that they had done what in any other country would be deemed exactly the reverse—namely, abandoned the cause they had sworn to

support; but if ever men were justified in doing such a thing, they were. Somehow or another it jarred with my feelings; one could not respect them.

I don't know anything that struck me more forcibly throughout my tour than constantly hearing, "Oh, so-and-so has behaved magnificently," which was generally applied to an officer who induced his entire regiment to desert.

## CHAPTER XIX.

AULETTA, *Sept.* 5.

THANKS to a very good-natured old woman who kept the post-house, we obtained a carriage and horses, and took good care to leave the town immediately after Garibaldi's arrival, as that event generally makes post-horses scarce,—at no time are they particularly numerous. Once away, one felt relieved; there was only Peard and the *Times'* correspondent ahead of us, and we shall, in all probability, catch them up at Sala this afternoon.

Our horses are good, and the postboy who rides the leader is a diverting vagabond; he jumps off at a hard trot, mounts the box, lights his cigarette, chats with the coachman, runs and fills a bottle with water, talks to his horse, who seems thoroughly to understand him, cracks his whip at the beggars and a joke with the soldiers, and mounts again while we are at the same speed. He arranges this rather craftily; he seizes his horse by the mane, runs backwards with him, keeping step, and vaults into the saddle, which,

considering he has on a pair of jackboots suited to a life-guardsman, is no easy feat.

Two hours bring us down from the spurs of the Apennines to the head of the lovely valley of Diano, and we stop to change at Casalnuovo, a poor village near the source of the Negro. It was a pleasure once more to find ourselves on a level road, and we bowled away for Sala at a great rate, delighted with the change—not that we had shaken off our old friends the Apennines, which still form a rampart on either side, and contrast pleasingly with this narrow strip of level land, teeming with cultivation and life.

Towns are scattered on the mountain sides, and the cattle look sleek by the banks of the Negro, which traverses the valley, on an average about four miles wide and twenty miles long, teeming with classical reminiscences, and ancient, and, I am sorry to add, modern ruins, for this was the great centre of the earthquake of December '57. Whole villages are to be seen, especially on the eastern margin of the valley, that have been overthrown like a pack of cards, entailing not only the ruin, but the death of thousands — nominally set down in the official report at 10,000. At two P.M. we mount the hill on which Sala stands, and find that Peard has distanced us by a half-hour only.

Here, as usual, the insurrection is in full swing.

Colonel Boldoni commands. Triumphal arches, and every species of demonstration, are ready for Garibaldi, but nothing will induce the majority of the people to believe that he has not passed through — Peard being universally mistaken for him.

Here I left my companions, as it was my intention to go straight into Naples. Unable to get any other conveyance, I thankfully accepted a "lift" in a country cart going to Salerno: however, as this was most uncomfortable, and the night cold, I got out at Auletta, and slept at the road-side inn. The accommodation was not remarkably good, but I was tired with ceaseless travelling, and did not awake until noon the next day.

The National Guard telling me that there were some Garibaldians in the village, I ascended the hill on which it is perched. In former days it was strongly fortified, and the scene of many a struggle; now it is, for the most part, in ruins from the earthquake before alluded to. In the Syndic's house I found the *Times'* correspondent taking his ease and finishing his letters. Peard had gone on towards Eboli with Colonel Fabrizi, who commands the national movement in this district, and had taken up a very strong position with the National Guard in the defiles at the entrance of the valley of Diano.

Peard returned shortly and offered me a seat in

his carriage for Eboli, whither he intended to go in the evening. From him I learned that the foreign legion were expected to make a stand at Salerno, but that it was more than doubtful, as insurrectionary movements were rife in every direction. Here Peard had taken on himself to personate Garibaldi to the multitude, informing the chief authorities of his object. This he had not much difficulty in doing, from his age, commanding presence, beard, and dress; altogether he looked much more like what the world supposes Garibaldi to be than Garibaldi himself. He has been firing a series of telegrams at the Neapolitan authorities for the last two days, ordering rations here for 5000 men, there for 10,000, in another place mules, in others, quarters to be prepared, until, I believe, they are perfectly bewildered. Not a few of their spies believe him to be Garibaldi in disguise, and report accordingly.

Nothing can be more romantic than the scenery in the long ascent hence to Duchessa, the post station, about half way to Eboli, which is a good four hours' drive from Auletta; forests of oak and beech were on either hand, and we had just sufficient moon to throw out the peaks of the bold mountain-range on our left. On every accessible and inaccessible spot on their flanks, towns and villages were perched, in many cases bedded in ruins, whilst towards their summits

the glare of the charcoal-burners' fires looked fiendish and characteristic. Altogether, I felt very like a conspirator, and more than once mused on my apparently equivocal position, and suspected that I was getting too near the Neapolitan outposts to be in the company not only of a Garibaldian, but of the supposed Garibaldi himself. However, there being two other *bonâ fide* travellers like myself, in the form of two gentlemen of the English press, likewise bound for Naples, I felt somewhat reassured.

We found detachments of the National Guard on the alert the whole way, looking very business-like at the well-fired bivouacks in the skirts of the forest. Everywhere Peard was received as Garibaldi, and we finally galloped into the sedate and royalistic town of Eboli about eleven o'clock, and went up to the Syndic's to learn the state of affairs and procure horses. He told us that the Neapolitan cavalry were patrolling the road to Salerno, and kindly offering me a bed, I thought it more prudent to make my entry to that town in the daylight, as dragoons at any time are not over-ceremonious; and most glad I was that I waited, for I witnessed one of the most absurd burlesques imaginable.

You must understand that the inhabitants of Eboli are nearly all royalists, and that we had passed, so to speak, the limits of declared insurrection; nevertheless the two or three hundred National Guard, hearing

of Garibaldi's arrival, immediately made a *pronunciamento*, and the old Syndic himself became his most devoted servant. Peard retired to an inner room, and constituted his other two companions, the one his aide-de-camp and the other his secretary; and ordered the captain of the National Guard to take military possession of the town, posting a strong picket two miles out on the Salerno road. Some of Fabrizi's mounted scouts were also sent on to reconnoitre; whilst horses were ordered to be kept saddled at the back of the town near the mountain path in case of accidents.

Within half an hour of our arrival the town was brilliantly illuminated, the entire population besieging the Syndic's, brass bands banging away in every direction, and the crowd roaring themselves hoarse and calling on the General to appear, reminding one more of an election than anything else, the National Guard being all this time severely engaged on the staircase in a vain endeavour to keep the inhabitants out of the house. Deputations arrived: first came the Church, headed by a bishop. The secretary dismissed them, requesting their attendance at three in the morning, when the General would receive them; at present he was much fatigued, and obliged to sleep —so he did, but ninety miles distant, at Lagonegro, where he passed the night with the advance column. Next came the Officials' wives, and any one of the

feminine gender who could make interest enough to enter. They had by no means neglected their toilet on this solemn occasion, new bonnets and gloves testifying their anxiety to create a favourable impression. The ladies were followed by the Law, led by a judge: this profession seemed as numerous here as at home. The learned brethren were ordered to present their address at half-past three precisely, when the Church had gone down.

In vain I tried to persuade the leading men, who insisted on seeing me hurry through a light supper in my bedroom, that Peard was not Garibaldi. "Who is it then?" "Only a general," I replied. "Oh! you're quite right to try and keep your secret, but you know it won't do; we know." At last I managed to shake off these troublesome intruders, and soon fell off to sleep in spite of brass bands and "vivas." However, in a very short time Peard awoke me, saying that the Neapolitan patrols had advanced to within four miles of the town, and that, having obtained all the information he required, and not altogether liking the aspect of affairs—for he knew that the National Guard would not be a tower of strength if matters came to a crisis—he intended to return immediately to Auletta, and advised me to come with him, as I might possibly find myself in a dilemma when he was gone. Sending his extemporised aide-de-camp and secretary into the car-

riage at the front door in an ostentatious manner, he told the Syndic that he was himself going towards Salerno to reconnoitre, that the greatest circumspection was necessary, and that his departure must on no account be known. The official received this state secret with every mark of devotion and importance, and I followed the imaginary Dictator through a back-door and a labyrinth of alleys to the high-road, where we found the carriage, and were soon rapidly retracing our steps towards Auletta.

Peard now recounted his proceedings in the inner chamber, from whence he had opened a *feu d'enfer*, with that terrible instrument the telegraph, on the authorities at Naples and Salerno. On arrival, he had sent for the master of the telegraph, who appeared with his books between a file of the National Guard. The poor fellow trembled like an aspen leaf as the supposed Garibaldi read the telegram, which had already been despatched, announcing his arrival to the Home Secretary at Naples, and to General Scotti commanding at Salerno. The station-master had added that several thousand men were a few miles behind the General, and that he would report precisely as soon as he could give more perfect information.

Casually remarking that he supposed he knew that his life was in jeopardy, by way of preventing his playing any tricks, Peard commenced by sending the following

telegram to Naples, addressed to General Ulloa, whom report had made minister of war: "*Eboli*, 11. 30 P.M.—Garibaldi has arrived with 5000 of his own men, and 5000 Calabrese are momentarily expected. Disembarkations are expected in the Bay of Naples and Gulf of Salerno to-night. I strongly advise your withdrawing the garrison from the latter place without delay, or they will be cut off; and let me beg of you, as a personal friend but a political enemy, to abandon a sinking cause which must be your ruin." This was signed with the name of a personal friend of Ulloa's.

In the mean time a telegram arrived from the real Minister of War at Naples, who fondly imagined that he was corresponding with the telegraph master. "Any news of the division Caldarelli?" Peard answered—"General Caldarelli and his division yesterday passed under the orders of Garibaldi at Lagonegro, and now form a portion of the national army." This was the first news the Minister received of that fact. Next came General Scotti, who was commanding the province, and at Salerno; he also demanded information, and was treated in a similar strain. Subsequently Peard inquired of the Syndic at Salerno if the rations which he had ordered the previous day were ready, and if anything had been seen of the expeditions by sea?

I said to Peard, "What on earth is the good of all this? you don't imagine they will be fools enough

to believe it." "You will see," he replied; "it will frighten them to death, and to-morrow they will evacuate Salerno:" and he was right. The division under Afant de Rivera, consisting of 12,000 men and 30 guns, was ordered, by telegraph, to fall back from Salerno to La Cava, on the way to Naples, and commenced its march at four in the morning, just one hour before we reached Auletta. Peard, on arrival, went back to Sala, to meet the real "Simon pure." I was too glad to tumble into bed.

On my subsequent arrival at Naples, I learnt from one of the ex-ministers that the fact of the telegram being addressed to Ulloa by a private friend was what gave the colouring to the whole proceeding.

# CHAPTER XX.

NAPLES, *Sept.* 7.

WHILST at dinner at Auletta on the 5th, we received the news of the evacuation of Salerno; such a happy result had scarcely been anticipated—12,000 men and 30 guns driven back by the magic name of Garibaldi, and a judicious use of the electric wire—but it was merely one of the many ludicrous scenes in this comedy. Shortly after, Peard arrived. Much pleased with his performance, Garibaldi had ordered him to go on to Salerno and repeat the dose, hoping to expedite the King's flight from Naples.

Anxious to witness a repetition of the farce, I sought for a conveyance, but it was impossible to obtain one. Garibaldi arrived at seven, and took up his quarters for the night; he had passed rather a stormy evening at Sala yesterday. The two rival committees in Naples, Ordine and Azione—the former consisting of Cavour's agents, under Silvio Spaventa, Belleli, and Leopardi (who had just been appointed Minister to Berlin), working for immediate annexation, and endeavouring to

usurp Garibaldi's power—and the latter, under Susana and Fabrizi, Mazzinians, supporting Garibaldi. Both committees sent out deputies to meet the General, and Dr Tommasi, of the Cavourian party, had the audacity to read him an address, tantamount to saying that he was a very fine fellow, but that he was not wanted in Naples, where they were going to form a provisional government and to annex immediately; at the same time he presented a printed list of its members. Garibaldi, naturally outraged at this flippancy, gave vent to his feelings, and told him that he was, and intended to remain, Dictator of the Two Sicilies, and that he would not hear of annexation, until, having taken the Roman States and Venetia, he could invite Victor Emmanuel to come to Rome, and there be crowned King of Italy. This well meaning but ardent partisan received a lesson he is not likely to forget in a hurry, which I have mentioned merely because it serves to illustrate the audacity of the Cavourian intriguers, and the length to which they were prepared to go; not that they were not working for the same end as Garibaldi, but in a different way. At the same time there is no denying that their conduct was not only ungracious but ungenerous to the last degree, and that it paved the way for that wretched system of intrigue between the two factions which was so speedily to follow Garibaldi's entry into Naples, where his presence had now become

a necessity, not only to prevent a civil war in the streets, but a disruption which might cause an infinity of harm to the national cause.

The National Guard, to the amount of several thousands, were by this time in possession of Salerno—the Neapolitans having continued their retreat on Caserta. On the morning of the 6th we left Auletta in four carriages, on our way to Salerno, and made the mid-day halt at Eboli, where the people would hardly believe the presence of the real Garibaldi, who they declared had already passed through during the night.

Here we met several Englishmen who had come out from Naples to have a look at Garibaldi; they all agreed that he had only to enter at one gate, and that the King would bolt by the opposite one; but what was much more important, we learnt that Her Britannic Majesty had stated, in proroguing Parliament, that "Italy would do well, if not interfered with." In the meanwhile, the telegraph kept us aware of Peard's operations, which had again proved a great success, precipitating the flight of the King. On this occasion he had devoted himself to the Home Secretary, and had induced that minister to send the following telegram to the imaginary Garibaldi, inviting him to enter Naples. It was dated three o'clock in the afternoon, and the Master whom he had sworn to serve did not depart until six. "All' Invitissimo Dittatore delle Due Sicilie"—"Napoli vi attende con ansia

per affidare se stessa, ed i suoi futuri destini.—Tutt' a voi, LIBORIO ROMANO." As if to complete his treachery and duplicity, this said minister penned the King's adieu to his loving subjects, in a proclamation redundant with dignity and resignation; at the same time, there is little doubt that he had maintained a clandestine correspondence with Garibaldi ever since he had taken office.

On the very day that Francesco, the ultimo, let us hope, signed this proclamation, which could hardly fail to enlist the sympathies of his enemies, in which he apparently accepted his misfortunes with kingly bearing, and abandoned his capital, wishing to spare his dear Neapolitans the horrors of street fighting, he also signed two other decrees, which have since been found, the one addressed to all intendants, ordering the liberation of the convicts as Garibaldi advanced, and the other directing the Castello dell 'Ovo to be blown up on his arrival in Naples, and that of St Elmo to bombard the town. You must not imagine that I make these assertions without the best possible authority, and I only regret that I failed in my attempt to obtain copies of the decrees. Let us, however, turn from such disgusting revelations, and witness the arrival of the man who is to sweep away all these abominations.

On Garibaldi's approach to Salerno, he was met by Peard, who came out with the National Guard, some

2500 strong, to meet him; he saluted Peard with the cry of "Viva Garibaldi," in which Cosenz and the staff joined, all being delighted with the results of this well-executed burlesque. As for Garibaldi, he was nearly devoured by the population as he advanced. Salerno was gone mad; its inhabitants could hardly realise the dream. A few short hours before, Afant de Rivera were lording it over them with 12,000 men, and here was their deliverer entering with half-a-dozen of his staff in a couple of open carriages, his nearest troops being sixty or seventy miles behind him.

It is almost impossible to paint with a pen this magic scene, the romantic beauty of the well-known bay, the town illuminated, *à giorno*, throngs of armed men and excited women in the streets; bands in every direction: in short, a population who had been deprived of speech from its infancy, hailing their deliverer; while he who had consecrated a life to the achievement of his sublime task, was with difficulty forcing his way through the dense masses which crowded round to obtain a glimpse of the idol of their country. Garibaldi immediately retired to rest, ordering his staff to be ready at two in the morning: of their destination there could be no doubt.

The 7th of September ought never to be erased from Neapolitan memory. A deputation of the Na-

tional Guard having arrived from Naples during the night, as well as an energetic appeal from the Azione Committee—who, almost overpowered by the Cavourian party, were compelled to threaten violent measures if any further attempt was made to form a government prior to the Dictator's arrival—Garibaldi determined to enter the capital, which the King had left but a few hours before, in spite of its fortresses being still in the hands of the royal troops. We started in a special train (of four carriages) at half-past nine, for the capital—Garibaldi, Cosenz, and thirteen of the staff representing the national army, a few English amateurs and National Guards occupying the remaining seats. At every station the enthusiasm increased, and the roofs of the carriages became crowded with National Guards, with flags, and evergreens. The vast populations of Torre del Greco, Resina, and Portici, took complete possession of the line, and we were obliged to halt at each station, and proceed at a snail's pace, to avoid destroying those masses of human beings, in which women and children, bands, and National Guards surged to and fro in ecstatic confusion.

At Naples order was maintained in the interior of the station, but outside, the scene baffled description—horses and carriages, lazzaroni and ladies, National Guards and gendarmerie, rival committees and royalist partisans, were alike heaped together, and rendered

egress apparently impossible. Sir Richard Mayne would have been distracted; however, Missori, Nullo, and two other favourite Guides led the way on rather lively horses, and Garibaldi followed in an open carriage with Cosenz, Stanietti, and Gusmarola, amid an everlasting chorus of vivas, which was kept up without intermission, until he drove into the courtyard of the Queen-mother's palace, at the foot of the Toledo.

Though nothing could have been more enthusiastic than the reception, and though houses were bedecked with the tricolor and cross of Savoy to the seventh story, the aspect of the troops, with few exceptions, in the various barracks, and especially in the Castello Nuovo, was sullen, and anything but reassuring; and more than once, as this handful of men passed under the very muzzles of the guns bearing up the different streets, I could not help thinking that Garibaldi was tempting Providence in too audacious a manner, for one wanton shot from the crowd would have brought on a general conflagration; not that it would not have been a healthy thing for the Neapolitans, who have bought their liberty so cheaply that they hardly appreciate it; but one chance ball might have condemned Italy to another decade of servitude, as with Garibaldi would, in all probability, have perished the hopes of the present generation. As fate would have it, he escaped, and was addressing

the populace from the palace window before one-half of the town knew of his arrival.

Garibaldi's first object was to form a government —no easy task, amid the discordant elements by which he was surrounded. The Cavourian party made another attempt to seize power. They formed a provisional ministry, taking care to introduce a few liberal and Neapolitan nonentities to mask the real party; and, assuming the title and authority of government, issued a decree appointing Garibaldi Dictator of the Kingdom of Naples, and placarded the walls with lists of its members. Orders were of course issued for the arrest of the authors of this absurd piece of impertinence, which would be hardly worth mentioning, save that it in a measure illustrates the difficulties by which Garibaldi was beset, and which now became ever increasing. Cosenz was intrusted by the Dictator with the unthankful task of forming a government, and he chose men of all shades, but none of the more violent partisans. By noon he had succeeded. Garibaldi was meantime engaged in a long conference with the Marquis Villamarina, the Piedmontese ambassador, and his old friend Admiral Persano, who was here waiting his arrival, with his three 50-gun frigates.

The Ambassador, in the delicate and difficult position in which he had been placed, had exhibited an

honesty and downright dealing with what I shall now term the defunct government that had won the admiration of all parties. He counselled speedy annexation; Garibaldi, however, would make no promises, but said to him, "You will see the King here much sooner than you expect." To his friend Persano, he gave the Neapolitan fleet, which he asked him to accept in the name of Victor Emmanuel. And the same evening, he despatched a steamer to Genoa, with the offer of the pro-Dictatorship to the Marquis Pallavicino, the companion of Silvio Pellico in Speilburg—a stanch friend of Italy and the King.

By these three acts he stamped his policy more than ever, of making Italy one under Victor Emmanuel.

"How and when it was to be done, was for him and the King to decide; but those who had been too cowardly to wield a sword were bold enough with their pen; and having a Garibaldi to deal with, did not fear to enter the lists, and endeavour by every means to wrest power from him. Here, as in Sicily, he made one, and only one mistake—what he won by the sword he should have kept by the sword, until his never-erring impulses led him to place his charge in the hands of his sovereign. A Dictatorship and a civil government are, and had been proved to be, utterly incompatible, especially with a people to whom a strong government is a necessity. Sicily, since Garibaldi's

departure, had been heaving and surging under the weak but well-meaning Depretis. There, zealous partisans of both parties were raising questions which they should never have been allowed to entertain, and the La Farina business was being re-enacted, from want of a pro-Dictator with nerve enough to smash it.

## CHAPTER XXI.

NAPLES, *Sept.* 11.

ANYTHING to equal the masquerade—for it cannot be dignified by the term enthusiasm—of the two days subsequent to Garibaldi's entry, could only be achieved by Neapolitans. Not only was all business suspended, but the entire population roused themselves into a state of frenzy bordering on madness, which ofttimes became ridiculous, and at others unfortunately dangerous, numerous assassinations taking place. Night and day the entire population were in the streets; carriages full of "putanas" offered you the alternative of a dagger or the now universal cry of "una," symbolic of a united Italy. Bands of ruffians in red shirts invaded hotels and cafés, and forced, arms in hand, every one to join in their orgies. Sunday, the second day, being the national festival of Pie de Grotta, was worse than the first; but luckily on the previous evening Garibaldian troops had begun to arrive, and a proclamation from the Minister of Police requesting the unwashed to reserve their energies for Venetia, rendered them a

little more tranquil. One thing, however, deserves to be placed to their credit. When the tumult was at its highest pitch on Sunday night, on an aide-de-camp announcing from the windows of the Palazzo Angri, where Garibaldi had taken up his abode, "*Il Dittatore dorme,*" that portion of the Toledo was cleared as if by magic, and always remained so.

But I ought to have commenced with apologising for my brief letter of the 8th; the fact is, that after my rapid run through the provinces, I felt more inclined to take my ease than anything else, and to subside into the groove of conventional life. To begin from where I left off in the comedy, it is necessary to hark back to the day after Garibaldi's arrival, the 8th instant. On the previous night, after his interview with Villamarina, he took up his quarters at the Palazzo Angri, placed at his disposal by the owner; it is situated about half-way up the Toledo, and was a much more congenial abode to the Dictator than the regal palace of the Queen-mother.

Out of deference to the idolatry of the Neapolitans, Garibaldi identified himself with the national festival of Pie de Grotta, and went there in a pouring rain. In the evening he patronised San Carlo, where an excruciating performance of the "*Lombardi,*" and a ballet, executed by a very wooden-legged corps in the sear and yellow-leaf, was inflicted on him. The house was

crowded with National Guards; of the Neapolitan aristocracy, or better classes, there were none. Too cowardly to defend their King, and too crafty to identify themselves with what in their own minds they had not sagacity to see was the winning side—as for mentioning patriotism, it would be too absurd—the majority of these parasites were lying *perdu* until there could be no manner of doubt as to which shrine they should worship. And it is not one of the least remarkable features of the national movement in Italy, that with the glowing exception of Lombardy, Venice, and Piedmont, the people and the bourgeoisie have been the actors, while the princes and the aristocracy have abandoned their position, and it is now very problematical whether they will ever regain it; but fortunately, thinking and moving Italians know how to distinguish between an effete Bourbonic aristocracy on the one hand, and a vigorous monarch and a sturdy aristocracy on the other; and there is a sufficient and worthy element in the North to counterbalance the poltroonery of the South.

Türr made his entry this evening with the vanguard of his division, a most welcome addition; for though nothing could surpass the admirable behaviour of the National Guard, they only numbered 7000, and were worn out with ceaseless duty.

During the day the King's palaces, together with the arsenal, Castello del Ovo, and Castello Vecchio, as

" well as some other fortified points in the town, had been abandoned by the few battalions of chasseurs who had been left in charge of them, and who were now regularly replaced by the indefatigable National Guard. In spite of temptation and opportunity, no cases of robbery occurred—the far-famed lazzaroni being apparently inoculated by the virtues of their temporary idol. Orders had been sent to hurry up the troops, by land and sea; for the proximity and number of the royal forces, as well as the intrigues by which Garibaldi was surrounded, rendered his position anything but a desirable one. St Elmo, the fortress which overlooks and commands the town, was still in the hands of the royalist garrison, whose intentions seemed very indefinite, the men being for the King, and for the execution of the regal order to bombard the town, and the officers for a quiet life and a speedy surrender, but afraid to propose it lest their men should treat them as they had treated Briganti; however, the next evening at six, this garrison also relieved the intense alarm of the townspeople by capitulating. The sentiments of the latter on this occasion were so thoroughly illustrated by a scene which occurred under my own observation, that I cannot help narrating it.

An extensive dealer in Venetian glass, coming to be paid for some of his wares, expressed his great uneasiness concerning the fort. On being told, "Oh, if

they fire on the town, they will be attacked forthwith," he replied, "but some shots may come into my house—anything would be better than that." "Oh, that will not matter; they will soon be brought to reason." "*Ma, signore, figuratevi il mio cristallo.*" This dealer was no worse than his fellow-townsmen, who were ready to endure anything rather than risk their necks or their property. And these are the people whom Garibaldi allows to have a voice in public affairs; not that they have the pluck to do much harm, but they will become the willing tools of intriguers of all sorts —reactionists, immediate annexationists, and anti ditto —who will not scruple, if their own individual faction cannot govern, at least to render any other government impossible.

No news from Gaeta, save that the Austrian, Prussian, Spanish, and Russian ambassadors, together with the Nuncio, are there on special invitation; the remainder of the corps diplomatic have been honoured by not being included. The French and English ambassadors, since the departure of the King, have resided more and more at Castellamare. Both have great misgivings of the republican influences at Garibaldi's elbow, which are exaggerated on all occasions by the timid and the immediate annexationists, who, finding they cannot attain their wishes by fair means, do not scruple to foster anarchy in every pos-

sible way, not even disdaining to make use of reactionary plots.

In short, the game at Turin is becoming more and more apparent; the Piedmontese would create anarchy in the South in order to have a plausible pretext for action, for it has long become evident that those who aim at governing the Italians must lead, or be led by, the revolution, the system of judicious compromise fast becoming untenable. Though the Emperor Napoleon was fettered, unable to escape the consequences of that master-stroke of Italian policy, the vendition of Savoy and Nice, which alone prevented Austria's reoccupying Lombardy for the thirteenth time, there were other powers to be considered. And in order to justify in the eyes of constitutional and despotic governments the bold and righteous step Piedmont is about to make—Republicanism, the dread of every well-balanced European mind, must be introduced into this comedy. Though committing an act of revolution, Piedmont must step in as a conservative power to stay anarchy and stifle republicanism; and if they do not exist, the world must be made to believe so. Papers relative to a mock Mazzinian movement are found in circulation at Genoa, and in the Marches. Because the high priest of republicanism has sought an asylum at Naples, to be near his old and cherished friend the Dictator, he is represented to have gone there for the

purpose of fomenting republican councils, as if he and his party had not given a faithful adherence to monarchy through Garibaldi as the only possible means of accomplishing nationality. They were, doubtless, republicans still, but, like Garibaldi, they sacrifice their political convictions to the expediency of securing, before all things, Italy to the Italians. "What does it matter under what form of government we create Italy—whether under a monarchy, despotism, or a republic? Our first object is, to emancipate ourselves from foreign dominion; that accomplished, if we are dissatisfied, it will then be quite time enough to elect what form of government we choose to live under."

Such are the open declarations of the republican party which is now headed by Bertani, not Mazzini, whose declining years and energies disqualify him for the post, and who, whatever doctrines he may have at times advocated, and which cannot for a moment be defended, has done more for Italy than any living man save Garibaldi. To his ceaseless and restless activity, from the day on which he enlisted Garibaldi in the cause of "Giovane Italia" at Genoa, he has kept up an agitation throughout the country, the fruits of which are this day being reaped at Naples. Of course I know you will say I am fast becoming an enthusiast. I decline this honour with thanks, well remembering

the source of all information in England relative to Mazzini, at the same time declining to kick a poor devil when he is down; for where is there to be found a virtuous man without some failing, or one so wicked as to have no good quality? And though there may have been blots in his career which cannot for a moment be defended, for a principle he has remained a pauper; the last 30,000 francs Mazzini had in the world he sent the other day to Stocco to help to bring the Calabrians to Naples. I may be wrong, but I confess the pecuniary test is, in my idea, the greatest of any; and when I see a man foregoing money, and denying himself the common necessaries of life, however much I may differ from him politically or religiously, I cannot help respecting, though I may not admire him.

On the morning of the 10th Garibaldi went on board the "Hannibal" to call on Admiral Mundy, whose attitude at Palermo had been pre-eminently distinguished from that of his French colleague; this Garibaldi had not forgotten, and he was, besides, most anxious to make some personal explanations relative to the steps he had taken for the restoration of English deserters. Here he happened to meet the English ambassador, who had come over from Castellamare to see the admiral.

I hope this half hour's interview may tend to re-

assure the latter as to Garibaldi's loyalty. As for the former, he thoroughly appreciates and understands him.

Few of Garibaldi's acts after his entry gave him much pleasure, but none more than this—for his love of England and the English almost amounts to an idolatry, and his greatest aspirations are to model his own country after this ideal.

Garibaldi next called on his friend Persano, who he well knew would have stood by him in case of need, being his own double in thought and daring, and obtained his consent to the landing of 500 Bersaglieri and two companies of artillery. These men had been placed on board the Sardinian squadron in case of emergency. Garibaldi had been most anxious that this landing should take place the day he entered, to identify Piedmont more completely with the movement; but M. Villamarina would not consent. It being, however, represented to him that the main body of Garibaldi's men could not possibly arrive for some days, and that the National Guard were exhausted with continual duty, he at last acquiesced for the sake of order.

The policy of this act was doubtful, save that it accomplished Garibaldi's object of committing Piedmont irretrievably, and quickening the action of the King. For it afforded M. Brenier also an opportunity of acting in the cause of order, and he evidently did

not require pressing; and several convicts having been liberated at Castellamare by order of the late King, 1000 Garibaldians out of Türr's scanty force, which now amounted to 5000 men, were sent off immediately by rail to remove this pretext.

On M. Brenier becoming aware of the landing of the Piedmontese, he protested vigorously to the Sardinian embassy, as his Admiral had done before; but he was yet to receive another rub before the day was out. Owing to the *pasticcio* which Depretis had created, or perhaps rather allowed to arise, in Sicily, Garibaldi deemed it necessary to issue a proclamation in Palermo, the focus of the agitation, telling its inhabitants to trust in him, and to wait until he could proclaim annexation from the steps of the Quirinal. On reading it, M. Brenier, who was boiling before, boiled over, and exclaimed, "Ah! ces coquins des republicains ont à la fin jeté le masque: ils nous defient ; c'est l'affaire de l'Empereur d'accepter le gant qu'on jete à la face de la France."

Poor man! they had given him a great deal of trouble. He had worn himself out in wringing a constitution from the Neapolitan Government, and when he had got it, was snubbed by his master for being too late. The French naval officers naturally took their cue from their representative, and openly avowed their hatred of Garibaldi and the national movement. One

senior naval officer on the station, less prudent than the rest, whenever he spoke of Garibaldi publicly, always made a point of calling him "l'ennemi de Dieu."

In the evening we had a most amusing conversation with the royal dentist, who had just returned from Gaeta, where he had been on his usual weekly mission to the Queen-mother. A Figaro, though a dentist, he gave us a most lively description of his reception by the King on his arrival from Naples, who cross-questioned him on events. "You don't mean to say that the 'Ovo' is not blown up?" "No." "And that St Elmo did not fire at all?" "No." The retired monarch thrust his fingers into his hair, and spoke no more.

## CHAPTER XXII.

NAPLES, *Sept.* 8.

IN your last letter, amongst many other things, you ask me for some insight into the character of the late King.

Opinion here against him is so virulent that it would be unfair to attempt a *résumé*.

I therefore prefer to send you his photograph, which may be relied on as being a speaking likeness.

Hanhart lith. from a Photograph by Alphonse Bernoud.

FRANCESCO SECONDO.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

NAPLES, *Sept.* 12.

THE mass of the troops have made their appearance, and the Calabrese are arriving by thousands at Salerno, where a Calabrese division of 10,000 strong is being organised under Stocco. The four divisions of the army are ordered to be completed up to 12,000 each, but, significantly enough, only Northern Italians or Calabrese are accepted.

In order to give the Neapolitans proper no cause of complaint, such as present themselves are to be organised into a Neapolitan division. This is open to the soldiers of Francesco's army, or civilians who may have been bitten by the Garibaldian mania. Besides these bodies, irregular corps of Calabrese are collecting, under Pace and other Calabrian chiefs.

The Neapolitan colonels of one or two cavalry regiments at Santa Maria having behaved very well—or, in other words, come over—the hussars and Guides are being satisfactorily mounted, and the artillery is daily becoming more numerous and efficient.

Caserta and its environs have been occupied without opposition, the main body of the Regi falling back on and around Capua.

Garibaldi, ever intent on attaining his aims without fighting, had determined to take up a permanent position with the main body of his army in observation at Caserta, where he could prevent any attempt of the royal troops to advance, and there await the arrival of the Piedmontese, who were pledged to be at Ancona by the middle of the month, intending to make it their stepping-stone into the Neapolitan States. Though the army was kept alive with occasional movements, no real attack on the royal forces was ever contemplated. Garibaldi now hoped to complete the Bourbon overthrow without further bloodshed, his wish being to preserve rather than destroy the remainder of the Neapolitan army, as will be seen from the following proclamation, which is an epitome of his former one on that subject:—

"If you do not disdain Garibaldi for your companion in arms, he only desires to fight by your side the enemies of your country. Truce, then, to discord—the chronic misfortune of our land. Italy, trampling on the fragments of her chains, points to the North—the path of honour is towards the last lurking-place of tyrants. I promise you nothing more than to make you fight.

"G. GARIBALDI.

"NAPLES, *Sept.* 10."

In the same way respecting the civil government, he was determined neither to abase the republicans nor exalt the annexationists, but to endeavour, if possible, to lead them on, hoping to heal their differences, and soothe that rabid bitterness of feeling, which, if encouraged in either party, might lead to the most deplorable results; holding at the same time his rightful appeal to martial law in reserve, if matters should ever really go to extremities.

To the timid, and to those who did not understand the value of Italian rhetoric and gesticulation, matters were becoming alarming. No sooner was one Ministry created than intrigues were on foot to destroy it. Garibaldi was grieved at the waywardness of his children, but would not chastise them; he knew his army was available on any real emergency, and that Bixio and his division could at any moment put an end to all this wicked poltroonery. However, the intriguers merely took advantage of his well-known patience and humanity, rendering civil government, if not impossible, at least as absurd as possible.

Rumours are rife amongst this feverish population: at one moment Lamoricière has crossed the frontiers to set up "Humpty-dumpty;" at the next Capua is taken, or there is a split in the Ministry—the latter assertion, unfortunately, too often true.

Yesterday a despatch from Prince Petrulla, the

Neapolitan Ambassador at Vienna, addressed to De Martino, the late able Minister for Foreign Affairs, was intercepted, evidently written in utter ignorance of what had passed at Naples. It contained advice from Count Rechberg to Francesco, telling him on no account to quit the capital, but to hold out like a man—a Hapsburg might have done so.

To-day, Wednesday the 12th, I devoted to the prisons of Naples; not that there was anything to see in them, but every one was going to do the prisons.

Those at Palermo, which were reported to be far worse, decidedly did not come up to the chambers of horrors that have been depicted by humane travellers, who should recollect two things in making similar visits—1st, That they come from a country where criminals of all classes are better cared for than paupers, and made partakers of luxuries wholly out of reach of the honest labourer.

2dly, That habits considered foul in Britain are fair at Naples, and that a stench which would kill an Englishman would fatten a Neapolitan. And I am not altogether sure that, were the ordinary Neapolitan prisoner offered the alternative of a diurnal tub and compulsory cleanliness, or his normal condition and a filthy cell, he would not choose the latter. But the brutality which distinguished the Neapolitan prisons was in this wise, that, on suspicion for political offence, the

most refined and most worthy were thrown into prison with the scum of the foulest population in Europe.

What was habitual to the one was death to the other; and few men have more honourably assisted in the removal of these abominations than Mr Gladstone, by his celebrated letters in '51, at a time when it had not become fashionable to declaim against the petti-fogging barbarities which were rendering Italy desperate and Europe unsettled.

However, let us step into the "Prefettura," in the courtyard of which, right and left, are the ordinary "lock-ups" of the town. A philanthropic visit to those of our own metropolis is far from refreshing, and they are not exactly the places into which one would like to see any of Her Majesty's Ministers thrust on suspicion of being too liberal; yet here, where they are utter *latrines* in comparison to our own, more than one of the Ministers of "my father of saintly memory" * have found themselves incarcerated. A lavish expenditure of whitewash and open doors had failed to eradicate the pestilential stench of ammonia, which brought tears to our eyes as we entered. In the inner chambers it was impossible to remain: there the wretched prisoners were alike cut off from light and a fresh supply of air. One of these dens could only be approached by traversing a scene too

* It is thus the filial Francesco always refers to his departed parent.

foul to be described, and through which I could not muster pluck enough to pass.

Children were playing here.

We now wound our way up the hill from which St Elmo frowns, and entered the prison of Santa Maria Apparente, formerly a monastery attached to the church, which still exists beneath. Its windows command one of the loveliest views of Naples, and it is cool and enjoyable on the hottest days. A long stone staircase leads up to corridors of cells, once occupied by those burly drones with which this good city abounds. Lucky were the victims that had these quarters apportioned to them. Their rooms were lofty and capacious, and would have been a credit to the prison system of any country. In number one, Poerio had been confined, heavily ironed, for many years; his hardship was, that he was cast into prison without trial or conviction. Nothing could be said against the prison as a prison.

The jailers, who had been employed here for seven years, assured us that these were the only cells; but I had sundry misgivings concerning a door in the rock on the right as we entered the building below, the key of which, after considerable delay, was at last produced. Here we entered a series of subterranean passages, the main branches running right and left. We

were again most solemnly assured that these had never been used in their time, and they believed never before. A *latrine*, however, and quantities of ruined brickwork in the left-hand branch, convinced me of the contrary. They were evidently the remains of cells that had been pulled down. Traversing a distance of a hundred paces, we came to a stone wall, with a small door in the centre, partially bricked up. Through this I pushed along with a torch. There was a chamber about twenty feet square, with a wall beyond. Various indications led one to the irresistible belief that these dungeons had been inhabited — marks of lamps against the walls, &c.: and it was subsequently confirmed by Pace, who was imprisoned for ten years after '48, and who assured me he spent two years of that time in this very dungeon, and that every morning his clothes were wet from the percolations of the porous rock, and his shoes covered with mildew. Had he not been a remarkably strong man, he could not have survived it. When I asked him if he ever despaired, he said, "Never; the idea that retribution must ultimately arrive bore me through. I determined to live, if it was only to see it."

*Moral.* — Despotic monarchs should always make away with malcontents: ten years in prison only embitters their ideas.

We now ascended to the Castle of St Elmo, a place of little strategic importance, being commanded by a neighbouring hill, but admirably adapted to overawe the inhabitants of Naples. Hewn out of the solid rock, it covers an area of about four acres, and is surrounded by a sunken ditch, of sixty or seventy feet deep and fifty in width. This mass of stone is honeycombed in every direction with a network of corridors and extensive subterranean apartments. It was in possession of the Piedmontese artillery and several companies of the National Guard, who gave us access to it in all directions, but none of whom were thoroughly acquainted with its endless ramifications, or its antecedents as a state prison. There was ample space in this vast underground interior for several thousand prisoners, and it has doubtless been used to incarcerate hundreds. From its locality, these chambers are necessarily all airy and dry; at present, besides the guns mounted at the numerous port-holes, it contains nothing save field-batteries and their appurtenances, and gave me more the idea of having been used as an arsenal than anything else. What there may be below it is impossible to say, as it would have taken days to explore this labyrinth; but it struck me that it has underground communication with the dungeons of Santa Maria Apparente.

Numerous are the stories of wholesale executions of military mutineers within these walls; and many the pamphlets on the atrocities committed in this Neapolitan Bastile; but it is almost impossible to arrive at the truth upon this or any other subject in Naples—every one says, and what is more, believes, what best pleases him. Their imaginations being fertile, and their leisure abundant, there is no end to their fabrications.

From the battlements we enjoyed a magnificent view in all directions; and we looked down on every street in town and suburb, both of which could easily be swept by its artillery.

To dilate on the Bay of Naples and its environs would be superfluous; but northwards we see the extensive plain which sooner or later must become the field of operations. The massive block of building at Caserta, where Garibaldi's advanced post is quartered, is most prominent; beyond, we see the domes of Capua, and the line of the Volturno, backed by the mountains in the direction of Gaëta.

The position of the Volturno is well adapted for regulars against irregulars. It is surrounded by extensive plains, well suited to cavalry and field-artillery; and there are no elevations of which besiegers can avail themselves in the vicinity.

Outside St Elmo proper, amid some detached works, is the far-famed monastery and church of St Martin, rich in marbles and paintings, the whole in excellent keeping and good taste—"Paradiso" and "Inferno," as usual, in juxtaposition when great crimes are to be committed.

# CHAPTER XXIV.

NAPLES, *Sept.* 18.

OWING to the interruption of the telegraph between this town and Rome, we are generally several days behind European events; consequently, it was not until the 13th that Garibaldi heard of the reception given by the King to the deputations from Umbria and the Marches on the 11th, and of the commencement of the long-looked-for movement of the Piedmontese.

Victor Emmanuel's spirited proclamation to his soldiers, together with the memorandum addressed to foreign courts, announced to Europe his determination to assume henceforward the responsibilities of an Italian Prince, and to place himself at the head of the struggle for nationality.

On and after this memorable day the Pope's temporal power ceased to exist; and Cialdini rung the knell of an imposture incompatible with education in the following laconic address to his division:—

"Dal quartier Gen. di Rimini,
"11 *Settembre* 1860.

"Ordine del Giorno.

"Soldati del quarto Corpo d'Armata!

"Vi conduco contro una masnada di briachi stranieri che sete d'oro e vaghezza di saccheggio trasse nei nostri paesi.

"Combattete, disperdete inesorabilmente quei compri sicarii, e per mano vostra sentano l'ira d'un popolo che vuole la sua nazionalità e la sua indipendenza.

"Soldati! L'inulta Perugia domanda vendetta, e benchè tarda, l'avrà.

"*Il Gen. Comandante il 4° Corpo d'Armata,*
"Enrico Cialdini."

Poor Lamoricière! he has made his arrangements to meet Garibaldi from the south, and to stamp out insurrection at home, as the European Sphinx has allowed his cardinal friends to imagine that he will never permit an heretical flow from the north—and yet here is an irruption which was to have been dammed by the army of France. To check it is hopeless, unless by appeal to its master, but he is in Algeria.

"What you do," as he said to Cialdini at Chambery, before he set out, "do quickly."

Accomplished facts must be accepted; and this opportune visit to Algeria relieves the Emperor of a very difficult question, and the Pope of his temporal power. The comedy is, however, to be maintained by the withdrawal of the French minister from Turin. France being satisfied, Europe is to remain passive; though Sardinia has been the power first to transgress

the glorious doctrine of non-intervention, a term which does not seem expressive of the "idea" intended to be conveyed, which means non-interference in the *internal* affairs of other powers, unless invited by the will of the people. England will be titillated with the downfall of the Papacy; Austria cannot move—she has Hungary and Venetia on her hands; Russia will be diplomatically shocked, but, at the same time, her "faith" flattered. What the other powers think does not much matter.

Garibaldi is likewise relieved of one-half his burdens, and may hope to carry out his work in the south without further bloodshed. His military operations, for the present at least, will be more than ever purely defensive, and his most arduous task will be to keep malcontents of all classes together until the arrival of Victor Emmanuel in Naples, which, with outriders like Cialdini and Fanti, cannot long be deferred.

On the 12th Depretis arrived from Palermo. Alarmed at the strife his weakness had fostered, he now comes to proclaim his own incompetence. He had countenanced annexational intrigues, which Crispi, and the other Garibaldians in his Government, had determined to oppose, even by force, if requisite, believing that Garibaldi was yet the Dictator of the island, and that he, and not M. Cavour's agents, had the right of annexation; and, further, that it was for Garibaldi, and Garibaldi only, to deliver up the kingdom which he

had won with his sword, to the future King of Italy.

This is the key to Garibaldi's administrative difficulties, both on the island and on the main. The Cabinet at Turin, jealous of his prestige, wish to strip him of his power, without even allowing him the gratification of resigning it into the hands of Victor Emmanuel; and these are the reasons which obliged Garibaldi to start for Palermo on the night of the 16th, to calm the Palermitans, and establish another Pro-Dictator. In the mean time, Sirtori was left pro-Dictator at Naples, and Türr remained in command before Capua, well knowing that, come what might, his army was stanch, and his generals might be relied upon.

What with the intrigues of partisans, place-hunters, and itinerant politicos, who have the effrontery to imagine they are competent to advise him, Garibaldi has to endure what would break down any intellect, save his; his unswerving integrity alone enables him to carry out "*sa tache sublime.*"

And in his downright honesty, we have the secret of his unparalleled successes.

He cannot liè; and if he could, why should he?

From the hour when he dreamt "Italian Unity," he declared war to every obstacle in his path, whether priestly or princely. When he saw a Mastai Ferretti in the Papal Chair, he hailed him from the banks of

the Plata; when he saw an Italian prince lead on against the Austrians, he hastened to join him. Though Europe dared not oppose a French occupation of Rome, he did. By his uncompromising hostility to oppressors, whether foreign or domestic, he revivified the nation, and inaugurated that spirit which has emancipated sixteen millions of his countrymen. Three millions more are yearning in Rome and Venetia. And because he is bold enough to avow his determination to finish his task, haggard diplomacy desires him to be more circumspect. What, in the name of heaven, has diplomacy ever done for Italy, since it condemned her to half a century of misrule at the treaty of Vienna?

Garibaldi has nothing to conceal; he declared himself, twenty-seven years since, at Genoa. He feels the anguish of Venice, and says, "Be patient—I come!"

He sees the Rome of the Popes made the hotbed of intrigue against the rising liberties of his country, and though she is bristling with French bayonets, he declares she shall be the Italian capital.

Having nothing to be ashamed of, he knocks boldly at the door, and says, what are you doing in *casa nostra?* Not that he need, or would, attack the French garrison, for their position has become, if not irksome, impossible; he only wishes them to clear out on the first opportunity. In a word, he would,

and will, see the dream of his life completed in an Italy of the Italians. But there is another man working for the same end, who is conventionally prevented by the public law, as it is termed, of Europe, from telling the truth. He must work in the diplomatic groove. That man is Louis Napoleon.

Whether he is acting in his own interest or in that of Italy matters not; it is impossible to deny that he removed that Austrian incubus, from which Italy could never have emancipated herself; and when Savoy and Nice are forgotten, and the old world is eclipsed by the rising empires of the new, Napoleon will be read of as the man who quickened the national idea. Not only in Italy, but in other countries, he will be spoken of as the prime cause of that vast upheaving of nationalities which will soon obliterate many of the ancient landmarks of Europe.

Garibaldi returned this morning from Palermo, having thoroughly succeeded, and left a determined anti-annexationist until Garibaldi orders it pro-Dictator, Mordini by name, so that peace may now be hoped for in the island. One cannot help wishing that good old Ruggiero Settimo had been able to accept Garibaldi's former offer. Eighty-two years old, he wisely declined; but it was a generous tribute to one who has loved his country well, and who was prime minister during the English occupation, and was again

borne to the surface in '48, when he headed the Sicilian Government.

Daily, almost hourly, rumours arrive of Piedmontese successes. All we know is, that Lamoricière has been well thrashed somewhere near Pesaro,* and has fallen back on Ancona, where he will find, to his astonishment, Persano with the Piedmontese squadron, who went off in a mysterious manner a few days since. A considerable movement in the Neapolitan army having taken place on the line of the Volturno, all the available troops have been sent on to Caserta, and the Garibaldian advanced posts pushed forward on Santa Maria and St Angelo, a town and village in its immediate neighbourhood; as Garibaldi has shifted his headquarters from the Palazzo d'Angri to Caserta, he may not improbably contemplate some movement in advance. We drove out during the night to the outposts.

* Castelfidardo.

# CHAPTER XXV.

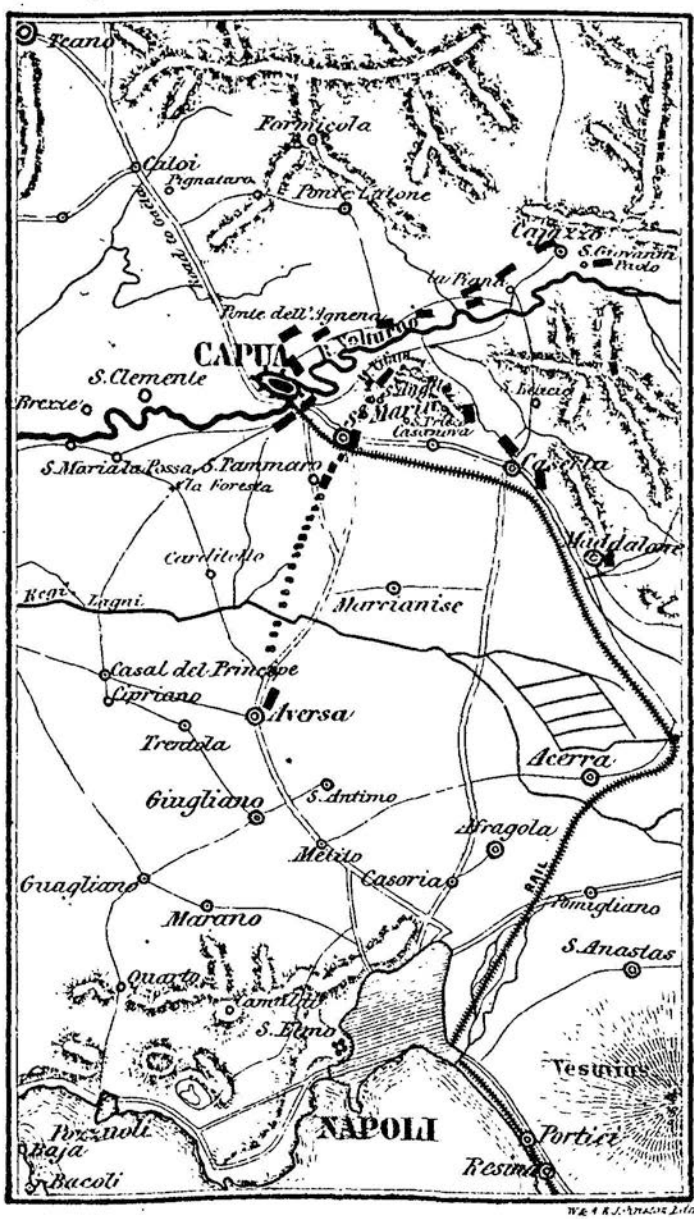
CASERTA, *Sept.* 20.

As had been anticipated, before dawn yesterday morning, a reconnoissance in force was made along the whole Garibaldian line; at the same time a feint was ordered in the direction of Capua to draw off the attention of the Neapolitans on the right bank of the Volturno, and enable an expedition which had some days previously been thrown into the mountains above Cajazzo to carry that position, which was occupied by 2200 Neapolitans.

In order more fully to comprehend the military movements of the Garibaldians, it is necessary to retrace our steps for a few days. The reactionary movement at Ariano, near Benevento, though successful at first, had been crushed by Türr and a column of 900 men. Benevento is a small territory in the heart of Principato Ultra, which for eight centuries has been in the possession of the Papal See, and is rich in ecclesiastical monuments and historic remains.

## RELATIVE POSITION OF THE TWO ARMIES BEFORE CAPUA.

*Neapolitans shewn thus* ■ *Garibaldini thus* ■



Türr returned to Caserta on the 13th, and took command of the army—Garibaldi being constrained to remain in Naples owing to civil intrigues, and eventually, as I mentioned in my last letter, to go to Palermo.

The defensive position accepted by the Garibaldians, had been that of massing their forces at Maddaloni, Caserta, and Aversa, and maintaining their communications, thereby barring any advance of the Regi on Naples. This sufficed, so long as the royal army remained inactive; but on their receiving considerable reinforcements, it became necessary to assume a more perfect line of defence; and by menacing their position on the right bank of the Volturno, to forbid any advance, and afford countenance to the insurrection in the Abruzzi.

The defensive line of the Volturno chosen by the Neapolitans had Gaeta for its base, with the river Garigliano as a second line of defence should the aforementioned one be forced. So long as they were not menaced from the north, their position was one of undeniable strength.

The river Volturno is alternately sluggish and rapid—in some places fifty, in others a hundred, yards in breadth—and flows from the Abruzzi into the Gulf of Gaeta. Capua is on its left bank, about twelve miles from its mouth; here is a substantial

bridge, the fortifications of Capua forming the *tête du pont* on the Naples side. Above are two ferries, Formicola and Cajazzo, but it is not fordable until some miles farther up. The modern town of Capua stands on the left bank of the river, which here makes such a curve that it surrounds three sides of its fortifications with a wet ditch. Originally constructed six hundred years since, it was remodelled by Vauban, and greatly strengthened with earthworks in '55, and may be ranked as a fortification of the fifth class, wholly unassailable unless by regular approaches. The amount of royal troops still adhering to the King may be roughly estimated at 70,000. Some of these were men who had promised never to fight again, but had either waived that consideration, or been kidnapped and sent off to Gaeta to be reorganised. Of this army 40,000 were on the line of the Volturno; among them were nearly all the cavalry, from 7000 to 8000 strong, and a very numerous and well supplied field-artillery with rifled guns. They had adopted this defensive line, apparently in the hopes of drawing the Garibaldians into a general action in the plain, when their great superiority of cavalry and artillery ought to have insured success.

Their extreme left rested on Cajazzo, a town in the mountains on the right bank of the river, a position naturally of great strength—the intermediate valley,

which extends to the low land about Capua, being occupied with their cavalry and several battalions of infantry.

In and around Capua they maintained a force of 20,000, nearly one half of which was in position outside the town towards the village of St Angelo, and a column was even extended up the left bank as far as the ferry of Cajazzo. Towards Arnone and the mouth of the river, movable columns were ready to oppose any advance on their extreme right, which may be said to have rested on the sea, whilst the extreme left was amongst the mountainous defiles beyond Cajazzo.

The advantages of this position against an advance from the south need not be enumerated; whilst holding the only bridge and the two ferries, they could at any moment assume the offensive on the left bank.

In fact, their position had become too menacing for the Garibaldians to remain at, and near Caserta.

Accordingly, on the 14th, Türr, who was Commander-in-Chief, and had under him about 17,000 men, pusned his outposts up to Santa Maria and Sant' Angelo, which they occupied after trifling skirmishing, and at the same time he seized the heights of Santa Leucia, at the back of Caserta. All available troops from Naples were also pushed up to the front.

The mass of the Garibaldian force was composed entirely of infantry, with a fair sprinkling of field-

howitzers; with 200 or 300 mounted Guides, the latter absorbed in staff duties; and the cavalry, in all about 400, keeping the communications in the open country around Aversa.

On the 17th, Major Gudafo, and 300 infantry, were sent to Campo Basso, with orders to cross the Calore, a branch of the Volturno at Amorosi, and throw themselves into the mountains above Cajazzo, threatening the extreme left of the Neapolitan line, and helping the insurrection in that district. Cajazzo they found occupied by 2200 men and four guns. Major Catabene was therefore sent with 300 more men to effect a junction with Gudafo, and assault that town on the morning of the 19th. To facilitate this enterprise, and prevent the enemy strengthening their right, a reconnoissance in force was ordered along the whole line, together with a feint on the town of Capua from Santa Maria.

Though Garibaldi arrived at Caserta on the night of the 18th, Türr retained the command. His dispositions were as follows:—

Colonel Spangaro and two battalions were ordered to advance from Aversa towards La Foresta, and menace the south-western angle of Capua. Colonel Rustow, with six battalions and two guns, were to make a feint on that town from Santa Maria, where General Melvitz commanded. General Eber and his

brigade were to push on from Santa Maria to Sant' Angelo, driving the Neapolitans on their left into the town, and eventually to extend their right along the mountain range, and effect a junction with Saulis and his brigade, who menaced the ford above the ferry of Cajazzo. Before dawn the troops were in motion, and very shortly the entire movement was successful; the strong position of Cajazzo was carried, the Neapolitans on the left bank were driven back into Capua, or across the river, in attempting to pass which many were drowned. The force in front of the town was also compelled to retire under the guns of the fortress. But the feint from Santa Maria was prolonged, owing to some misconception of orders, to four hours instead of one. After driving in the skirmishers, at about half-past eight the men were led up to the edge of the Campo, on this side the town of Capua, and there, strangely enough, encouraged to remain under the heavy fire of the fortress, about a short half mile distant, to which they could only reply with musketry. They maintained this precarious position for a couple of hours, when the young troops became sick of it and retired—the old Cacciatori remaining, but to what purpose, they were at a loss to discover. Had they been Zouaves, they would in all probability have shot their commanding officer after the first quarter of an hour, and fallen back.

By noon the entire force had withdrawn towards the Santa Maria unmolested, but with a loss of over 100 killed, wounded, and missing.

So much for the 19th of September, when, according to the European press, Garibaldi sustained a severe check before Capua.

This false report was spread chiefly through the agency of some "guerilla" correspondents, who seem to have been much more bent on advertising their personal prowess in this paltry affair than in depicting a correct summary of events. During the day more than one Sicilian regiment did not behave so well as could have been desired. Once there was a panic on an alarm of cavalry being given; but the only wonder was, that irregulars so hastily strung together should have behaved so well as they did. And it ill became guests at the entertainment, received with all courtesy, to abuse their host's wine, and give insulting advice to the butler.

Henceforward, the new positions occupied this morning became Garibaldi's line of defence. He had not changed his tactics of expectation, but merely approached the enemy to hold him better in hand, and by commanding the position of Cajazzo, be enabled either to menace the Neapolitan line, or to extend his right to meet the Piedmontese, who were already at the gates of Ancona.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

NAPLES, *Sept.* 30.

THE incessant intrigue and change of ministry is ending in the triumph of the Bertani party. Their chief, on being made secretary to the Dictator, proved too powerful for the immediate annexationists, but in all probability he will drive matters too hard and outdo himself.

Altogether we have a lull here, both in the civil and military world, and all eyes are turned towards the north, and the operations of the Piedmontese.

In the Government Gazette of the 21st, I find Alexander Dumas has been diverting himself in the royal preserves at Capo di Monte. It is currently reported that he is more fit for killing pheasants than presiding over public works. Of course you will all be rabid in England at his appointment, but at the same time it is as well to remember we have had mountebanks before now in our own Government.

Several northland wanderers have arrived here lately, together with a large importation of the *demi*

*monde.* Every morning they all go out by rail to the advance posts to be ready for any business that may turn up. This train is for the use of those belonging to the army who have been in Naples during the night, and has since been dubbed the "fighting train" by a mighty huntress who visited the outposts lately.

By the by, you told me to ask Garibaldi who was his authorised financial agent in England. He said Mr Ashurst of the Old Jewry. Either your subscriptions in England don't amount to much, or they have not found their way out here. I only hope the Legion will not come; the matter is pretty nearly over. We may have a pitched battle, but it will not be of Garibaldi's seeking, though I must say I should like him to wind up with a crowning victory, if it were only to blood the new levies for next spring. Piedmont will do all the work north of Volturno, and coming down in their rear, force them to fall back on the Garigliano and Gaeta; besides, this is not the place for Englishmen. One of the great features of this army is its sobriety. I have never seen or heard of a Garibaldian the worse for liquor, consequently discipline is easy. What our countrymen would be, under the great temptations of a cheap wine country, is not quite so certain.

On the 20th, the regiment Vachieri, 650 strong, was

sent off to Cajazzo to reinforce Catabene's small force of 300 riflemen, who were holding the town, and whose position was somewhat perilous. Gudafo had crossed the Volturno at Paglianello, and gained the mountains beyond, but was obliged to take up a position at Piedimonte, as a considerable force had been sent in this direction to check his advance. On Catabene's approach on the 18th, the Neapolitan column abandoned the town of Cajazzo, and fell back in the direction of Capua; but on learning the small force to which they were opposed, returned and endeavoured to retake the town. They only succeeded in driving the Garibaldians from a position outside, but Catabene took some prisoners, and altogether had the best of it; the Regi retired to wait for their reinforcements and renew the assault the next day. On the morning of the 21st, an order arrived to hold the town, unless attacked by a very superior force—one of those orders which removes the responsibility from the giver, but obliges the receiver to stand the consequences of whatever may result, and which requires a very brave man indeed to solve by not fighting.

Catabene, of course, barricaded the town, and determined to make the best possible defence he could. His own battalion consisted almost entirely of "Adolescenti"—youths of about sixteen or seventeen years of age, some younger. It has been found, both here

and in Lombardy last year, that in many cases they fight better than older troops. At their time of life enthusiasm has not degenerated into calculation—they know nothing, and consequently fear nothing. They are special favourites of Garibaldi, who has an immense idea of these young troops, in which he sees the foundation of the million of armed men he wishes to raise in Italy. How his confidence was justified will be seen from the way they fought.

At daylight the Neapolitans, who had come up from the village of Piana on the Capua road, were seen massed on the skirts of the royal preserve of Larzano. The amount of force to be employed was ludicrous—it could not have been less than 12,000 men and a numerous artillery; and prudence would have counselled Catabene to retire, as successful resistance was comparatively hopeless. However, such is the profound contempt for their adversaries amongst *the* Garibaldians, that I believe if the whole Neapolitan army had been coming they would have resisted. After all, it is this consciousness of superiority that has brought them here from Palermo. From paucity of numbers and want of artillery the defence was necessarily confined to the town itself, though about a quarter of a mile out of it are two convents admirably situated to oppose an attack from the direction of Capua.

At noon the Regi advanced their first column of 5000 or 6000 men and 8 guns, two of which played on the barricade at the entrance of the main street, and the remainder shelled the town. The contest for the barricades at the entrance lasted, with little intermission, for four hours. It seems absurd that musketry could make such a defence, but the position was of great strength, every house being a fortress in itself. Had the defenders possessed two or three howitzers, they would have defied all attempts; but they were obliged also to provide for their retreat, which was threatened by another column.

Catabene and 200 men having fallen, and ammunition becoming scarce, the Garibaldians retired through the woods at the back of the town on the river, where two companies and a couple of howitzers had been sent to cover their final retreat. Wounded and dead were alike obliged to be left on the ground. Only 73 out of the 200 were found in the hospital at Capua, amongst them their leader—the rest had died fighting.

Though the *prestige* gained by this sturdy combat could not fail to promote the best results, one could not help wishing that these generous youths had poured out their life-blood for a more tangible result. If Cajazzo was to be disputed, a sufficient force should

have been sent; if not, the commanding officer should have had positive orders to retire when assailed by an overwhelming force.

To escape from the eternal intrigues at Naples, and also from the importunities of contractors, travellers, and place-hunters, civil and military, every one of whom was determined to have a special interview, and, as the case might be, either tout his wares, obtain autographs, pecuniary employment, or a generalship right away, Garibaldi was fairly driven to take refuge on the heights above Sant' Angelo, only returning to Caserta late in the evening to dine and sleep, and starting, no one knew whither, at three in the morning.

From his eyrie at Sant' Angelo he could command a perfect view of the entire Neapolitan position, and enjoy the magnificent air and scenery. Few of his tormentors cared to follow him, as the ascent was steep, and the find very uncertain.

Beyond building one or two weak batteries at Santa Maria and Sant' Angelo, little was done to strengthen the Garibaldian position. Trivial skirmishes occurred daily, as they always must where you have two armies within a mile of one another.

The position of the Neapolitans was not changed; the King and the young Counts Trani and Bari had joined the army, probably with a view of endeavour-

ing to stifle sedition; but, like every other move in the royal game, it was "too late."

On the other hand, Garibaldi's policy of expectancy became more and more confirmed. The arrival of Victor Emmanuel was no longer a matter of doubt, though his army were ten days behind their specified time at Ancona.

Whereas formerly everything depended on rapidity, now everything is to be gained by delay. It would, indeed, be easy to drive the Neapolitans from their position and take the fortress of Capua if Garibaldi chose to attack, as he has the command of unlimited supplies of guns and ammunition at Naples, and a railway from the arsenal to the spot where the trenches should be opened; but he has not the heart to bombard an Italian town. His present hope is, by patience to accomplish all without further loss of Italian life. There will be plenty of that in the spring.

Towards the 27th considerable movement took place amongst the Neapolitans, who had been distributed along the right bank of the Volturno, watching the ferries and fords. They appeared to be concentrating towards Cajazzo, with the evident idea of crossing by Ducento, and forcing their way towards Maddaloni, thereby endeavouring to break the Garibaldian line, and menace their communications with

Naples. Bixio, who commanded on the heights above Maddaloni, advanced to meet them, when their vanguard, already over the river, retired.

The Neapolitan position is in reality fast becoming untenable. On the fall of Ancona, Cialdini will come through the Abruzzi, and Fanti is also wending his way southwards; consequently, if they remain on the Volturno, they will eventually be threatened on three sides at once, and, the sea barring their escape westwards, they will be caught in a regular trap. Their only alternative, therefore, is to try and destroy the Garibaldian army in front of them, or fall back on the Garigliano, and endeavour to hold the passes in the Abruzzi. Whether they will be game for the offensive movement time must show. To execute it they have between 30,000 and 40,000 available men.

Garibaldi announced the successes of the Piedmontese in the following laconic lines:—

"CASERTA, *Sept.* 27.

"Our brethren of the Italian army, commanded by the gallant General Cialdini, combat the enemies of Italy, and conquer.

"The army of Lamoricière has been defeated by those valiant men. All the provinces enslaved by the Pope are free. Ancona is ours.

"The valiant soldiers of the Army of the North have passed the frontier, and are on Neapolitan soil; we shall soon have the good fortune to grasp their victorious hands.

"G. GARIBALDI."

Pallavicino has returned with Victor Emmanuel's answer to Garibaldi's letter, which is not so favourable as the latter could wish. I fancy he is still trying to get Cavour removed; he believes his presence is as noxious to Italy as the world supposes that of Mazzini to be. Garibaldi cannot understand why, in diplomatic strife, the truth cannot always be told; however, both are too good patriots to allow the country to suffer. To the request that the King should choose another Minister, the latter replied that he was a constitutional monarch, and that his Minister enjoyed the confidence of far the larger portion of his subjects. Considering the delicate differences which exist between the two, it brings out the Galantuomo in a very favourable light; and as for Garibaldi's army, he promises to receive it, allowing the officers to assume corresponding grade in the Piedmontese army, subsequently subject to a weeding by a mixed commission.

It is most desirable that the King himself may soon arrive, and no one wishes it more than Garibaldi, who is sick of the intrigues of all parties, and of the Neapolitans in particular.

This evening Bertani is out at Caserta again. Not satisfied with being Secretary-General, which post made him almost Dictator, his zeal has overcome his discretion, and he has been usurping his master's

power; and the Generals, seeing the mischief he is causing, by making his name identical with that of their Chief, have urged that he had better go, and Garibaldi has promised that he shall. They do not relish that any non-combatant, whether Cavour or Bertani, should try to usurp Garibaldi's authority, and have no idea of his good-nature being imposed upon; this sentiment they share with the entire army. It is a thousand pities that Pallavicino did not accept the pro-Dictatorship at first; in all probability he would have saved every one a world of trouble.

On the 29th an attack became imminent. The Neapolitans were massed at Capua and Cajazzo, with a total force of about 40,000 men. Garibaldi, on the other hand, has about 37,000 men under his command, of whom at least 5000 are under medical treatment, principally for fever contracted in the march up and in the plain which they are at present occupying. In and about Naples he left 3000 of his own men for garrison duty. The Piedmontese 1st Regiment of the Line, which had landed a few days since from Genoa, and the Bersaglieri, were also there — not from any wish of Garibaldi's; for although they had been placed under his orders, when they received the route

for Caserta, their commanding officer, on referring to his ambassador, to whom he owed a sort of divided allegiance, declined to permit them to leave, much to the disgust of the Sardinians themselves, who were very anxious to get at the Neapolitans.

The remaining 29,000 Garibaldians were distributed in a concentric position round Caserta in the following manner:—

| | |
|---|---|
| On the Extreme left, at Averssa, Brigadier Corti. | |
| The Basilicata Brigade, | 2200 |
| Hussars, | 270 |
| 2 howitzers, | 30 |
| | 2500 |

San Tamaro.

| | |
|---|---|
| Brigadier Malenchini. | |
| Tuscan and Lucca regiments, | 1400 |
| Calabrians, | 2000 |
| 2 guns, | 30 |
| | 3430 |

Santa Maria.

| | |
|---|---|
| General Melvitz commanding. Division Cosenz, (Regts. Langé, Sprovieri, &c.) | 2700 |
| General La Masa. Sicilian Brigade, (Regts. Fardella, Corrao, and La Porta,) | 1300 |
| Zaccheri regiment, | 450 |
| Balbo's Genoese Carbineers, | 112 |
| French company (de Flotte), | 37 |
| Hungarian cavalry, | 69 |
| Artillery (5 guns), | 40 |
| | 4708 |

SANT' ANGELO.

| | |
|---|---|
| General Medici commanding. | |
| Brigade Dunn, | 1600 |
| Brigade Spangaro, | 700 |
| Regiment Simonetta, | 450 |
| 8 guns, | 120 |
| Colonel Bordeni. | |
| Engineers, | 40 |
| Calabrese (Col. Pace), | 400 |
| | 3310 |

SANTA LEUCIA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Brigadier Zacchi and Brigade, | 1200 |
| Salis' Brigade, | 1000 |
| 2 guns, | 30 |
| | 2230 |

MADDALONE.

| | |
|---|---|
| General Bixio and Brigade, | 2300 |
| Two regiments of Medici Division, | 1100 |
| Calabrese, | 1500 |
| 5 guns, | 75 |
| | 4975 |

CASERTA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Head Quarters and Reserve—General Sartori commanding. | |
| General Türr with Division Türr, | 3400 |
| General Stocco with Calabrese, | 3582 |
| 13 guns, | 195 |
| | 7177 |

And a corps of 300 to 400 Mounted Guides distributed through the different Divisions.

But of this number 5000 men may be deducted as

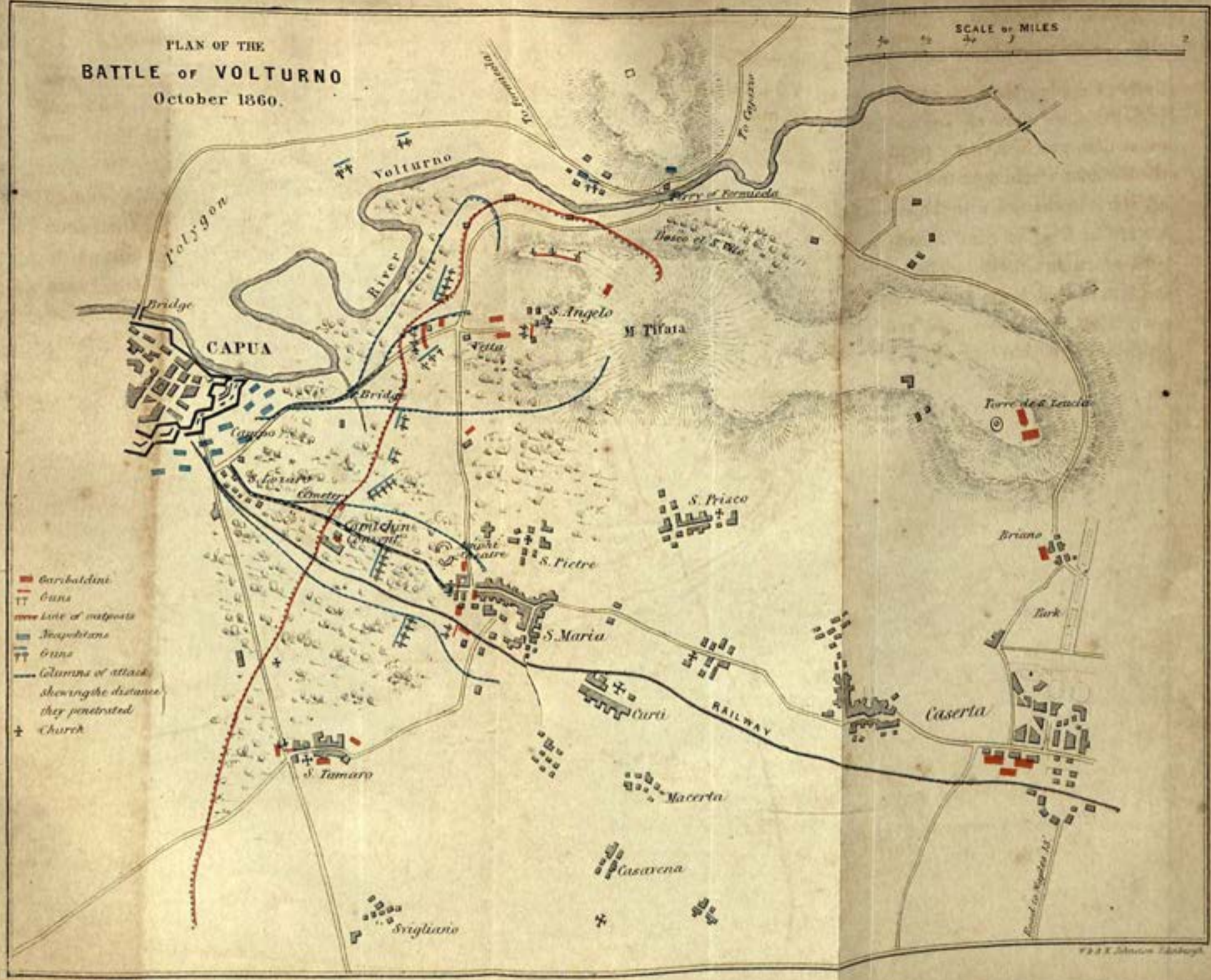
stragglers, and employed on various duties connected with the administration of the army, leaving 24,000 combatants in line, 11,000 of whom were Calabrese and Sicilians, and the remainder Northern Italians. There was, I believe, one inhabitant of Naples serving with the hussars at Aversa.

The entire force was pretty well clothed and in good order; but many had no greatcoats, and the nights were cold and damp, and exceedingly trying to the outposts at Santa Maria and Sant' Angelo, who had no shelter whatever, save that of branches of trees —tents being an unknown luxury.

Though the position occupied was in length nearly thirty miles, being concentric and bisected with a railway, it was very compact, as in case of need the reserves from Caserta could be sent off in either direction.

At the ford of Formicola, beyond Sant' Angelo, a bridge of boats is ready to be thrown across, and a covered-way is being built, consequently there is a general cannonade going on all day in that direction, but with little effect. To-day, the 30th, the Neapolitan camp on the exercising ground on the right bank is broken up. The men are all in Capua, and everything portends an attack to-morrow, the King's fête-day. Garibaldi has been waiting for them for some time, and will, I daresay, be glad when it is

over. I am surprised he does not place more guns in position, or throw up any earthworks; the spade often does much, even for regulars, and I am sure the Sicilians would fight the better for it. However, all is left to chance; with the exception of a sandbag battery in front of Sant' Angelo, one at the Capua gate of Santa Maria, another on the railway to the left of that town, and a very light breastwork connecting the Capua gate and amphitheatre, no artificial barrier has been created.


PLAN OF THE
BATTLE OF VOLTURNO
October 1860.
SCALE OF MILES
Volturno
Polygon
River
Bridge
CAPUA
Bridge
Campo
S. Angelo
M. Tifata
Vetta
Torre de S. Lucia
S. Prisco
S. Pietre
S. Maria
Curti
RAILWAY
Caserta
Briano
Park
S. Tamaro
Macerta
Casavena
Svigliano
Garibaldini
Guns
Line of outposts
Neapolitans
Guns
Columns of attack, shewing the distance they penetrated
Church

# CHAPTER XXVII.

CASERTA, *Oct.* 3.

STARTING from the palace of Caserta shortly after three on the morning of the 1st, Garibaldi arrived at Santa Maria before four; a desultory spattering of musketry was heard on the dawn of this Inkermann morning. The dense raw mist which clings to the lowlands by the river was heavier than usual, and admirably calculated to mask the Neapolitan attack, now fast becoming general — the furious cannonade at Sant' Angelo proclaiming that something more than the accustomed morning skirmish was going on.

Heavy guns could also be heard in the direction of Maddaloni, and telegraphs arrived from Bixio, saying that a strong column were endeavouring to carry that position. The outposts round the town of Santa Maria were already driven in, and the Neapolitans knocking at the Capua gate, at the same time that they made a desperate onslaught at the railway battery on the left.

They had evidently determined to take the bull by the horns, and hoped to sweep all before them by the weight of their columns and the dash of a surprise.

Telegraphing to Sirtori at Caserta to hold Eber's brigade in readiness to support Bixio, if the latter was pressed, and ordering Türr, with the remainder of the reserve, to be ready for any emergency in the direction of Capua, but on no account to send up a man save the Assanti brigade of the 16th division, until he was assured of Bixio's success, Garibaldi left Santa Maria to Melvitz and the old Cacciatori, well knowing they would never allow the town itself to be carried, and started with his staff in three carriages for Sant' Angelo, the key of his position, about which he did not feel quite so confident. He had scarcely left when he found himself in the middle of the Neapolitans. One of their columns had broken through the weak chain of outposts connecting the two positions, and sent them flying towards St Prisco. Availing themselves of the deeply-worn watercourses which intersect the plain, about 2000 had actually gained the spurs running down on this side Sant' Angelo from Monte Tifata without being discovered, and had already opened fire and threatened that village in the rear. This only redoubled Garibaldi's anxiety to arrive there, as once lost it would be most difficult to regain. Wholly unprotected, save by his

staff and two or three Guides, it soon became a case of—"cut your way through or be taken prisoner" —the latter being much the more probable of the two.

Pelted with grape and musketry, but favoured by mist and speed, together with that never-failing luck which seems to give the General a charmed life, he appeared in a fair way of running the gauntlet, and had done two-thirds the distance, when, fortunately, a battalion of riflemen stopped the way; I say fortunately, because the whole of the suburbs of the village of Sant' Angelo had been carried by the Neapolitans, and he would have gone right into the lion's mouth. Here one of his carriage-horses was rolled over with a round shot, and the other two carriages were obliged to turn into the fields on the right, by good chance near one of the watercourses, into which Garibaldi and his party jumped, and, running along it, succeeded after a brief skirmish in gaining the slopes of the mountain near Sant' Angelo, with only three of the party missing, thanks to their being shrouded by the mist. It was on this occasion that Count Arrivabene, the correspondent of the *Daily News*, was taken prisoner.

Here matters did not look pleasant. Everything had been carried in the first rush of the Neapolitans save the abbey church and adjacent houses on the

rise of the mountain. The detached houses by the roadside, the four-gun battery and barricade which had been constructed about 250 yards down the Capua road, the covered-way and bridge on the right towards the ferry, together with 200 or 300 prisoners, were lost about the time Garibaldi entered Santa Maria.

The attack had been well conceived and well executed, but the Neapolitans were afraid to thrust it home. The 10,000 men employed had been apparently divided into three columns, which extended themselves as they advanced through the woodland from the camp on this side Capua; the right pushing on, almost under cover in the watercourses, to turn the heights of Tifata and attack Sant' Angelo in rear; the centre assaulting the front; and the left, the works towards the river. Each had been thoroughly successful; but the obstinate resistance around the abbey brought them to bay, the only road leading up in that direction being swept by two twenty-four pounders, and each building, from its size and massiveness, becoming an individual obstacle.

The communication with Santa Maria being entirely severed, Garibaldi's first object was to drive away the column which had gained the hills on the left, and reopen the communication through Santa Leucia, where Zacchi was with 2000 men, and the reserves at

Caserta, as well as to command a line of retreat, if necessary. This was easily accomplished by sending the two companies of Genoese carbineers, and two mountain howitzers, which held the pass at the back of the village leading to Bosco di St Vito, to the heights above those taken by the enemy; whom they speedily drove into the valley, and established themselves, with their two guns, on the spur to the left of the village, rendering any further assault in that direction impossible, aided as they were by the steepness of the ascent.

The repeated attempts to carry the village in front were likewise repulsed with great success; and after a final charge, in which the cavalry took part, Garibaldi in turn became the assailant, and, leading out the entire available force, not only drove back the Neapolitans, who were becoming disheartened with four hours' fruitless fighting, but retook the battery and the position towards the river, not, however, without considerable loss. This was about half-past eight, and the Neapolitans retired along the whole of this portion of the line, only, however, to organise themselves for a fresh attack.

The Garibaldians had fought well, but were completely cut up. The Sicilian brigade Dunn, which had borne the brunt of the onset, had lost its commander, who was wounded in the early part of the

day; and the men now followed Colonel Wyndham, who commanded the Bersaglieri regiment. He and Captain Dowling, who made himself ubiquitous, were ordered to hold the battery, which, oddly enough, the enemy had not destroyed, and its four guns were turned to good account in quickening their retreat. Spangaro, with his weak brigade, reoccupied the flank of the spur towards the river. Medici, who commanded here, held the village with the Simonetta regiment in reserve, whilst Garibaldi took Colonel Pace and his 300 or 400 Calabrians forward on the left, towards Santa Maria, to feel the enemy in that direction, and endeavour to reopen the communication by the main road. Pressing orders were also sent back to Caserta for reinforcements, but Bixio's position as yet did not warrant their being sent up.

Here an incident occurred, trivial in itself, but, nevertheless, interesting as an illustration of the Chief. Two squadrons of Neapolitan dragoons charged towards the main road, where a very weak battalion of the Milano brigade had been stationed with a howitzer, causing great annoyance to the enemy, and checking their advance. The dragoons came on bravely enough through two or three open fields, and were apparently about to capture the gun. In the centre of the last field they received an unexpected volley, which emptied a saddle or two, and made

them turn: it seemed to come out of the furrows—no man could be seen.

This was Garibaldi, with about twenty Calabrese, whom he had taken on with him to reconnoitre, and, seeing the cavalry coming, had made them lie down and reserve their fire until almost ridden over. These Calabrese were the only troops ordered to the relief of Sant' Angelo that had succeeded in reaching it, and throughout the day they fought splendidly.

The crisis at Sant' Angelo having temporarily passed over, let us return to Santa Maria, where there is hot work.

The Neapolitans operating in this direction were about 15,000 strong, and divided into three columns: the right, advancing by the railway, endeavoured to penetrate the town on that side; the centre tried to force the Capua gate; and the left to work round by the amphitheatre, and enter where they could, or get in the rear, so as to cut off the communication with Caserta.

We left them driving in the outposts, and Milvitz confining his defence to the immediate vicinity of Santa Maria; his tactics were to allow them to exhaust themselves on the town, which he knew they could never carry by assault. Having gained this object, he ordered Malenchini to take them on their flank, with the Tuscan brigade from San Tamaro, and led out the

garrison comparatively fresh, becoming himself in turn the assaulter.

In the early part of the day he had been hard pressed. The Neapolitans had swept all before them, until they recoiled from the batteries on the railway and Porta Capuana, which, well served by the Garibaldian gunners, did wonderful execution. Though they advanced more than once within a hundred yards of the guns with both cavalry and infantry, there never was a chance of their breaking into the town, though the few barricades erected were remarkable only for their weakness. Their left attack occupied a portion of the vast remains of the amphitheatre, and completely surrounded the town on that side, taking all the out-buildings, save a farmhouse held by the bravery of the French Company, whom repeated efforts failed to dislodge. As for the Capuchin convent and cemetery, on the Capua road, it was carried at the first rush, and the communication with Sant' Angelo completely severed.

Their right attack had proved a thorough failure: one regiment, the 6th Neapolitan Cacciatori, had been completely broken by Malenchini, who fell on their flank as they were getting round towards the back of the town. From the officers captured, they learnt that the King was on the field—whether far from or near the scene of action they knew not; but General

Retucci commanded in chief, having under him in all about 30,000 men, of whom 5000 were cavalry, under Palmieri, and five field-batteries under Negri. Afanti de Rivera commanded the corps against Santa Maria, Von Michel that against Sant' Angelo, and Barbalonga that of reserve. Owing to some mistake, they made their left attack on Santa Maria the real one, whereas that was the strongest part of the town—the massive stone military prison at the Sant' Angelo gate being a fortress in itself.

By eight o'clock, their attacks on all sides had failed, but not to such an extent as to warrant Milvitz in following. They were merely gathering themselves together for fresh efforts. In the mean time the 1st brigade of the 16th Division and four field-guns arrived from Caserta, under Brigadier Assanti. Retaining two battalions in the town to strengthen the various positions, Milvitz sent him out with the 1st and 2d regiments, under Colonels Borghese and Fazzioli, to take the Neapolitans in flank on the Sant' Angelo road, and endeavour to reopen the communications. This movement was partially successful, the road as far as the bridge being cleared of Neapolitans.

The frequently-renewed attempts of the Neapolitans to gain possession of the railway battery were not only most successfuly repulsed, owing to the admirable way in which the artillerymen fought the

guns, but by ten o'clock, three field-pieces, two sets of colours, and many prisoners, were in the hands of Milvitz, not, however, without severe loss, he himself being amongst the wounded.

Nothing daunted, the Neapolitans advanced fresh battalions; and at eleven, under the auspices of Count Trani, one of the King's brothers, they made another sanguinary assault in this direction. But, as the Garibaldians were well in hand, and not to be drawn from their lair, they were again repulsed.

In spite of these repeated defeats, the Regi brought up their reserves, and at a quarter past one made another determined effort against the entire Capua face of the town, unlimbering their field-batteries within three hundred yards, and their cavalry charging almost into the railway battery, where they were received, when within a few paces, with such a well-directed fire, that they did not repeat the charge. Still their riflemen pressed on under the heavy hail of their numerous and well-served field-artillery, Capua, at the same time, shelling portions of the town. The Garibaldian gunners, though severely handled, never flinched—as they were disposed of, volunteers took their places. The explosion of a magazine at the Capua gate did a great deal of injury to men and guns, but they were quickly replaced by those of the 1st Brigade fresh from Caserta.

By noon Bixio had completely routed the column of 7000 men which had advanced against his position over Maddaloni, and had captured four guns. The column of 2000 which had shown themselves in and near Castel Morone had also been checked by Sacchi's advanced posts, consisting of a battalion of Bersaglieri of the Assanti brigade, under Major Brongetti. Though only numbering 227, they held out for hours against a column of the Regi, about 3000 strong, until want of ammunition compelled them to surrender. Bixio's success enabled the reserves to be forwarded to Santa Maria by rail and road. About 5000 men and 13 guns were sent up, Türr taking the remainder of the Milano brigade, only 1000 strong, by rail; and Eber, with his own brigade, now reduced by sickness to 1900, and the remainder of the reserve, followed by road. About this time some Piedmontese artillerymen arrived, and were distributed amongst the two batteries, where nearly all the Garibaldian gunners were *hors de combat.*

The reserves arrived at S. Maria about two o'clock. Those of the enemy were all in action, and girding themselves up for final attack. Owing to their numerous cavalry and artillery, Milvitz, far from being able to send any relief to Sant' Angelo, was completely hemmed in; and, besides this, shells from Capua itself

continued to reach most parts of the town. As for the inhabitants, they, as well as the National Guard, had locked themselves up. The latter had hung the tricolor out of the window of the guard-house, but the former preferred waiting until they saw a little clearer who was winning, before they declared themselves.

At half-past two Garibaldi arrived from Sant' Angelo and ordered a general advance. He sent Eber and his brigade out by the Capua gate, with orders to go right at the Neapolitans, and endeavour to regain the Capuchin convent and cemetery on the Capua road, which had been the Garibaldian advanced post for days past; whilst the brigade Milano was sent out by Porta Sant' Angelo, to effect a diversion in that direction. Every one took fresh heart—the handful of Hungarian hussars, only sixty-nine in number, dashing at three squadrons of dragoons and two guns, routed the one and captured the other. The entire force, elated with this gallant act, went in at a run, and after an hour's hard fighting, not only established themselves in the convent and cemetery, but completely routed the corps opposed to them, showing that Sicilians only require to be properly led and organised; for almost the entire Eber brigade was composed of the much-abused Picciotti,

with the exception of the "Cadres," which were old Cacciatori: well held together with good officers, they left nothing to be desired. Replaced by other troops, the Eber brigade had yet its heaviest work cut out for it towards Sant' Angelo, whither we now ought to return.

Before eleven o'clock the Neapolitans again resumed their attack on the battery and barricade with a column of 3000 or 4000 men, while another advanced by the river, from the right bank of which four rifle guns kept up a most galling flanking fire on the positions in front of Sant' Angelo. Here an obstinate struggle ensued, which resulted in the Regi again carrying the battery, and killing or making prisoners the majority of the men in it. The adjoining farmhouses and their gardens enabled some few to escape; but infantry and cavalry were on them together, the latter charging right up to the village, which again seemed on the point of capture—all its outposts being in the hands of the Neapolitans. A desultory three-hours' fight ensued, during which the enemy brought their rifled and rocket batteries up within six hundred yards of the abbey, making but little impression—thanks to the thickness of the walls.

There were only two guns to reply to them, and the Neapolitans apparently had it all their own way.

However, there was plenty of fight left in the Garibaldians yet; and, as their Chief was with them, there was not much fear of their giving in, though at times matters looked very ugly.

Knowing that the reserves were on their road, and that the assault on Santa Maria had been completely repulsed, Garibaldi sallied forth with the entire force, retook the outlying houses, and finally the battery, which was never afterwards lost. Here, to their disgust, they found that thirty wounded men had been burnt. Every building the Neapolitans could get at during the day they fired, and these poor fellows, who were lying on straw near a small house in the battery, perished in the flames. No questions could be asked, for none were alive.

Though the Neapolitans had apparently had enough, they showed no disposition to retire, and the force here was too weak to assume the offensive. They had suffered severely owing to their numbers and the confined space in which they worked, every round shot from St Angelo taking effect somewhere. Around the battery there were no less than 169 bodies lying, of which only 16 were Garibaldians. In it there were 52 of the latter, showing how tough a business it had been.

Having satisfied himself of the safety of St Angelo, at two o'clock Garibaldi went towards Santa Maria to

look for the reserves, for which he was growing impatient, and finding them, as we have already related, on the point of making the decisive flank attack, he led them on against a large building in the midst of some open ground about a mile from the town, where the Neapolitans had five guns, supported by cavalry, and a considerable body of infantry lining the adjacent woods. Throwing the force in with the bayonet, the Swiss and Hungarian companies of Eber's brigade leading, the struggle was brief, but the loss severe, especially on the part of the Hungarians, who did not stop until they emerged on the open ground before Capua, having lost 39 men and 3 officers out of 140.

The cavalry made one or two ineffective charges, but enabled the battery to get away; and the advance became general here, as well as from St Angelo, where Medici now became the attacking party, the Neapolitans falling back on all points on the town. By five o'clock a line of Garibaldian sentries was posted along the edge of the wood half a mile from Capua, and not a Neapolitan was to be seen, all their positions outside being abandoned.

As nearly as can be estimated, 9418 Garibaldians bore the brunt of this struggle at S. Maria and S. Angelo, until the arrival of the reserve, 5000 strong; in it they were opposed to 30,000 men, with a

numerous and well-served artillery, to say nothing of a bombardment from the ramparts of Capua, which commanded the positions they were defending. Weak in artillery, they had nevertheless given their adversaries a sound thrashing—not without the loss, however, of 1030 killed and wounded, and 400 to 500 prisoners. At Santa Maria, Milvitz lost, of the 16th Division alone, 147 killed, 335 wounded, 239 missing. What the Neapolitan loss may have been before Capua, it is impossible to tell accurately; but it may be roughly estimated at 2000 killed and wounded, 250 prisoners, and five guns. At Maddaloni Bixio had 250 *hors de combat*, but took four guns and 300 prisoners. At Castel Morone the entire weak Garibaldian brigade of 227 were missing. From the nature of the ground, the loss of the Neapolitans must have been greater.

At a rough estimate, the enemy lost in all, on this day, 2500 killed and wounded, 500 prisoners, and 9 guns; and the Garibaldians 1280 killed and wounded, and 700 prisoners and missing.

By eight, all the wounded were in hospital. Garibaldi slept at Sant' Angelo.

# CHAPTER XXVIII.

CASERTA, *Oct.* 4.

SCARCELY had Garibaldi retired to rest at Sant' Angelo, after the sanguinary conflict of the 1st, when news arrived that the Neapolitan column which had shown at Castel Morone in the morning had suddenly appeared on the heights above Caserta, and occupied a portion of the forest preserve of Monte Briano and Caserta Vecchia, in number about 3000.

Garibaldi immediately issued the following orders for their capture in the morning: Bixio was to occupy Monte Caro with his entire force before daylight, sending one battalion towards Ducantola, to pick up the stragglers of the column he had repulsed, and which had in a measure disbanded themselves, and were running about plundering and burning. At the same time another battalion was to move down towards Caserta Vecchia.

Colonel Spangaro was to start from S. Angelo at 2 A.M., with two companies of his own brigade, two of Genoese carbineers, and the Calabrese, and ad-

vance by the Bosco di S. Vito towards Castel Morone, thereby cutting off their retreat in that direction.

Sirtori, who was at Santa Maria, was ordered back to Caserta, taking with him the brigade Amanti and the Swiss company of the Eber brigade to reinforce Zacchi at S. Leucia.

Garibaldi returned himself to Caserta at two in the morning, and led out a column towards the back of the park, consisting of 2500 Calabrese, under Stocco, the two companies of Piedmontese Bersaglieri and two companies of the 1st Piedmontese regiment of the line, which had been sent to Caserta by rail the previous evening after the battle of the Volturno was over.

The Piedmontese looked uncommonly gay and serviceable, but were laden like packhorses, and cut a strange figure by the side of the Garibaldians, who had no other incumbrance than ninety rounds of ammunition. We found Zacchi and a strong force occupying Monte Briano. The Neapolitans had fallen back on Caserta Vecchia during the night, and, leaving a garrison there, were already in the valley, firing nearly every house they came to, and moving on Caserta.

Here the Piedmontese were obliged to abandon the farce of shakoes and knapsacks, *versus* kepis and a greatcoat; though exceedingly well-built and strong, it was absurd to imagine that they could hope to

keep pace with men whose limbs and lungs were unencumbered with aught save a flannel shirt and a pair of trousers, instead of sweltering in a stock, close-fitting tunic, and head-dress which required all their ingenuity to keep in the right place though tied on. And one could not help wondering how much longer it would be the fashion in European armies to get the soldier up in such a way as to unfit him as much as possible for muscular exertion. When will it be acknowledged that legs have as much to do with fighting as arms of precision? Here were the Piedmontese Bersaglieri, the type of light troops, dressed and laden in such a way as to prevent them from marching more than twelve miles a-day consecutively. Fancy two men struggling with the bayonet, both equally skilful, the one dressed in an unsoldierly manner with loose raiment and unfettered limbs, and the other encumbered with a knapsack, the third of a *tente d'abri*, and a tight-fitting cloth suit and shako. Could there be any doubt as to which would win? Place two such armies in the field against one another—the one marching with ease thirty miles a-day, and the other fifteen at the outside—what must be the result?

Following the spine of the mountains towards Caserta Vecchia, the weak body of Neapolitans left on the heights were soon disposed of, not before the

Garibaldians had seven or eight down, and amongst them three Piedmontese, which just served to identify them with the cause. In the valley beneath we could see the Neapolitan column, whose track was marked by burning houses, endeavouring to force their way into the very town of Caserta—rather an unaccountable proceeding, considering the state of affairs; they actually gained possession of the north-eastern portion of it before they met with any opposition. Then Sirtori collected a few Calabrese, a couple of howitzers, and the two remaining companies of Piedmontese Bersaglieri, and drove them out like a flock of sheep: they were too busy plundering to offer much resistance.

In the mean time Caserta Vecchia was taken at a run by the Calabrese, who both to-day and yesterday fully justified Garibaldi's confidence in them. They will form splendid materials for the national army—hardy, active, and resolute, loving fighting for fighting's sake, they will be worthy successors of the far-famed Savoy brigade; and the population of the Calabrias being 1,200,000, instead of 120,000 as in Savoy, they will at the same rate of conscription furnish ten brigades instead of one—in itself a pretty fair bargain on the part of Victor Emmanuel for "the bones of his ancestors."

Caserta Vecchia consists of extensive and massive

Norman fortifications, a thousand years old, formerly of great strength from their inaccessible position, but of little importance in these days of rifled cannon. Here 300 prisoners were taken; the remainder of the garrison fled towards Casola, and were picked up by one of Bixio's battalions under Menotti. The Neapolitans in the valley had, in the mean time, sent to Zacchi to capitulate, and he had ordered them to march up the heights, where we found them on our return, about 1500 infantry and a few dragoons. When questioned as to why they started on so foolish a mission, they said that reports had reached them that the King had been victorious before Capua, and that they had only to advance on Caserta, where they would meet with no opposition. The commanding officer made a very flowery speech to Garibaldi, and wound up by hoping that, in accordance with his well-known generosity, they would be allowed to return to their homes, giving their "parole" never to serve again. However, some of the Staff recognised him as having received the same terms before; and as Garibaldi had already had quite sufficient of similar promises, he then and there ordered all future prisoners to be sent to Salerno, in order to be able to make exchanges for his own men, as well as to satisfy himself that they did not take service again—the term "honour" being a mere figure of speech in the Neapolitan army.

In the evening there were over 2500 prisoners, including many officers, in the courtyard of the palace at Caserta; and columns were in pursuit of the fifties and hundreds into which the force that attacked Bixio had divided itself. In all probability none will ever recross the Volturno; they are glad to disband, and are enjoying their favourite occupation of plundering and destroying. The prisoners say they were told to burn and pillage as they advanced; they had evidently availed themselves of the permission. Fortunately for them, they had not all a Bixio to deal with: he shot not a few who were found with church and female ornaments about them.

Garibaldi was now beginning to reap the fruits of yesterday's victory. Before the week is out the prisoners will be over 5000—in all, I should say 7000 or 8000 Regi have been dispersed or taken. These, with the killed and wounded, make the total loss of Francesco's army about 10,000 men, to say nought of "prestige." He has played his last card, and there is nothing now left him but to fall back on the Garigliano and Gaeta, before the Piedmontese cut off his retreat. As for Garibaldi, he will not molest him: he hopes the King may yet do the wise thing, and spare further effusion of blood, as his game is evidently hopeless.

At dinner, which was very late, Garibaldi was loud

in praise of his men, especially of the Calabrese, and not without reason. He expressed regret that some of those Englishmen who were so noisy in their condemnation of them on the 19th had not been present yesterday. Our countrymen, with few exceptions, are already in remarkably bad odour here, and very justly so. By the by, the heralds announcing the arrival of the volunteers—supposed to be equipped, clothed, and sent out by the British public—have blown a blast in the neighbourhood of the Treasury. On their tabards are inscribed £5000 and £7000—the former due for their outfit, the latter for their passage. Truly, there has been a great cry and little wool concerning the British Moloch of 1860. I thought there had been much money collected, after the rabid idolatry professed for the honest man in the south; if there has been any, it must have all been invested in moral sympathy — *vide* Foreign Office despatch of the 31st of August; but little has found its way out here, though they say that the sum of £30,000 has been subscribed, in money and kind. Verily, it is a fine thing to identify yourself with an honest man, when you can find him. Sympathy is a Christian virtue at all times, even with a felon: how much more capital is to be made out of it when connected with a hero, especially if he is successful?—besides, moral sympathy is at all times a safe commo-

dity to deal in, and never costs much—perhaps a sigh over the misguided man, if he fails. But what has Garibaldi, any more than posterity, done for us contented traders and payers of taxes? Are we not a just nation? do we not give half our goods to speculators, if not to the poor? and if we neglect our city Arabs, have we not printed the Gospel in Patagonian? Why should Garibaldi be a bit better off than any other annual idol that fashion may set up? We only want a rage for the moment. Garibaldi came, he had our sympathy—so had the first hippopotamus, also the first hippopotamus's baby; it was so droll. Jenny Lind, though she never could act, certainly had our money; but then we were not so old as we are now. Jung Bahadoor had undoubtedly murdered fourteen of his relatives before he acquired those wonderful emeralds —then he was an Eastern Prince; at any rate, he did not want money. Neither does Garibaldi: all he wants is, that no foreign power whatever shall be permitted to interfere in the affairs of Italy, and for the sympathies of the English nation in that direction he is most thankful. At the same time, he is rather puzzled to understand the threatening despatch of the 31st of August, completely contradicting that portion of her Majesty's speech relating to Italy, on the prorogation of Parliament, three days previously, and to which I have before alluded.

Though our countrymen were not made aware of the change of their foreign policy in Italy until the second week in October, when the *Cologne Gazette* was chosen as the German medium by which they were to be informed of the steps their representative had taken, what was unknown in London was known in Naples.

At this moment there is a messenger from Bertani, who has been waiting to see the General eleven hours; he may wait eleven times eleven, and he won't get in. Whether justly or unjustly, there is a fearful antipathy to Bertani amongst the "familiars." I think it is not so much on account of the man, as of the discredit his presence brings on Garibaldi in Europe, where every one fancies he is secretly pushing Republican ideas. The *entourage* of the General say—"throw him overboard." Garibaldi never forsakes a friend. At the same time the friend's letters are not likely to reach him.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

NAPLES, *Oct.* 6.

TO-MORROW I intend to get into the steamer for Marseilles which will carry this letter. You know I promised to be home by the middle of the month, and this decisive battle has reconciled me to it. When the Piedmontese come down they will have it all their own way, though the reduction of Gaeta may take some time, and if we remained it would only be to see, in all probability, Garibaldi snubbed by those who come into possession; at least I shall be agreeably disappointed if he is not. Up at the front there has been no change in the relative position of the two armies since I last wrote; of course there is daily more or less skirmishing. This afternoon I went up to what in future ought to be designated Garibaldi's Hill—I mean the spur overlooking the ferry at S. Angelo—and nearly trod on the General as he lay taking his "siesta" among the rocks and bushes on the summit. There he was, with his old bandana thrown over his face, sleeping the sleep of the blest, as if he had not an earthly care near him. Here he not only enjoys

the air and scene, but has his enemy and his own men at his feet, commanding an equal view of the one and the other; and last, and not least, is free from the pestiferous crew of intriguers, male and female, at Naples. He has dismissed Bertani from the post of "secretary to the Dictator," and he goes to Genoa. Pallavicino has at last made up his mind to accept the post of Pro-Dictator; better late than never, but he would have saved a world of trouble if he had done it before.

So industriously have Piedmontese agents spread the report that it was the Piedmontese troops that gained the battle of the 1st, that all the Neapolitans believe it, and it will most likely gain credence in London and Paris; whereas, with the exception of the artillerymen, no Piedmontese soldier left Naples till the fight was over. Here I am gravely told by many —"Oh, the 1500 Bersaglieri won the day." So they might have done, but they were Garibaldian Bersaglieri, not Piedmontese. Again there are all sorts of foolish stories about men from the English men-of-war serving the guns on that day. The truth is this, that ten or a dozen of them that were on leave went out by rail to see what was going on, and were lounging about Santa Maria. After the charge of the Hungarian Hussars, in which they captured two guns, they brought them within 100 yards of

the Porta Capuana, and there left them: when an Englishman, who had made the charge with the hussars, on coming into the town and seeing these fellows idling about, said,—"There you are; if you want a job, go and bring those guns in," and they amused themselves by doing so. Every French naval officer you meet here makes a point of insisting on the fact that they fought the guns, and I daresay it will be believed in Paris.

Victor Emmanuel has placed himself at the head of his army, and comes south from Ancona with Cialdini and his division, which will have a fourteen days' march through the Abruzzi, over the worst mountain road in Italy. None of the Piedmontese appear to be coming by sea, save the four thousand who are waiting orders at Genoa: they will in all probability be here by to-morrow night.

A deputation has gone off from the timid inhabitants of this charming town to beg Victor Emmanuel to hasten, as if he would make any haste on their account. However, I suppose they think they must do something, and as they prefer writing to fighting, they figure in an address. At any rate, it is a harmless occupation. I much regret having forgot the name of the one inhabitant of the town of Naples who joined Garibaldi. This brave population made tremendous demonstrations at the railway station

on the arrival of the different batches of prisoners, abusing them in the foulest manner, and requesting them to come on. A wounded Garibaldian private said to me one day as the train entered the station where there were the accustomed thousands in quest of an excitement—"They are ready to applaud whoever is uppermost."

Had the attitude of this, the largest city in Italy, containing 600,000 inhabitants, been even that of common civility to their liberators, one could have forgiven their not fighting, knowing their material; but of all the Garibaldians who had bled for them and suffered for them, not one man or officer was received into a private house, though there was not hospital accommodation for half their number; and at this moment there are over three thousand sick and wounded lying on the stones of the Jesuits' College and other buildings, turned into temporary hospitals. Some of the more fortunate have straw to lie on. A few of the medical fraternity assist the overworked surgeons of the army; but, with that exception, the grateful inhabitants of this Gomorrah do not care if the sufferers rot where they are. Not only do they not assist in any way, but the very nurses plunder the dying and helpless, and embezzle their scanty food for their own use. Verily Bomba knew the worth of his subjects.

Though there were thousands of houses and thousands of mattresses, not one was forthcoming; their generous owners were all cawing and cackling in the cafés. What did they care? I said to one of them who asked me some foolish question, as to whether I thought the Regi would not beat Garibaldi, and sack the town? "No; but I am convinced it would be the best thing that could happen for it if they did." "Why?" "Why, if the Regi got in, and had their three days' sack, Garibaldi would have to turn them out, and perhaps afterwards you would be able to appreciate what he has done for you."

We have received a whole budget of news from the Marches, of the breaking-up of the mercenaries under Lamoricière at Castelfidardo, and of the investment and capture of Ancona by Cialdini. Garibaldi, on the arrival of the news, issued an order of the day congratulating his men on the successes of the Piedmontese, and also on the prospect of soon having an opportunity of shaking hands with them. Little did his unsuspecting nature know what was in store for him.

So well had the King managed to keep up appearances that the Neapolitan prisoners could not understand this advance of the Piedmontese, and even their officers would not believe it, until, to their astonishment, they found themselves received by

Piedmontese guards at St Elmo. Many of them expected to find the Austrians in Naples, and believed that their object in fighting on the 1st was to effect a junction with them. However, I suppose their eyes must be getting gradually opened. Such an imposture cannot last, especially after an exchange of prisoners. Talking of prisoners, the Garibaldians fare wretchedly, having barely enough allowed them to keep body and soul together; the wounded are better treated.

As for the political *pasticcio* in the town, it is as bad as ever, Georgio, as Garibaldi calls Pallavicino, being anything but conciliatory. He seems to be determined to "run a muck" at the Garibaldian party, who have lately had it all their own way until the dismissal of Bertani: one is as foolish as the other, and war to the knife is declared. The factions are more like two parties of Red Indians than anything else, only they prefer pen, ink, and intrigue, to scalping-knives.

How Garibaldi must be sighing for Victor Emmanuel, when he will not only resign the Dictatorship, but retire to Caprera, and dig the potatoes he planted in the spring, as it is too late to think of Venice this year.

Crispi, who has been made Foreign Minister since his return from Palermo, and who now repre-

sents the Bertani party, has been keeping me all day for my passport, and I just managed to save my passage; and as we glide out of the lovely bay, I could not help thinking of the many kind friends I had made during my wanderings. From all, from Garibaldi downwards — more especially from that knot of chivalrous spirits whose devotion to their Chief amounts to a religion—I had received nothing but the most generous hospitality and assistance whenever I required it.

And when I reflected on the trials yet in store for that gallant band of "familiars" who, following their Chief, have yet their greatest effort to make in the spring,—and how few can hope to live to see the crowning result of their work,—I could not help wishing that Austria might wisely sell Venetia, and content Hungary by restoring to her the *status quo ante* '48.

"Too late" is, however, written there as here, and it is to be doubted now whether anything short of separation will ever satisfy the Hungarians.

# CHAPTER XXX.

## SUBSEQUENT EVENTS.

THE uninterrupted success of the Piedmontese arms in Umbria and the Marches enabled Victor Emmanuel to assume the command of his armies at Ancona on the 4th of October, in a significant strain of justifiable pride :—

"Soldiers! I am satisfied with you because you are worthy of Italy. By arms you have vanquished your enemies, and by conduct, the calumniators of the Italian name.

"The mercenaries whom I set free will speak of you in foreign countries, after having learnt that God recompenses those who serve him, and not those who oppress peoples and despise the rights of nations.

"We must establish a strong Italian monarchy on the liberty of the people who will aid us with order and concord. The national army will increase more and more the glory, which during eight centuries has shone on the cross of Savoy.

"Soldiers! I take the command. It would cost

me too much not to be foremost wherever there may be danger."

Fortified with the constitutional power granted by the deputies at Turin on the 2d of October, whereby "the Government of the King is authorised to accept and establish by royal decrees the annexation to Sardinia of those provinces of Central and Southern Italy, in which the populations, by direct or universal suffrage, freely manifest a wish to form an integral part of our constitutional monarchy," he strode south to meet the subject who was about to present him with the most beautiful half of the Italian peninsula, and its nine million inhabitants, acquired by Nature's laws it is true, but in utter defiance of what is termed public law in Europe. For if the right by which monarchs hold their crowns means anything, there never was a grosser case of robbery and spoliation. As it means nothing, and as the only right by which monarchs can now hope to rule must be sought in the will of the people who may call upon them to govern, a more righteous act was never perpetrated. For, however the head of the mundane Church may rave in Consistory at being "attacked by the parricide armies of a degenerate son," "there is, in the nature of events," as M. Cavour blandly remarked to the parliament on the 2d of October, "that which triumphs over the stoutest will, and against which the best,"

and he might have added the worst, "intentions are powerless."

But as for quoting an obscure Dutch writer of the last century, either for or against those abominations which his generation have bequeathed us, we might as well refer to Rigolboche on the score of morality, or join Casella in his protest from Gaeta of the 16th of September, in which "his Majesty's Government still hopes that the King of Sardinia will not delay to reject, with due indignation, the gift, so offensive to his honour, of the fleet and territory of a friendly sovereign—a gift made by a man whom he himself has styled a usurper." "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;" so with a despot on his last legs; there is nothing he will not do or say. However, "too late" is the simple answer; he has been tried and found wanting, and must now make way for the elect of his subjects, who will bring matters to a termination, and, joining his troops to those of Garibaldi, will, by an overpowering force, oblige the Neapolitan army either to accept a pitched battle, or to fall back on Gaeta and its defences.

One Piedmontese division, under General Sonnaz, was sent by sea from Ancona to Manfredonia, from thence to make its way across the plains of the Capitanata to Benevento, and effect a junction with the

Garibaldians on the upper Volturno. Another, under Cialdini, but commanded by the King in person, landed at Guilia, farther north, and was pushed down by Pescara, through the Abruzzi, into the rear of Capua, thereby compelling the Neapolitans to abandon that position; whilst stray regiments were landed at Naples, to strengthen the force at Garibaldi's disposal, and enable him to withdraw some of his men from the severe exposure to which they had been subjected in the line of the Volturno for the past month, where, in the open air, and without camp-fires, they had suffered much from the cold dewy nights and autumnal rains.

On the 9th, Victor Emmanuel issued his first proclamation to his future subjects, and on the 11th placed his foot on his new territory—the very day on which Garibaldi issued his decree directing the annexation vote by universal suffrage to be taken throughout the Two Sicilies, on the 21st of the month. He also announced the King's advent the following day to the drivelling inhabitants of Naples, in the faint hope that it might damp the feverish intrigues of all shades of politicians :—

"CASERTA, *Oct.* 12.

"To the citizens of Naples!—To-morrow, Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, the elect of the nation, will break down the frontier which has divided us for so many centuries from

the rest of our country; and, listening to the unanimous voice of that brave people, will appear among us.

"Let us worthily receive the sent of Providence, and scatter in his path, as the pledge of our redemption and our affection, the flowers of concord—to him so grateful, to us so necessary.

"No more political colours, no more parties, no more discords! Italy one, as the people of this metropolis wisely determine, and the King Galantuomo, are the eternal symbols of our regeneration, and of the grandeur and prosperity of the country.

"G. GARIBALDI."

Boniface followed in the *Constitutionnel* with a protest against the invasion of the Neapolitan territory, gravely stating that "Piedmont is responsible to Europe for the step she has just taken," of which I conclude Piedmont was pretty well aware. This responsibility was not very grave, considering the countersign received by Cavour at Nice from Napoleon, on the day that the Chambers at Turin "rendered homage to Garibaldi, and unanimously approved of the laws of annexation" by a majority of 290 to 6; but the comedy must be played out. Napoleon satisfied diplomatic "rites" by a conventional recall of his representative at Turin. Holy Russia withdrew her minister on the 10th, and maudlin Prussia said she was shocked on the 13th; but what was really serious was, that all the powers save England refused to acknowledge the blockade of Gaeta,

proclaimed by Persano. Baron Winspeare, whose position had long been a false one, now quitted Turin.

In spite of all Garibaldi's acts and proclamations, and the speedy arrival of the King, to say nothing of 5000 Piedmontese having landed in Naples, rival factions were pushing their selfish interests, and the Piedmontese left no stone unturned to blacken the character of Garibaldi and his followers. Now there was no Bertani to father their sins on, the Dictator himself was made the target. Of course, he was so immeasurably above his calumniators that their shafts fell harmless, but he considered it necessary once more to address the Neapolitans on the subject of annexation from his eyrie at "S. Angelo, *October* 15.—The Two Sicilies, which owe their redemption to the blood of the Italians, and have made me their Dictator, form an integral and indivisible part of Italy, under the constitutional King Victor Emmanuel and his descendants. I shall place in the hands of the King, on his arrival, the dictatorship conferred on me by the nation.—G. GARIBALDI."

In the evening, the Dictator reviewed the 15th division (Türr) at Caserta. Galloping along the ranks, he sought the glance of his old companions of the first expedition who formed the officers and *cadres* of this division, and whose instinct told them this

was in all probability the adieu of their Chief, at least for this year.

Gathering the officers round him, emotion almost banished utterance; his rare eloquence fled before the tears of his companions; and a few hoarse words of thanks for the faithful way they had supported him, were perhaps more thrilling than any oration would have been.—"My old comrades, we have done much in a short time, and I thank you in the name of our country, of which you have merited well. Convey my thanks to the soldiers under your command."

To the British brigade, which had just arrived, he continued:—"With pleasure I see around me the representatives of a nation which, from the beginning, has done so much for our cause; which has helped us in every way; and to whose powerful voice we owe, in a great measure, that the principle of non-intervention, which is our safety, has been upheld." Little did he or their gallant leader think that this pleasure would in a few brief hours be turned into pain; and that their conduct would prove more worthy of those they fought against than those they fought for.

To the Hungarians, who were all attached to this division, he said:—"As for our brave Hungarian comrades, who have shed their blood for us, we owe

them a large debt of gratitude. Their cause is ours, and to help them in their turn is our most sacred duty, which we will accomplish."

To our British nature tears denote weakness, but not one of these old Cacciatori had ever turned his back on a foe. Türr, Bixio, Eber, and three or four hundred others, of whom they were the honoured and worthy representatives, were tender as women, but they had fought like men.

Many of the positions in the front are already occupied by Piedmontese battalions, but beyond the usual outpost work, nothing has taken place. In the province of Molise, where the northern and western routes join on their way to Naples, the reactionary movement had made considerable progress, owing to a liberal distribution of money to its ignorant and turbulent mountaineers, who were guaranteed immunity from the law by the King of Gaeta, and received the royal commission to murder, plunder, and torture all those known to entertain liberal tendencies.

At Isernia and Campobasso the National Guard made common cause to resist these bandits, and on the 18th, as usual when anything desperate has to be undertaken, Garibaldi sent six Guides under Nullo and Zario to organise the resistance. At Campobasso they collected the national party and

marched on Isernia, where they were met not only by swarms of peasant guerillas but by a Neapolitan battalion. In spite of the bravery of the Guides, four of whom were killed, the national forces merely ran back from whence they came. Hearing of their defeat on the 18th, Garibaldi sent Medici's division, now reduced to 3500 men, to that province, to afford protection to life and property, as well as to facilitate the advance of the Piedmontese under Sonnaz from Manfredonia, who, as they approached Benevento, would be exposed to a flank attack from these mountain districts, where the Neapolitans had assembled many battalions. The main columns under the King were still at Popoli, 40 miles to the north of the defiles of the Apennines beyond Isernia; these the Neapolitans were preparing to dispute.

At Popoli the King was joined by Bona's column, which had entered the Neapolitan territory by Aquila and Rieti; but like Cialdini he had been greatly retarded by the fearful mountain roads they had traversed. However, Cialdini pushed on, and on the 20th was enabled to write the following laconic despatch, after having forced the pass and taken Isernia.

"The enemy has been defeated by me before Isernia, with the loss of 800 prisoners, 50 officers, —among them General Scotti—several cannon and

colours. Every moment peasants armed by the Reaction are brought in, who have committed horrors. I have them shot." On the fearful murders and mutilations perpetrated by these San Fedisti bands it is unnecessary to dwell, save that they were worthy of the finale which they inaugurated, and more characteristic of Yeh than even of a Bourbon sovereign.

The following day, the first of the "Plebiscite," Cialdini won another engagement at Venafro, and Victor Emmanuel entered Isernia.

The position of the Volturno was now completely turned, and the Piedmontese could either advance at once by Teano and Calvi on Capua, only twenty-five miles from Venafro, or cross the Garigliano at Ponte-Corvo, and march at once on Gaeta. Ponte-Corvo being papal territory, they chose the former plan.

The Neapolitans had already withdrawn their 3000 or 4000 men from the Molise country and around Cajazzo into Capua, and sent a portion of its still strong garrison by Sessa and the sea-road towards Gaeta.

Medici and his division have consequently fallen back to the south of the Volturno, and made way for Sonnaz to effect his junction with the King.

Military operations on Garibaldi's part having apparently ceased, as the Piedmontese had undertaken everything north of the Volturno, and the

garrison of Capua were too weak for any offensive movement, and intrigue having lulled amid the excitement of the "Plebiscite," and the speedy approach of the King, Garibaldi now ventured daily into Naples to conduct the final acts of his Dictatorship, so rapidly drawing to a close.

The south Italian army were allowed to vote as well as the people they had liberated. Some few, professing ultra views, abstained altogether; but the whole, as a whole, voted for the King. No doubt they, like many others, were incensed, not at the King, but at Piedmontism, which was rapidly developing itself in many slighting ways, with the evident determination of snubbing Garibaldi. Even the King's mind was in a measure warped by the animosity often poured into his ear against the General, whose enemies still maintained that he was not devoid of personal ambition, questioned his resigning the Dictatorship without coercion, and scouted the idea of his retiring to Caprera.

However, these adverse votes were valuable, in as much as they led to one more public expression of Garibaldi's ideas on republicanism; and one of his oldest friends who had abstained was rebuked by him in the following terms: "You have done wrong. *I have always been a republican, and am so still; but I understand the republic as the supremacy*

*of popular will, in opposition to the single pleasure of the sovereign.* The unanimous will of the Italian people is to unite under the sceptre of King Victor Emmanuel. I have done everything in my power to realise this wish, and so ought you to do."

Garibaldi was, however, destined once more to take the field in this campaign. On the morning of the 24th, whilst he was at Caserta quietly awaiting the action of the Piedmontese on the northern bank of the Volturno, he received a message from Cialdini, inviting him to cross the river and be ready to co-operate in case of a general action at Venafro or Teano the next day; at any rate, trusting he would attempt a diversion in that direction.

Hitherto, the understanding had been that the Garibaldians should confine themselves to the south bank of the river, leaving all work on the north to the Piedmontese, and with this object the Piedmontese troops before Capua had fallen back on Maddaloni, with the intention of crossing by Cajazzo and operating in that direction.

Immediately on receiving the news, Garibaldi ordered the bridge to be thrown over the Volturno, and Bixio's division, the brigades Eber and Milano, the Genoese carbineers, and Hungarian hussars, to be ready to cross; but having no regular appliances—for there was no pontoon train to be found in

the Neapolitan arsenals—it was five the next morning before the column, about 5000 strong, crossed, led by the General himself. He took the road to Calvi without meeting any opposition, proceeding quite contrary to all the stereotyped rules of war, as he left a fortress in his rear, and exposed himself at every moment to a flank attack from the Neapolitans, who were falling back over the Garigliano. However, he knew his enemy, and besides, if he had intended to act up to "regulations," he would never have embarked for Sicily at all.

Entering Calvi at mid-day, he found that the Neapolitans, 4000 strong, had fallen back the previous evening in the direction of Gaeta. The column halted here for the day, whilst Missori and the Guides were sent on towards Teano to reconnoitre; the hussars also scoured the country on the road to Sessa. At Teano, Missori found the escort of the Neapolitan general Salzano, who had gone on to confer with Cialdini. At five in the evening Garibaldi advanced his column eight miles in the direction of Teano, and bivouacked in the open air on the night of the 25th, whilst scouts were sent on to feel for Cialdini, who was known to be near Teano.

At daybreak the Garibaldians had scarcely resumed their march when they fell in with the Piedmontese advance-guard, near the taverna Della

Catena. The column was marched off to the right of the main road to encamp near the village of Marganello, and Garibaldi and his staff went on to meet the King and Cialdini. The latter was close behind the advance-guard, and the meeting between these two old friends was most affectionate, and they returned together to meet Victor Emmanuel, whom Garibaldi saluted as "King of Italy." The King returned his salute, shook him cordially by the hand, and after a brief greeting they rode away together for Teano. Beyond the fact that the monarch and the subject thoroughly understood one another, nothing is known of what passed between them. At Teano, in spite of Garibaldi's endeavours to make the inhabitants cry, "*Evviva il Rè d'Italia, Vittorio Emmanuele!*" they merely obeyed his order, and then shouted more lustily than ever "Evviva Garibaldi!" "Ah!" said the Galantuomo, "it is he who is king here;" and there is little doubt of it. In the afternoon Garibaldi left the King and fell back with his column on Calvi; and on the 28th he retired, by the King's order, on Caserta. Before Capua there was a mixed force of Piedmontese and Garibaldians, who now regularly invested its southern defences, the latter taking the right attack, from S. Angelo to S. Maria, and the former the left, from La Forresta to S. Maria, the whole being

under the Piedmontese general Della Rocca. Batteries were constructed in the intervening olive woods, and a strong chain of outposts pushed up the margin of the Campo, within 500 yards of the ramparts, to check the frequent sorties made by the Neapolitans to find out their position, which were often only repulsed after considerable loss.

Garibaldi had retired from this, to him, uncongenial scene. Nothing would ever have induced him to bombard an Italian town, save the direst necessity; besides, he was fully occupied in winding up the Dictatorship, which was now to cease in a few days. On the 1st of November he went to Naples to give the Hungarian Legion their colours, which they had earned so nobly; and he seized that significant opportunity to demonstrate once more that the futures of Hungary and Italy were intimately blended —that the oppressor of the one was the arch-enemy of the other, and that the temporal power of Rome was equally fatal to both; and enunciated in more vigorous terms than he had ever done before those sentiments against the Vatican which, though not always apparent, form one of the main-springs of his success, for this rebellion in Italy is as much religious as political, the heavy hand of Austria being oftentimes muffled with a Papal glove; whilst in return

for muscular assistance, she received jesuitical aid, and what was doled out in the confessional was made up by conscription. As this speech may be received not only as a declaration of Garibaldi's religious faith, but as that of nine-tenths of Italians, I annex it, *in extenso* :—

"This is a memorable day for you, for it cements the alliance of two nations, and establishes the fraternity of the people. To-day you have destroyed that principle of egotism which has kept the nations separated, and thus has facilitated the servitude of all. The people with whom you have fraternised to-day have the same enemies who threaten you. Your cause is theirs, and theirs is yours.

"But before fighting against this enemy outside you have internal enemies to beat down, and I will tell you that the chief of them is the Pope. If I have acquired any merit with you, I have acquired that of telling you the truth frankly and without a veil. In using this privilege I tell you that your chief enemy is the Pope.

"I am Christian as you are ; yes, I am of that religion which has broken the bonds of slavery, and has proclaimed the freedom of men ; the Pope who oppresses his subjects, and is an enemy of Italian independence, is no Christian ; he denies the very principle of Christianity—he is the Antichrist.

"This truth you must spread among all those who are near to you, for it is only when all Italians shall be thoroughly convinced of this truth that Italy will be really free and united."

And the way in which it was received in this hotbed of winking Madonnas, San Januariuses, and

a host of other priestly impostures for the deception and abasement of the multitude, showed how rapidly these mummeries are passing away.

But it is necessary once more to return to Capua, where, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the besiegers opened their fire, under the auspices of Victor Emmanuel, who had adopted Garibaldi's eyrie on S. Angelo.

The bombardment on either side was fast and furious for a couple of hours, and then slackened by mutual consent. Arrangements were made to assault on the morning of the 2d, but were rendered unnecessary by the Swiss general Du Cornet, who commanded, capitulating with the honours of war, and, one may add, without the horrors; for, with his large garrison of 9000 men and vast resources, he might have made a most obstinate defence. Why the Neapolitans left so large a number of troops in this trap is about as inexplicable as the rest of their military proceedings.

Unusual prudence on the part of Della Rocca characterised this convention, not without reason, for many of the Neapolitan officers had capitulated three or four times already, giving their word of honour on each occasion not to fight again. To prevent any similar mistake of this description, the entire force were to be sent prisoners to Genoa, and any infringe-

ment of the specified terms was to subject them to unconditional surrender.

On the 4th Garibaldi distributed the medals to the remnant of the "Glorious Thousand" who landed with him at Marsala, and the Largo del Palazzo was again chosen for this simple but thrilling ceremony. Six months since they embarked at Genoa 1067 strong, and 1007 landed in Sicily in the face of a squadron of 900 guns, and an army of 120,000 men. How they fought I have endeavoured to depict in the preceding pages; but what can speak so forcibly as the fact, that to-day but a scant half are alive to answer the muster-roll, many of them honourably scarred—their comrades are sleeping on the hard-earned fields of Calatafimi, Palermo, Melazzo, and Volturno—and their efforts were crowned yesterday when the "Plebiscite" determined by 1,303,064 votes to 10,312, that the Bourbon should be banished from these realms for ever. The national Italian idea, so much scoffed at, had swept all before it, thanks to the self-sacrifice of these immortal men, who are as worthy of their Chief as he is of the cause he represents. He rendered homage to those through whom he accomplished his mission in the following laconic terms: "It is because I knew you that I undertook with you an enterprise thought impossible by every one. I knew that with men like you I might attempt every-

thing. This impossible work you have accomplished. But many of those who went with us are now absent —their bones are bleaching on the fields of Calatafimi and Palermo—the Montanaras, the Schiaffinis, the Tücköris: they will not, however, be forgotten. Let their families keep this testimonial of their valour as an heirloom; and you, young veterans, who have survived to receive it with your own hands, remember that all is not done yet, and that I trust and reckon on you whenever your services shall be again required. Let us begin the distribution with those who have fallen in our sacred cause."

Whilst this distribution was taking place, the Piedmontese passed the Ponte di Terro, at the mouth of the Garigliano, without opposition, under cover of Persano's guns. Six Sardinian vessels arrived there on the 27th of October to menace the Neapolitan retreat, and were in their turn menaced by Admiral Barbier de Tinan and the French fleet lying off Gaeta, who appear to be intrusted with the obsequies of Francesco. That officer briefly informed them that if they attempted any military operations against the fortress or its environs, "l'honneur de la France," &c. &c., would compel him to resort to force to carry out the designs of his august master in regard to the last retreat of the King of Gaeta. The astonished Sardinians rejoined Persano, who, nothing daunted, arrived

with his entire squadron of ten vessels off the Garigliano on the 30th, and was in like manner menaced. He replied in a dignified tone that he must obey the orders of his master the King, and "if the French ships thought fit to attack him, he should not defend himself; but he rendered the admiral responsible for the consequences of such an armed intervention." To this firm but temperate reply the French Admiral returned no answer, but sent off for fresh instructions, and left Persano to pound the retreating Neapolitans to his heart's content.

Victor Emmanuel, who still made Sessa his head-quarters, was to have entered Naples on the 6th, after having reviewed the Garibaldians at Caserta, where they all assembled after the distribution of the medals, and the arrival of the Aosta brigade from Genoa, who now formed the garrison of Naples.

At Caserta were collected the divisions Medici, Türr, Bixio, and Avezzana, the latter chiefly Calabrese—the whole amounting to nearly 15,000 men. Cosenz's division, the La Maza brigade, and other small corps, in all amounting to 7000, were still before Capua, making the entire remaining Garibaldian army 22,000 strong, after all its casualties on the Volturno, which may be roughly estimated at 3000 killed and wounded, 1000 prisoners, and 6000 or 7000 sick from fever and opthalmia.

Of these 22,000, 10,000 may be set down as first-rate troops, capable of doing anything and enduring any hardship, and willing to fight, as their Chief told them, without bread and without ammunition, and march their thirty miles a-day; the remainder, though they could not be placed in this class, were far above the average element of which armies are generally composed.

Of their Generals of Division, it suffices to say that if Garibaldi had had the pick of European armies, he could not have found men more perfectly adapted to his purpose, or in whom more implicit confidence could be placed. Of the officers generally they might be divided into classes like the men; there was room for weeding, and many had been reduced to the ranks after the affairs of the 19th and 1st for not being up to the mark in the hour of trial. But when we consider the disadvantages they and their men laboured under, and that many were brought straight from the counter or the desk, to grapple with the roughest ordeals to which even a regular veteran army could be exposed in the field, criticism, especially on the part of a foreigner, should be tempered with discretion, and this army should rather be measured by its results than its imperfections. In six months they, and they alone, whatever might have been their short-comings, had accomplished

what any man would have been justified in predicting to have been wholly impracticable. And none were more convinced of the necessity, or desired more earnestly than the army itself, a thorough revision, whether they were to be incorporated with the national army or not. Regarding their political faith, which it is the fashion to asperse, thanks to the systematic system employed by Turin to mislead Europe, and represent them not only as a horde of republicans, but Mazzinists in its foulest conventional sense; their political and religious faith may be embodied in the magic name of Garibaldi, who has said over and over again, that what he understands by a republic is the will of the majority, and that the incarnation of that majority in Italy is to be found in Victor Emmanuel. No body of troops, either French or Piedmontese, would more willingly trample out a republican rising than these men—witness Bronte, Avelino, Aversa—not that there may not be men of republican feelings amongst them, the result of years of oppression under monarchical rule, but they have stifled every will of their own in deference to that of Garibaldi, than whom a more honest or devoted subject the King of Italy does not possess; and Garibaldianism is with them as completely a religion as was Mohammedanism with the

fanatical followers of the prophet in the earlier days of the Koran.

On this day the germs of discontent which had been sown by the *hauteur* of the Piedmontese towards Garibaldi, were finally developed by the studied slight offered to themselves and their Chief by the King; they had been ordered to Caserta for the one especial purpose—namely, to be reviewed. He now put them off for the second time, after making them wait for hours. He was flirting at Capua, and it may be very reasonably doubted if he ever intended to review them at all. Most certainly he had the right to do as he pleased; but when Napoleon III. annexes the Rhine provinces next year, he will not treat the volunteers or other instruments who may accomplish it for him in the same impolitic manner. However great scoundrels he may think or know them to be, he will not be quite such a fool as to tell them so.

Yet this is the part Victor Emmanuel has allowed his ministers to make him play. It is as if he, the receiver of stolen goods, not content with getting them for nothing, were to turn round on the principals, and say, "you are a set of Mazzinists," which, in European parlance, means thieves and robbers. No one looks for gratitude in this world; but common decency becomes a monarch, to say nothing of policy. If the

cream of this army, like their Chief, seek no recompense, at least they do not wish to see him slighted. Though nothing would have induced this portion of his army to remain at Naples during the winter months, when no active operations could take place, it would have been politic, and certainly kingly, to have sent them to their homes, happy and contented, instead of irritated and disgusted, especially when it could have been accomplished by a few kind words, and a generous acknowledgment of that which their Chief had won for him.

Towards evening the receiver of the stolen goods sent to say that he could not possibly mix in the society of the robbers, on that day at any rate, but requested the bandit chief to act for him, and take a last fond look at the about-to-be-disbanded gang.

Perhaps these circumstances served, if possible, to increase the enthusiasm with which they received their Chief, who yet has to make Italy, and will possibly afterwards find it a more difficult task to keep his King on the throne than he has had hitherto to place him there. Though the pouring rain was enough to have damped the most buoyant spirits, and all well knew this was the adieu of their slighted Chief, his presence lifted them so immeasurably above the contempt of their ungrateful sovereign, that they forgot their present wrongs in anticipating the glo-

rious return in the spring of the *de facto* monarch of all Italian hearts, when few of his followers of the now despised South Italian army will fail him, in spite of the studied insults and misrepresentations heaped upon themselves and their Chief by those who are striving to make Italy Piedmontese instead of Italian.

On the 7th of November the King of Italy made his entry into Naples, accompanied by the Dictator, Türr, and Cosenz. Their reception did not correspond with the occasion, the King being before his time, the municipality unprepared, and the rain pitiless. Not of much importance, as even the disapprobation of the inhabitants of Naples would be the highest honour they could bestow.

Garibaldi was anxious to present the "Plesbicite," and embark at once in the "Washington" for Caprera. He had received the royal promise that his army should be incorporated with the national one, to be subjected afterwards to the scrutiny of a mixed commission; and now he yearned to escape from a scene where he knew too well that the Government would consider the pledges and promises made by him during his Dictatorship, as little binding as their own word in the question of Savoy and Nice. But the King deferred the ceremony of receiving the fruits of Garibaldi's labours until the following morn-

ing—hoping, in the mean time, to be able to induce him to stay and keep that army together which had been so wantonly insulted.

At eleven on the 8th of November, Garibaldi waited on the King, attended by the two pro-Dictators, Pallavicini and Mordini, and formally made over the Two Sicilies—thereby once more giving the lie to one of the reports so studiously circulated by his Piedmontese friends, that he wished to foster republican, or rather Mazzinian, ideas. This stalking-horse is now always put forward to enable Piedmont to ride rough-shod in Italy: whenever she finds a difficulty in substituting Piedmontism for Italianism, the bugbear is brought out of its cupboard amid the croakings of a well-disciplined press, both in and out of Piedmont.

The King, whose manner, to do him justice, is invariably kind, cordial, and affectionate to Garibaldi himself, vainly endeavoured to induce him to remain, and offered him almost unconditional powers to reorganise the army of Southern Italy. This he declined, feeling that it would bring him into constant collision with the civil and military authorities of Piedmont, and only tend to widen that breach which it was his greatest desire to heal. The very ministers who had snubbed him at all convenient opportunities, had trusted to the vast influence wielded

over him by the King to retain him at the last moment, and to humiliate him by causing him to witness all his previous acts ignored, his opponents exalted, and those who had worked with him degraded.

In spite of his loyalty to the King, a longer residence at Naples, under the circumstances, was too much to expect from him; besides, he felt that he had yet much to do for Italy, and that it could best be accomplished by his preserving complete liberty of action, and by seeking his island repose at Caprera. As for the titles and rewards proffered by the King, they were refused, not from any want of respect to the crown, but because patriotism and honour alike counselled it.

Before daybreak the following morning he embarked in the "Washington," completely unmanned by the severance from his most faithful followers. For the British Admiral was reserved the high honour of his farewell visit in Naples; and the king-maker steamed out of the bay for his island home as morning salutes greeted the elect of the Italians. When Italy is in peril he will return, and to the hearts of this liberated nation he left his last bequest:—

"To my Companions in Arms!—We must now consider the period which is just drawing to a conclusion as almost the last stage of our national resurrection, and prepare ourselves to finish worthily the marvellous design of the elect

of twenty generations, the completion of which Providence has reserved for this fortunate age.

"Yes, young men! Italy owes to you an undertaking which has merited the applause of the universe. You have conquered, and you will conquer still, because you are prepared for the tactics that decide the fate of battles. You are not unworthy of men who pierced the serried ranks of a Macedonian phalanx, and who contended not in vain with the proud conquerors of Asia. To this wonderful page in our country's history another more glorious still will be added, and the slave shall show at last to his free brethren a sharpened sword, forged from the links of his fetters. To arms, then, all of you! all of you! and the oppressors and the mighty will disappear like dust. You, too, women, cast away all cowards from your embraces; they will give you only cowards for children; and you who are the daughters of the land of beauty must bear children who are noble and brave. Let timid doctrinaires depart from among us to carry their servility and their miserable fears elsewhere. This people is its own master. It wishes to be the brother of other people, but to look on the insolent with a proud glance, not to grovel before them, imploring its own freedom; it will no longer follow in the trail of men whose hearts are foul. No! no! no! Providence has presented Italy with Victor Emmanuel. Every Italian should rally round him. By the side of Victor Emmanuel every quarrel should be forgotten, all rancour disappear. Once more I repeat my battle-cry—'To arms all—all of you.' If March 1861 does not find 1,000,000 of Italians in arms, then alas for liberty, alas for the life of Italy! Ah, no! far be from me a thought which I loathe like poison. The March of 1861, or, if need be, February, will find us all at our posts, Italians of Calatafimi, Palermo, Ancona, Volturno, Castelfidardo, and Isernia, and with us every man of this land who is not a coward or a slave. Let all of us, rallying round the glorious hero of Palestro, give the last blow to the crumbling

them by first granting them three months' pay, and subsequently six. Were this all, it might be comparatively of little importance; but the mass are now scattered broadcast over Italy, to circulate among an imaginative race the wrongs, whether supposed or otherwise, that they and the idol of their country have endured at the hands of the Piedmontese. The creation of this unkindly feeling is most unfortunate; but, what is still more so, is, that it will in all probability influence the coming elections to such an extent as temporarily to deprive Italy of the genius of Count Cavour, and that at a moment when his consummate ability is more than ever requisite.

Though the shortsighted policy in the South has been in a great measure reversed, and most earnest overtures have been made at Caprera to efface the causes which of necessity have brought about this unfortunate state of affairs, it is too late to soothe those feelings of mistrust which are the natural result of endeavouring to make Italy Piedmontese rather than Italian.

Prudence, doubtless, counsels peace with Austria, and every well-wisher of Italy would be glad to convert the few short weeks hence to the 1st of March into years, thereby giving time for consolidation and organisation; but this game must be played out at once—it admits of no compromise, and whoever rules

in Italy must be prepared either to lead or follow the nation into Venetia in the spring.

Though the Turin Cabinet may have hoped to avert the impending war by disbanding the Garibaldian army, and, statesmanlike, to bide their time, and make Austria's weakness their opportunity, it must now be evident that if they aspire morally to govern Italy, they must consult the feelings of those millions which have rallied round the cross of Savoy, or the millions will be apt to consult their own. Though Napoleon may be able for a short time longer to maintain the drag at Gaeta, as he naturally wishes to keep a question in hand, which must entail upon himself such grave responsibilities, and of which he will in all probability have to share an equal, if not a greater portion of the burdens, those who aspire to lead the Italian nation must also be prepared to incur the liabilities; for come what may, Venetia is bound to form a portion of the new empire of Italy; and any one who imagines that Austria will ever sell Venetia will be most woefully disappointed. Though she may grant, under pressure, constitutional reform in her varied dependencies, the sale of Venetia, at the present moment, would be suicidal, and, however politic in a pecuniary point of view, would have the effect of consolidating that idea of separation in Hungary which requires but little encouragement.

Should Hungary be annihilated in the ensuing struggle, as in '48, by Russian assistance, or the Hungarians themselves satisfied with the *status quo ante* '48, the sale of Venetia might then be both possible and politic. But whatever faults may be hereditary in the House of Hapsburg, moral or physical courage has never been amongst them, and that stubborn tenacity which has so often favoured them may yet bear them through. That the present monarch is not deficient in this respect, was evident from his having twice sacrificed Prussian support in the '59 campaign rather than incur an obligation which might have risked the preponderance of Austria in Germany.

As in all human probability a few weeks will see the young giant of the south of Europe hurrying into a death-struggle with its hereditary oppressor, and that comparatively without organisation and training, whilst its adversary is possessed of one of the most elaborate and numerous armies in Europe, it is hardly premature to investigate their relative strength, and the results which may probably eventuate. For they will not only involve the very existence of Austria as a first-class European power, but will send such a revolutionary vibration through the Continent, that even other thrones may be imperilled, and fresh hopes kindled amongst rising nationalities on the banks of the Danube and Adriatic, thus reopening that end-

less question in the East. Turn where we will, we are met with ominous warnings of the political cyclone which is brewing in every direction. Monarchs fly low, and, laying aside etiquette, cluster together for mutual protection; revolutionary chiefs emerge bat-like from their exile, and flit hither and thither, no one knows where. Veteran statesmen, shocked at innovation, pull down musty treaties, and, shaking them at the naughty young aspirants for nationality, request them to remain in the well-worn grooves; whilst one man in Europe, comprehending his epoch, determines to profit by it, and this political Fagin will play a waiting game, trumping either revolution or despotism, as circumstances may dictate. Holding every phase of every question at a fixed but imperceptible degree of tension;—untrammelled by any fixed principles of his own, but possessed of sufficient sagacity to anticipate political necessities which are inevitable, he will continue to baffle the astuteness of all contemporary diplomatists save Cavour, and remain, as he has done for some years past, master of the situation. Thus will he ride on that struggle for nationality, which in Italy is accomplished *de facto*, will ere long be developed in Hungary, and is in *embryo* in the European dominions of the Sultan, and in many parts of Germany.

Young Italy will step into the ring somewhat hardened by the struggles of late years; and, led by

the old army of Piedmont (inferior to the French only in numbers), strengthened with recent levies, will enable Victor Emmanuel to take the field with 200,000 men, without weakening his garrisons, or drawing on the mobilised National Guard; for even if Gaeta and Messina still hold out, a very small force will be required to watch their garrisons. As for the reactionary movements in South Italy, on which so much stress has been laid, they are exaggerated, in the hopes of inducing the world to believe that they are solely caused by the attitude of the French at Gaeta, and moral pressure will in consequence be exerted to make them withdraw; but reaction may be very safely left to the Piedmontese gendarmerie and the mobilised National Guard.

The Piedmontese squadrons, now reinforced by those of Naples, will be powerful enough to blockade Pola and Trieste, and at the same time cover any landing in the Adriatic.

Of the animus of the Italians there can be no doubt; they will fight for nationality, and are determined to have it at any sacrifice of men or money: they love their King, have confidence in their generals, and, above all, are possessed of the magic arm and name of Garibaldi.

On the other hand, we have in Austria an agglomeration of discontented, if not rebellious nationalities, with all the prestige of an old empire, it is true, but with all its

liabilities, pecuniary and political. Its army is magnificent, and composed of some of the best troops in Europe; but up to the peace of Villafranca she had not found a general who either commanded the confidence of his own troops or the respect of the enemy. The Quadrilateral may be formidable, but a revolution in Hungary is more so; a landing in Venetia with the sea as a base of operations may be perilous, but an advance into central Italy is equally hazardous, for the retreat of the Austrians might at any moment be menaced by those who have command of the sea. It will be impossible to avail themselves of the resources of a country, or obtain information where they are so implacably hated, whilst their antagonists will be informed of every movement; —even assuming that the enormous Austrian army will remain faithful, which it is very difficult to believe, when one knows that 700 or 800 Hungarian officers have resigned their commissions within the last few months, as a protest against the Austrian Government, and that of the 140,000 Hungarian private soldiers who are compelled to remain, at least 100,000 are looking forward to the day when they may follow their officers. The one monarch will have a discontented and outraged population to keep in hand, while the other is the elect of 24,000,000 as their champion, to emancipate them from a domination which has become intolerable.

In a struggle which will probably involve France, Prussia, and Russia, it is almost too much to hope that the glorious doctrine of non-intervention can be carried out; still it is as well to remember, that had Russia been forbidden to interfere in Hungary in '48, she would not have ventured to interfere in the Principalities in '53; but having been allowed to maraud in Poland and Hungary, she was encouraged to extend that doctrine to the sick man until it was too late for her to retire with honour.

Were non-intervention enforced in the spring, and the Italians and Hungarians left to fight it out with Austria, there would be little doubt of the result; but although the instincts of the mass of our countrymen are on this side, there is a large portion wedded to Austria as an ancient ally, chiefly as a potent counterbalance to the restless activity of France. Surely fear of France, for it amounts to nothing else, cannot justify the diplomatic support of an abomination little inferior to that which we condemned in the Two Sicilies, because a constitution is granted under pressure? The same was done in '48, but why should a despotic oath be worth more now than then?

As for France, whenever we may have to fight her again, we have only to be true to ourselves. What on earth have foreign alliances ever done for us but bequeath debt and dissatisfaction? Besides, owing to

our recent exertions, we are no longer existing by sufferance. Then why a policy of dependence?

Even taking the matter at a commercial valuation, is it wiser to lean towards an effete and heterogeneous empire, famed for its ingratitude, or cordially to welcome the advent of two nations, the proudest aspirations of whose statesmen are to walk in those paths of constitutional freedom which have brought our own country to its present pre-eminent position? In Italy, ere long, a marine will arise that will equal that of France in the Mediterranean—the efficiency of the Piedmontese squadron is a guarantee of its worth; for it is to be remembered that the Italian, and not the Frenchman, is the sailor of the Mediterranean; and, at any rate, that there will be one squadron the more to destroy before it becomes a French lake.

It is true that the severely criticised despatch of the 27th of October from the Foreign Office reflected the generous feelings of our countrymen towards Italy, and, whatever may be urged against it, was a manly avowal of sympathy which vibrated through every Italian heart, coming as it did at a moment when they were menaced with a diplomatic ban by Europe. It is also true that our countrymen wish Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic; but that fatuous German miasma which sometimes clouds our councils may once more become dominant, and commit us, conversationally it is true,

to the stupendous modern doctrine of Venetia being an integral portion of that listless body, the Germanic Confederation. On our maintenance of this glorious doctrine of non-intervention for the next few months will depend whether the Italy of the Italians becomes our cordial and disinterested ally, or is, however unwillingly, driven more and more into the arms of France. Come what may, she accepts the struggle with its consequences, and asks no more than a fair field and non-intervention. Should she be worsted, misfortune will only tend to consolidate the universal desire for nationality, and, strengthened by common suffering, she will at once prepare to renew the struggle at the first convenient period.

THE END.

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